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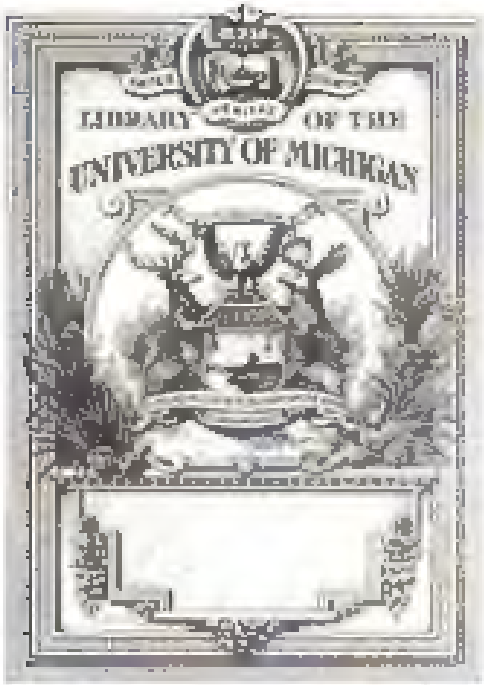

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

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INDEX OF SUBJECTS

		PAGE
Anti-National Party in the Great War, Our	J. Holland Rose	July 87
Austria-Hungary's Colonial Experiment	L. Villari	Sept. 72
Baile and Ailinn	W. B. Yeats	July 156
Beaconsfield, Lord	Algernon Cecil	Aug. 73
Below the Mill-Dam	Rudyard Kipling	Sept. 23
Betterment of London, The	Halsey Ricardo	Sept. 109
Burney Friendship, A	George Paston	Sept. 148
Butler, Samuel	R. A. Streatfeild	Sept. 137
Case for National Theatres, The	William Archer	July 140
Central Asia, Russia's Latest Venture in	R. E. C. Long	Aug. 43
Country Conversations		Aug. 10
Danny	Alfred Ollivant	July 165, Aug. 163, Sept. 163
Decipherment of the Hittite Inscriptions, The	Prof. A. H. Sayce	Sept. 101
Decorative Art at Turin	H. Hamilton Fyfe	Aug. 150
Education in the Navy—III.	Julian S. Corbett	Sept. 42
Empire, The French-Canadian in the British	Henri Bourassa	Sept. 55
„ New Zealand and the	A. R. Atkinson	July 24
„ The Promotion of Trade within the	Hon. R. H. Brand	Aug. 56
Engineer, The Navy and the	Carlyon Bellairs	Aug. 92
French-Canadian in the British Empire, The	Henri Bourassa	Sept. 55
Hittite Inscriptions, The Decipherment of the	Prof. A. H. Sayce	Sept. 101
In Dame Europa's School		Aug. 1
Khartoum	John Ward, F.S.A.	Aug. 138
King of England, The	Henry Newbolt	Aug. 161
London, The Betterment of	Halsey Ricardo	Sept. 109
Lord Beaconsfield	Algernon Cecil	Aug. 73
Monthly Review in the Eighteenth Century, The	George Paston	Aug. 123

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

			PAGE
National Theatres, The Case for	WILLIAM ARCHER	July	140
Navy and the Engineers, The—II.	CARLYON BELLAIRS	Aug.	92
„ Education in the—III.	JULIAN S. CORBETT	Sept.	42
New Zealand and the Empire	A. R. ATKINSON	July	24
Painters of Japan, The	ARTHUR MORRISON	July, 103, Aug. 105, Sept.	120
Peace in South Africa	M. J. FARRELLY, LL.D.	July	71
Possibilities of Wireless Telegraphy, The	CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E.	Sept.	88
Promotion of Trade within the Empire, The	Hon. R. H. BRAND	Aug.	56
Public Schools and their Critics, The		Sept.	1
Russia's Latest Venture in Central Asia	R. E. C. LONG	Aug.	43
Samuel Butler	R. A. STREATFEILD	Sept.	137
Si Jeunesse Voulait	Mrs. HUGH BELL	July	126
Spion Kop, The True Story of—II.	W. BASIL WORSFOLD	July	41
The King of England	HENRY NEWBOLT	Aug.	161
The One and the Many		July	8
Trade and the New World		July	1
Trade within the Empire, The Promotion of	Hon. R. H. BRAND	Aug.	56
True Story of Spion Kop, The—II.	W. BASIL WORSFOLD	July	41
Wedding of the Oceans, The	BENJAMIN TAYLOR	Aug.	26
Wireless Telegraphy, Possibilities of	CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E.	Sept.	88

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
ARCHER, WILLIAM	The Case for National Theatres	July	140
ATKINSON, A. R.	New Zealand and the Empire	July	24
BELL, MRS. HUGH	Si Jeunesse Voulait	July	126
BELLAIRS, CARLTON	The Navy and the Engineer—II.	Aug.	92
BOURASSA, HENRI	The French-Canadian in the British Empire	Sept.	55
BRAND, Hon. R. H.	The Promotion of Trade within the Empire	Aug.	56
BRIGHT, CHARLES, F.R.S.E.	Possibilities of Wireless Telegraphy	Sept.	88
CECIL, ALGERNON	Lord Beaconsfield	Aug.	73
CORBETT, JULIAN S.	Education in the Navy—III.	Sept.	42
EDITORIAL ARTICLES	Trade and the New World	July	1
	The One and the Many	July	8
	In Dame Europa's School	Aug.	1
	Country Conversations	Aug.	10
	The Public Schools and their Critics	Sept.	1
	On the Line	July 13, Aug. 12, Sept	8
FARRELLY, M. J., LL.D.	Peace in South Africa	July	71
FYFE, H. HAMILTON	Decorative Art at Turin	Aug.	150
KIPLING, RUDYARD	Below the Mill-Dam	Sept.	23
LONG, R. E. C.	Russia's Latest Venture in Central Asia	Aug.	43
MORRISON, ARTHUR	The Painters of Japan	July 103, Aug. 105, Sept.	120
NEWBOLT, HENRY	The King of England	Aug.	161
OLLIVANT, ALFRED	Danny	July, 165, Aug., 163, Sept.	163
PASTON, GEORGE	The MONTHLY REVIEW in the Eighteenth Century	Aug.	123
" "	A Burney Friendship	Sept.	146
RICARDO, HALSEY	The Betterment of London	Sept.	109
ROSE, J. HOLLAND	Our Anti-National Party in the Great War	July	87

Google

			PAGE
SAYCE, PROFESSOR A. H.	The Decipherment of the Hittite Inscriptions	Sept.	101
STREATFEILD, R. A.	Samuel Butler	Sept.	137
TAYLOR, BENJAMIN	The Wedding of the Oceans	Aug.	26
VILLARI, L.	Austria-Hungary's Colonial Experiment	Sept.	72
WARD, JOHN, F.S.A.	Khartoum	Aug.	138
WORSFOLD, W. BASIL	The True Story of Spion Kop—II.	July	41
YEATS, W. B.	Baile and Ailinn	July	156

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

JULY 1902

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

TRADE AND THE NEW WORLD — Page 1

THE ONE AND THE MANY — 8

ON THE LINE — 13

NEW ZEALAND AND THE EMPIRE——A. R. ATKINSON (*Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives*) — 24

THE TRUE STORY OF SPION KOP—II. (*with Map*)——W. BASIL WORSFOLD — 41

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA——M. J. FARRELLY, LL.D. (*Formerly Legal Adviser to the Transvaal Government*) — 71

OUR ANTI-NATIONAL PARTY IN THE GREAT WAR——J. HOLLAND ROSE — 87

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN—I. (*Illustrated*)——ARTHUR MORRISON — 103

SI JEUNESSE VOULAIT——MRS. HUGH BELL — 126

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL THEATRES —— WILLIAM ARCHER — 140

BAILE AND AILLINN——W. B. YEATS — 156

DANNY—XXX-XXXVIII——ALFRED OLLIVANT — 165

No. 22. VIII. 1.—JULY 1902

Google

CONTENTS FOR JUNE

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Profit and Loss on the Atlantic Deal

On the Line

THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEER—CARLYON BELLAIRS

THE LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN—J. HORACE ROUND

THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE—J. B. C. KERSHAW, F.S.S.

THE TRUE STORY OF SPION KOP (*with Map*)—W. BASIL WORSFOLD

STATION STUDIES: III. IN KHAMA'S COUNTRY—A BRITISH OFFICIAL

SRÁHMANDÁZI—HENRY NEWBOLT

M. MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY—MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN ITALIAN ART (*Illustrated*)—MRS. KEMP-WELCH

SOME MOTHING MEMORIES—HON. EMILY LAWLESS

A NEW ART OF THE STAGE—ARTHUR SYMONS

THE DEAR—THOMAS HARDY

DANNY, XXII–XXIX—ALFRED OLLIVANT

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TRADE AND THE NEW WORLD

THE present agitation in favour of a revision of economic policy after half a century's unqualified acquiescence in free trade may be regarded under two principal aspects, namely, its prospects of success and its scientific justification. While, however, these two aspects of the question require to be distinguished clearly, they are both of too much importance and their connection is too intimate for any merely one-sided treatment of the question to be really satisfactory. We must, however, confine ourselves in the present article in the first place to examining briefly the real significance of certain new tendencies in the policy of foreign States, which are chiefly responsible for the present movement in this country, and in the second place to estimating the probable course of their development in the future, and the influence which they are likely to exercise upon the policy of Great Britain.

The considerations to which the new attitude with regard to free trade are especially attributable may perhaps be best presented in an excerpt from a speech by Mr. Chamberlain, delivered at Birmingham on May 16. Speaking with reference to the increasing strenuousness of foreign competition, Mr. Chamberlain used the following words:

> The political jealousy of which I have spoken, the commercial rivalry more serious than anything we have yet had, the presence of hostile tariffs, the pressure of bounties, the pressure of subsidies, it is all becoming more weighty

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and more apparent. What is the object of this system adopted by countries, which, at all events, are very prosperous themselves—countries like Germany and other large Continental States? What is the object of all this policy of bounties and subsidies? It is admitted—there is no secret about it—the intention is to shut out this country as far as possible from all profitable trade with those foreign States, and at the same time to enable those foreign States to undersell us in British markets. That is the policy, and we see that it is assuming a great development, that old ideas of Trade and free competition have changed.[1]

Such are the facts of the case, and it is very important that their real character should be clearly comprehended. At first sight they look like a mere extension of protective principles; in reality they indicate the beginning of a complete transformation of those principles. In order to understand how this is so it is important to note that the attempt to regulate and control by state action the course of industrial development may be framed upon lines and with objects entirely different from and in fact opposed to those with which it has generally been associated. Thus in opposition to the old policy of protection we may conceive of a policy of aggression, as it may be styled, aiming not, as protection aims, at the exclusion of the foreign producer from the home market, and the preservation of national self-sufficiency, but at the concentration of the national energy upon those industries, of an expansive kind, for which it is best fitted and equipped, with a view to obtaining in respect of them a predominant position, and, if possible, a monopoly in the international market. Such a policy, it is obvious, would involve the giving of assistance not to weak and declining industries, and those which experienced the greatest difficulty in bearing up against foreign competition, as has been usual hitherto under protective systems, but to those which appeared to be the most vigorous and progressive and the most capable of development. Further, it is a policy which, upon the whole, would perhaps be carried out more effectively by means of bounties on exports rather than of prohibitive tariffs. Read in the light of these considerations,

[1] *Times*, May 17, 1902.

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the recent developments in the economic policy of foreign nations, as, for instance, in the United States, where a system in original intention defensive has been converted to offensive uses—the heavy tariffs now tending in many cases to increase the export trade—may be most naturally interpreted as the beginning of a tendency as yet unavowed, and, indeed, in great part unconscious, to substitute aggressive for protective methods.

Further, that the conditions of the future will be increasingly favourable to aggressive and unfavourable to protective methods may be inferred from a comparison of their respective aims and advantages. Protection has been defended chiefly on two grounds, the one purely economic, namely, that it is necessary to shelter nascent and rising industries from a competition which would otherwise be fatal to them, the other of a more general character, namely, that national self-sufficiency is essential to national security. Of these arguments it must be noted that the former justifies protection as a policy of merely, or at least mainly, temporary application during the earlier stages of industrial development in the case of a nation exposed to the competition of more advanced rivals, while, as regards the latter, it is obvious that the more economic interdependence tends to prevail universally the less urgent a matter will the preservation of national self-sufficiency become. An aggressive policy may likewise be defended on special grounds, as tending to assist and hasten the concentration of the national activity upon those industrial functions for which it is the best adapted; and likewise on general grounds, in view of the considerable dependence of national efficiency in all its branches upon a prosperous economic condition. Both sets of considerations may be expected to gain in force with the progress of civilisation. In the first place, the increasing advantage attending industrial organisations on a great scale is favourable to national specialisation, inasmuch as far greater opportunities for organisation are afforded where national activities are specialised than where they are diffused over a wide and

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heterogeneous range of functions. Secondly, as the importance of the economic factors in civilisation increases there must take place a corresponding increase in the importance of economic prosperity to national efficiency and power of every kind.

But offensive and defensive methods do not constitute exhaustive alternatives, and the fact that circumstances in the future are likely to be increasingly favourable to the former does not in itself prove that they will be preferable to the *laissez faire* policy at present accepted. Various considerations, however, may be mentioned which should at least make us hesitate to assume the contrary. In the first place, it is important to notice the relation of free trade to the two types of policy which have been contrasted above. According to the generally accepted view the primary and fundamental division of economic systems is into those which involve and those which exclude state intervention. But while for certain purposes this dichotomy is perfectly legitimate, it is also possible to regard free trade rather as a *via media* which is neither protective nor aggressive, which seeks neither to preserve national self-sufficiency nor to hasten national specialisation. This, taken in connection with the fact admitted by most economists, that a certain degree of protection is often necessary during the earlier stages of industrial growth, would appear to indicate, or, at least, suggest, that free trade occupies the same middle place in time as it does in theory; in other words, that under normal conditions of development protection, free trade, aggression, should represent successive phases of national policy. Further, if in the near future industrial specialisation, within certain limits, will be to the advantage of most States, there does not seem adequate reason for regarding it as impossible to facilitate (without unduly accelerating) the process by means, for instance, of a skilfully adjusted bounty system.

While, however, the above considerations seem to point to an increasing employment of offensive tactics, yet State action on the old lines, with a view, for instance, to safeguarding the interests of rising industries, or to providing against the undue

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depression of agriculture, is not to be regarded as a policy of which we have heard the last. What we should anticipate for the near future would seem rather to be a mixed system in which, however, the newer elements will tend to become constantly more prominent. The growth, again, of international combinations constitues a new factor likely to complicate still further the aims of industrial policy. At the same time, this movement, which might at first seem opposed to the adoption of offensive measures in the countries joining in such combinations, is yet not unlikely to result eventually in a still wider application of the new policy through concerted action on the part of States having similar economic interests.

Putting aside, however, further developments of this kind, we may doubt whether the national adherence to free trade will long survive the progressive adoption of offensive tactics by those States where economic policy is a more elastic and adaptable thing than in Great Britain. In the first place, it must be remembered that although free trade is still the official policy of the nation, the grounds of the popular faith in that policy have been already for the most part destroyed. On the one hand, its theoretical basis, the doctrine of *laissez faire*, has fallen into general discredit; on the other, the practical evidence in its favour is no longer convincing since, instead of the immense industrial and commercial expansion with which freedom of trade was formerly accompanied and consequently identified, the economic progress of Great Britain is now less rapid than that of rivals with whom the postponement of consumers' to producers' interests is an established rule of policy. Hence, at the present moment, the popular acceptance of free trade seems to have nothing stronger behind it than the habits and traditions of the past half-century: considerable forces, no doubt, but hardly capable of sustaining any very severe practical test. Let us suppose, then, that British producers, finding themselves at length really hard hit by the subsidised competition of foreigners, commence to agitate for countervailing duties which will enable them to meet

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competitors on equal terms in the home market at least. It is difficult, especially in view of the influence which the hard-pressed sugar interests have recently shown themselves capable of exercising, to see how such a demand, made simultaneously on the part of various important industries, and further perhaps strongly backed by the economic tendencies of Imperialism, can long be resisted. Having once, however, broken definitely and avowedly with *laissez faire* by adopting a fair-trade attitude, the nation would be far less reluctant to imitate its rivals and proceed to actually offensive measures.

Another circumstance in the present economic situation which, though it is not of the same importance and has not excited the same interest, is yet well deserving of attention in the present connection is the increasing governmental activity in respect of the industrial development of backward regions. Here certainly the accepted theory of international trade is to a great extent inapplicable. The reason is that that theory contemplates merely a condition of commercial competition, whereas in the present case efforts are directed not merely to obtaining as large a share as possible of the trade with these regions, but also to acquiring control, whether final or in the form of a lease, of their most valuable natural assets, a matter in respect of which competition, so far from being sustained and continuous, must terminate with the success of one or more of the competitors. And since those competitors are likely to be the most successful who either can bring the greatest amount of diplomatic pressure to bear or have been the most forward in establishing commercial relations with the countries in question, it would seem that any nation would be economically justified in taking such steps as were expected to strengthen its local position in either of the above respects. It is, indeed, possible that political influence will not be of the same importance in the future as hitherto, because as competition becomes more eager and strenuous it will be increasingly difficult for any nation to secure special advantages for itself. In that case the early establishment

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and development of economic relations is a matter of all the greater moment, and here Government subsidies skilfully distributed may give a considerable initial impulse. During the past century, when the economic possibilities of undeveloped countries engaged comparatively slight attention, these facts remained unrecognised. In the more engrossing contest of the future they are likely to stand out conspicuously enough, and the belief in the doctrine of *laissez faire* will certainly be subjected to a very severe strain as one by one the various points of advantage are secured to other nations through the employment of methods which that doctrine precludes.

The considerations which have been set forth above involve certain important political corollaries which are perhaps worth noting in conclusion. State assistance on the old lines, consisting in the mere propping up of whatever industries might seem to be in danger of succumbing before foreign competition, did not require any considerable skill, while the merely passive attitude of *laissez faire* is obviously simplicity itself. On the other hand, a policy partly protective, partly aggressive, on the lines described above, would necessitate very elaborate and subtle calculations, based in their turn upon a thorough grasp of industrial conditions at home and abroad and of the specific character of each particular industry, as well as upon the rare ability to interpret aright the evidence supplied by columns of statistical abstracts. It is obvious that for work of this kind it would be futile to look either to the Government now in power or to any alternative Government at present conceivable. The fact is of interest chiefly as tending to confirm other indications that to secure that scientific knowledge which, already recognised as necessary in the spheres of industry and warfare, is becoming increasingly important in that of politics also would involve changes both in the methods of government and in the *personnel* of ministries and parliaments at present little contemplated.

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THE ONE AND THE MANY

A RECENT article in the *Quarterly Review* has provided a spectacle both entertaining and instructive to those who move in literary circles. The proceedings partook of the nature of a *contre-danse*, and the figure, though not new, was lively and well performed. The first to take the floor was a gentleman in a mask, since identified as Mr. Arthur Symons; his *vis-à-vis* was Mr. Churton Collins, and after both had executed a preliminary fling in their different styles, each returned to his own side, and without pausing for breath, advanced again hand-in-hand with his supporters. Mr. Collins, who danced with a good deal of energy, but, perhaps, a little stiffly, was flanked by Professors Colvin and Courthope; Mr. Symons was attended by Mr. Lang, who, unfortunately, had to leave early, and by Canon Ainger, who arrived rather late. The audience was still hoping for a second round, but the uproar of the Peace and Coronation festivities seems to have made this impossible.

To come back to sober daylight, we have carried away from this spirited encounter the recollection of three points of interest. The first is concerned with the true nature of drama; should the characters be subordinate to the plot, or the plot be, as it were, lawfully begotten by the characters? This question we do not intend to deal with; for each party has already settled the matter in its own way, and we have no third solution to propose. But the two remaining questions are practical ones;

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and closely connected with the ordinary course of business in the literary world; they are the question of multiple anonymous reviewing, and the question of the utility of criticising contemporary poetry.

There is, we imagine, by this time no doubt about the practice in either case. To take the first, we may assume, without calling witnesses on oath, that multiple reviewing is common enough, and multiple enough, for the purposes of argument. We may also free ourselves from the personal element in the late controversy by recollecting that the Quarterly Reviewer was only following an ordinary course, and one difficult to avoid altogether under the present system; that two of his reviews were on so different a scale as to be legitimate in any circumstances; and that by reproducing *verbatim* certain passages of the one article in the other he took the best means of avoiding any appearance of posing as two independent critics. We have, then, to deal with an abstract case. Balbus, poor gentleman, builds a lofty rhyme; Caius publishes the same; Dares praises it in half a dozen anonymous reviews; Entellus damns it in several others. At first sight it would appear to the innocent onlooker that no great harm is done; the country cousin will think there are more persons of critical genius about than there really are, but the practical results merely come to this, that part of the public trusts Entellus and neglects Balbus, part believes Dares and buys the book; Balbus and Caius divide the profits, especially Caius.

The answer to this, lately put forward in many discussions, is that what is fun to us may mean death to Balbus, obscurity to his rhyme, however lofty, and money out of pocket to Caius, in whose prosperity we are all concerned. For it may happen that Entellus knocks out Dares before the eyes of the public, who will thenceforth invest less in this particular company's stock. Such a danger, if real, would sober the most frivolous in a moment; but it is, we believe, only the nightmare incidental to a diet of Ambrosia. The casualty lists of the past, if examined, might show many poets wounded by criticism, but

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none killed; and we firmly believe that there is not to this day one deserving name absent from the roll-call of English literature. Of course, to the poet, who is always poor, the loss of health or reputation is not all; full well we know that loss of pence would trouble him very nearly as much; but nowadays he has not, in all probability, even this to fear, for the buyer follows not criticism but advertisement, and abuse is the best advertisement of all.

It is true that this is not the whole answer; complaint is also made that sometimes it is Dares who gets the start of Entellus with a succession of well-planted strokes, and the poet is quoted rather too high than too low in the market. But surely this too is a little unreasonable. "When is a poet not a poet? When he is overpraised," is a foolish conundrum with an absurd answer. Besides, *cui malo?* who is the worse? It is no doubt annoying for Entellus to see his advice disregarded, but after all the critic, at any rate, is not paid by results; and he has the two considerable pleasures of denunciation and of voting in the minority. Think too of the gain to the practice of poetry, which loses half its disrepute by losing all its poverty; and to the activity of Caius, who can afford on the profits of one boom to publish at his own risk fifty less arresting volumes.

But our imaginary controversialist now gives the question another turn; he brings forward his big moral battery. The conduct of Dares in pushing his friend Balbus through seven editions, when, to judge by Miltonic standards, five pounds would be more than five times the value of his wares, is dishonest, a fraud on the public, possibly a conspiracy. Certainly, to praise what you do not esteem, and to go about deliberately pretending to be a weighty body of unanimous opinion when you are merely an unsupported and perhaps insupportable ἰδιώτης —this would be not only a dishonourable but an undignified method, resembling too nearly the trick of the pantomime army or the Aldershot manœuvres. But dishonourable or undignified tricks injure the performer rather than the audience.

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And even if, as the cynic will suggest, multiple payment is an ample compensation to the critic for the moral and intellectual damage he thus inflicts upon himself, this does not apply to poor Balbus himself, who suffers in pride and in popularity when the inevitable exposure comes. Save him from such friends—*et dona ferentes*. As for the busybodies themselves, inept and ridiculous as their conduct is, no evidence has yet been adduced that they are actuated by any feeling but genuine enthusiasm for the works they praise. If they conspired with Caius, or borrowed from Balbus, the case would wear a different aspect.

Then there is the fraud on the public. We are aware that in this happy country it has never been found necessary to legislate against advertisers overpraising their own goods, and we should be sorry to think that poetry might be the first bad case to drive us to extremities. But it must be remembered that poetry may be poor in quality without being absolutely unfit for human food; and further that men differ widely in their powers of assimilation; what Mr. Symons would starve on, may be grape-nuts to Mr. Collins, who in his turn has no appetite for the lamb which satisfies Canon Ainger. Viewed even as a speculation we venture to think that poetry offers the investor as good a "flutter" as any stock in the market, and that the vendors and promoters are as honest as others in the prospectuses they send out.

There remains the adverse multiple critic; he may be actuated, they say, by spite or jealousy. He may, but we doubt if his fire will be any the deadlier. A very big gun, we are now told, failed to penetrate John Keats's armour, and why should the more modern pom-pom do better with his ten or a dozen little shells? Balbus must be a poor builder if his walls crumble at the sound of any number of trumpets, bray they never so loudly.

This brings us round to our third point; harmless the criticism of contemporary poetry may be, but can it be useful? Certainly not to the poet, who, we are credibly informed, is

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only distracted by it; it "spoils his temperament," and this is regrettable, especially when the temperament has been carefully cultivated. And it does not seem very reasonable to expect that one who has failed (*te judice*) to sing well will do better because you kick him in the open street. But you have a call to instruct the public? My dear sir, what Englishman would ever take a lesson in the appreciation of poetry? But you are an expert. Down with your signature then, and let us know your qualifications. Have you written verse? "No" is a confession of incompetence almost fatal, and too improbable to be worth considering. "Yes" leads to the further question, "Successful or unsuccessful?" Surely not successful; you would not waste your time in reviewing; yet if unsuccessful you are even worse equipped than he who never trod the Muses' hill. You write to keep the standard high in the interest of posterity? Most futile of all, for posterity never errs or takes advice; her memory is as short for criticism as it is long for poetry. When the stars threw down their spears, and watered heaven with their tears, they then and there gave Blake a bower in Paradise from which he will never be driven by any number of well-drilled angels flaming the little swords they call *Ephemera Critica*.

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ON THE LINE

Studies in Irish History and Biography, Mainly of the Eighteenth Century. By C. Litton Falkiner. (Longmans. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)—The future historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will, if we mistake not, point to the general practice of first publishing work, more especially scientific and critical work, in the form of magazine or review articles, as having unfavourably affected some of the best works in these kinds. The admirable studies of forgotten or misunderstood Irish history which Mr. Litton Falkiner contributed from time to time to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and which are here reprinted in book form, are no exception to the rule that such collections are apt to lack the strong thread of unity. The separate articles often, too, require the groundwork which, in the case of a regular book, would take the form of a preface.

These studies make a considerable addition to our knowledge of certain portions and personalities of Irish history. There are few subjects more difficult to illuminate than the period of which Mr. Falkiner shows so complete a grasp and writes in so impartial a spirit. For, as Lord Rosebery is quoted in the preface as saying, "The Irish question has never passed into history because it has never passed out of politics." Yet, in spite of the inherent difficulty of his subject, Mr. Falkiner writes history in which no trace of political bias can be found, and which carries conviction throughout. He has had access to sources little known, which he uses with signal success; for

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he has the power of seizing the essential as few historians have. Sometimes one feels the writing a trifle heavy, especially in his first article, on "the Grattan Parliament and Ulster," which should be placed at the end if the book earns, as it deserves, the honour of a second edition. But this occasional heaviness is but the drawback to abundance of intimate knowledge. The book seems to us to have but one serious fault, that lack of unity to which we have already referred, but which may be said to be the fault rather of the system than of the individual author. A short summary of the events of the period covered by the various articles, with mention in the appropriate place of the personalities dealt with in the studies, would set this right.

Among the best of the studies is that on the Earl-Bishop of Derry. The eccentric bishop is best known to history in connection with the volunteer movement in Ulster, in which he played a somewhat unhappy part. It is the one incident in his varied career likely to give a completely false impression of his character and of his ideas with regard to Irish politics, the main interest of his mind. Mr. Falkiner commands not merely attention, but assent, to his new and juster view of this strange being. He succeeds no more than Mr. Lecky or any other authority, in reconciling the inconsistencies of the Bishop's character and actions. It seems that he was subject to violent accesses of vanity. Mr. Falkiner asks us to take seriously the suggestion put forward by some of his contemporaries, that his brain was from time to time affected.

> The extravagance of his language and the wildness of his demeanour suggest that his natural eccentricity had at this period passed the border-line of sanity, and that the congenital infirmity which in his father had taken the physical form of epilepsy had in his case shown itself in temporary disorder of the brain.

This reads rather oddly beside what we take to be something in the nature of an apology for the bishop's political action at this time. The writer points out that "it is a complete misapprehension to suppose that the leaders of the

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volunteers were Irish agitators who acted without the concurrence and encouragement of English politicians." We find more colour for the view that his reason was affected at the end of his life, in the story of his reply to a remonstrance addressed to him by three of his colleagues on the Irish Episcopal Bench. The remonstrance dealt with his prolonged absence from Ireland, a subject upon which he had sometimes enlarged, preaching so late as 1790 upon the duty of residence as one of the obligations of the episcopal office. In reply he sent three peas in a bladder to the Primate, accompanied by this doggerel couplet in his own handwriting:

> Three large blue-bottles sat upon three blown-bladders;
> Blow, bottle-flies, blow—burst, blown bladders, burst.

There is surely something more than eccentricity in this couplet.

Of Sir Boyle Roche, the Father of Irish Bulls (as Herodotus is the Father of History), Mr. Litton Falkiner writes in an affectionate strain which makes this slight sketch one of the most pleasing chapters in the book. We wish he had seen fit to quote a few more of the gems of unconscious humour and congenital absurdity for which Sir Boyle is chiefly famous. The present generation knows only a few of the most celebrated of his bulls. Some rival definitions of a bull are quoted, discussed, and found wanting. We learn that the word had been long in use before it became associated with Irishmen. A soldier wrote in the year 1702: "These gentlemen seem to me to have copied the bull of their countryman, who said his mother was barren." Sydney Smith defined a bull as "an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered." The writer objects that this definition is as incomplete as the others, since it misses the chief element in the humour of a bull, the unconsciousness of its author when making it. But this is hardly fair to Sydney Smith; for surely the unconsciousness of the author is implied in the "sudden" discovery of the incongruity? Mr. Falkiner's own description

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of a bull as a "lucid obscurity, in which the verbal confusion is not sufficient to conceal the speaker's meaning," seems a better attempt than any of those which he quotes. Perhaps the best example of Sir Boyle's masterpieces in this kind is the famous invitation to a nobleman, which runs: "I hope, my lord, that if ever you come within a mile of my house you will stay there all night." But there was also a serious side to the good Sir Boyle. Unofficially the Court Jester, he was also Gentleman Usher and Master of the Ceremonies to the Irish Court for nearly a quarter of a century. "If etiquette and Sir Boyle permit" must have been no uncommon formula, and is actually quoted from Lord Charlemont with reference to a visit from his Excellency, Lord Camden.

The account Mr. Falkiner gives of Sir Boyle's career is succinct and full of dry humour. He shows how lovable the man was, one whose appearance alone on the floor of the Irish House was enough to still a Parliamentary storm. On one occasion he argued as follows upon a suggestion that a grant from the Exchequer would operate unjustly on the taxpayers of the next generation: "Why should we put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity; for what has posterity done for us?" In this sentence he seems to be aiming ahead at the volume of social philosophy recently published by Mr. Kidd. Among the specimens given of his felicity are the reference to Junius, as "an anonymous writer called Junius," his declaration of readiness to give up "not only a part, but, if necessary, even the whole of our constitution to preserve the remainder," and his interruption in debate, "I answer boldly in the affirmative, No." To make good bulls is not given to many men. Mr. Falkiner concludes with this admirable verdict:

> Had his ability been greater or his amiability less, it could never have happened that close on a century after his death he should stand as the typical representative of a mental peculiarity characteristically Irish in humour and good humour.

There is something beautiful in spite of the constant

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absurdity of the man, in Thomas Steele's devotion to the person and cause of the great O'Connell. "Honest Tom Steele"—so he will always be known in the annals of Catholic emancipation—was throughout life the knight-errant of lost causes. In the Spanish war of 1821 he fought "with desperate valour upon the batteries of the Trocadèro." And when at last O'Connell died it was time for Steele to die too. He lies beside his master whom he joined in 1848, after attempting to commit suicide in the Thames. Of his integrity and patriotism, his bravery and simplicity, some charming instances are given; we could wish for more but there are enough to justify John O'Connell's eulogy of him as "one of the most single-minded, kind, and chivalrous-souled men that ever breathed." A delightful passage is quoted from Steele's writings intended to illustrate the Celtic melancholy of the man. There is also in this passage, which is too long to quote, a proof of the intense love which he cherished for "the old religion."

The account of Plunket is excellent reading; and, though it may never have occurred to you before, you will certainly find yourself agreeing that "in point of pure intellect he was, perhaps, the foremost Irishman of the nineteenth century." "The glory of his eloquence detraction has never dimmed, and rancour can never injure." And yet, as Mr. Falkiner adds, his figure "stands for a stately presence, rather than a commanding force." The letter printed for the first time as an appendix to the article on Plunket is of great interest, both for the revelation it gives of Plunket as an intensely serious man (Bulwer Lytton wrote of him, "Man has no majesty like seriousness"), and for the view he expresses with regard to the Union which he foresees as a possibility. He thought it would be followed, in a few years, by a Separation. In the same letter he speaks of the spirit in which the Protestant soldiers had been forced to wear Orange emblems as a test of loyalty; and adds that if this spirit should "succeed so far as to make the question of loyal or disloyal narrow itself into that of Protestant or Papist, I absolutely must despair of this country."

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In this attractive collection the paper on Lord Clare is, perhaps, the best of the longer essays. We discern in this piece of work qualities of style and thought of which too little appears on the surface of the other papers. For Mr. Falkiner has gifts of imagination and insight, a facility for saying things in the most "pointful" way possible, and a talent for epigram which should enable him to write great history, if he will make up his mind to steer clear of the reviews and magazines, and the temptation they hold out to be fragmentary and minute.

We must conclude with some isolated sentences which indicate his mettle as a historian:

> When all is said and done the most diligent research can never be worth half so much for the interpretation of character as the clear evidence of contemporary reputation. It is a libel upon history to say that it is no better than an old almanac, but it is undeniable that it is never so likely to be true as an old diary.

How true this is and how wittily expressed. It would be well if the Cambridge school of young historians could take it to heart. As Mr. Falkiner continues, "to set up the incomplete records of the past against the incontrovertible testimony of tradition, is often the shallowest pedantry." We can appreciate the value of this book in the light of the writer's own description of the literature of his subject (p. 6):

> The history of lost causes supplies perhaps the least reliable chapters in the chronicles of mankind. The elegies of patriotism are always touching, but they are not often accurate.

Religio Laici. By the Rev. H. C. Beeching. (Smith. 6*s.*)—So famous a title as this leads us to expect here what we do not find. If any one's religion is the subject of the book, it is rather that of the clerk than of the layman; nor does the statement that it is "addressed to laymen" (most books are) help us much. A better description would have been "Apologia pro Clero," the title of one of the essays contained in the volume. The only part of it which answers to the title is perhaps the best essay; one treating of the temper

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and character of the English Church in the seventeenth century. This, and a paper on Donne—which puts his character in a better light than Mr. Gosse's "Life" or Mr. Stephen's article in the *National Review* of December 1899, and successfully rehabilitates Walton's authority — and a thoughtful essay on Christianity and Stoicism, are in our judgment the most valuable parts of the book. We may say in passing that Mr. Beeching completely clears Donne, that interesting and enigmatic character, from the worst charge brought against him, that of "having devilled for Somerset in the miserable business of the Essex divorce." The person who wrote the discourse here alluded to was Daniel Donne or Dunn, not John Donne.

The latter part of Mr. Beeching's work is chiefly an Apologia pro Clero, and deals with modern questions, and principally the position of the English clergy as regards discipline, learning, and income. The contention is that the moderate Ritualists are in the right; that the High Church clergy are more active, learned, and intelligent than the Low Church; that so far from needing disendowment the Church is in danger of falling into contempt from poverty, and that existing endowments and voluntary contributions ought to be augmented by the State; there is also a plea for Christian education, and a fair argument that Undenominational Christianity runs a risk of being no Christianity at all, and that purely secular education does not advance morality either in France or in our colonies.

These essays deserve attention, and form a useful contribution to the polemics of the time; but the presentment of the English Church of the seventeenth century in the earlier essays will be read with most pleasure. We can never have too much of Hooker, Herbert, Donne, Andrewes, Ferrar, and Cosin. The more the Church of England learns to look to them as exhibiting its true spirit, and returns to their temper of mind, the more she will grow in Christian virtues and justify her position among the churches. "Let your moderation be

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known unto all men," says the Apostle. So too said the Stoic. The ground of sweet reasonableness is common to Christianity and Stoicism. The distinction between them is that Christianity centres in a divine person and Stoicism in an abstraction. Christianity proclaims the doctrine of immortality which Stoicism allowed as a pious opinion. Stoicism in short, though it came near it, never reached the warmth of emotion which the highest Christianity feels and imparts. It had no Gospel for the poor. So far as it was a religion, it was a religion for educated men; though in its sincerity, charity, purity, and self-renunciation it carried some of the elements of religion to an ideal height.

George Herbert and Andrewes combined a piety of almost Franciscan fervour with a Stoic sobriety of temper. It is the English temper; Englishmen are not cold-hearted or unenthusiastic, but they dislike extremes in Church and State, and the Erastianism so much lauded by Sir William Harcourt had its roots in the Middle Ages. The new clericalism which Mr. Beeching approves, brings with it, if the saving common sense of the English laity does not apply a check, the dangers of dividing religion by sex and driving men out of church, of alienating the poor by an unintelligible ritual and obsolete prayers, of the abuses inherent in compulsory confession, and of a mechanical and materialised sacramentalism. The Caroline Fathers were free from these errors and, as Principal Tulloch in his delightful book on "Rational Theology" shows, they pointed a way to a religious growth in a sober learning and sound criticism, while not relinquishing the heritage of Catholic piety.

Mr. Beeching's defence of the most prominent class of English clergy against Sir William Harcourt in the matter of the "lawlessness" charged against them is not quite successful. They have profited by the enforced leniency of the bishops and the cumbrous procedure of the law to try hazardous experiments, the result of which remains as yet unknown. But the Church of England has survived many such attempts and will

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survive this, gaining from it we may hope an increase of spiritual life and no diminution of sobriety.

The moral of Mr. Beeching's book, though it is not the moral which he himself draws, is that public opinion is and ought to be one of the factors in the government of our Church. Laymen do not wish to formulate dogma, but they do think they have a right to control eccentricities of ritual, and in the event of a revision of the Prayer Book, a thing "which is much to be wished," they would claim to have a voice.

Savage Island: an Account of a Sojourn in Niué and Tonga. By Basil C. Thompson. (Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)—A delightful book, redolent of the unique and ineffaceable charm of the South Seas. One hears again the gentle splash of the sea as each wave, pressed by the weight of water at its back, lazily unfolds and, exhausted by the effort, falls heavily down upon the coral-strewn beach, glistening in the sun; or, when the languor of the day's heat is passed, and a deliciously soft breeze is felt, one hears the boatmen singing together on their way home, their paddles marking the time as, after each stroke, they touch the sides of the long canoe. One recalls the mysterious flavour and refreshing qualities of kava; the warm, permeating odour of cocoa-nut oil; the rounded forms of the natives, formerly shining with oil, now obscured by hideous and unhealthy cloth; the pretty manners of these brown savages, their soft voice, pleasant smile, and serene, unruffled countenance. On these, and many other, aspects of Polynesian life Mr. Thomson is a safe and entertaining guide. He shows how difficult it is for a savage to adapt himself to modern ideas. A Tongan judge had to sentence two men for the theft of a pig. One of the culprits had kept watch while the other did the actual stealing. Turning to the code recently introduced from New Zealand, the judge found that this made a case of conspiracy, for which the minimum penalty was imprisonment for ten years. He sentenced the two unfortunates to that

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term, remarking that he was straining the law in not punishing them for the theft as well.

It is satisfactory to learn from Mr. Thomson that when Germany was given Samoa, we obtained with Tonga the best climate in the South Seas, and also a port, Neiafu, which contains by far the best harbour to be found in the whole area of Pacific Islands

The Mastery of the Pacific. By A. R. Colquhoun. (Heinemann. 18*s.* net.)—We are, perhaps, somewhat too apt to assume an attitude of indulgent superiority towards our fathers, whose "grand tour" was of such modest proportions. But for all his increase in mileage it may be questioned whether the modern traveller acquires knowledge *pari passu*, and he is certainly more of a slave to the beaten track. Nowadays we are nothing if not Imperial, yet British Honduras and British Guiana in the one hemisphere are as little visited by the tourist as are British North Borneo or British New Guinea in the other, in spite of the adjective. To these latter together with other somewhat better known countries and peoples Mr. Colquhoun introduces his readers in the synthesis which he terms "The Mastery of the Pacific"—a remarkably well-balanced, and on the whole a very accurate presentment of the factors concerned in the problem of the East. If we had to find fault it would be with the title rather than the contents of the book, which is not so much an excursus on the future fates of kingdoms as a pleasant, chatty *land en volkenkunde* of the farther East, aiming, perhaps, at no particular graces of style, but eminently readable throughout. It is an excellent example of the infinite help afforded by wide personal knowledge of the ground, though as a matter of fact, one of the best parts of the volume is the rendering of the Philippines question and the Filipino, and we gather that the author's visit to the archipelago was but of short duration. He made good use of his time, however, for we have nowhere seen so clear, comprehensive and accurate an account of the position as this.

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Mr. Colquhoun's whole canvas is a good one, drawn with no tricks of style or unnecessary minutiæ, but always with a careful brush. The slow advance of the giant Power in the north; the seething energy of America face to face with that most Oriental of Orientals, the Filipino; the astounding ability and resources of Japan, a little out of breath with the pace that she herself has set; and in the midst of them, motionless, immovable, and immutable, Holland, with her vast possessions as yet in great measure undeveloped—all these take vivid shape as one reads. Mr. Colquhoun thinks that the forthcoming struggle will largely depend on the developments in the United States and in Federated Australia, for "though the Australian Monroe doctrine has not yet been officially promulgated, its spirit is breathed by all Australians." He pins his faith, or some part of it, upon British Columbia which, with its magnificent harbours and natural resources, has limitless potentialities as a shipping and trade centre. British North Borneo has its capabilities, but is wasting its time and money in useless railways.

A little care might, and should, have purged this capital essay from the numerous mistakes in spelling which disfigure it. The immortal comrade of Magellan would hardly have recognised himself either as Piggafetta or Pigafetti, nor is the flower to which Dr. Allamand lent his name termed an alamander. These are but two of many errors, but we need not dwell upon them. Mr. Colquhoun takes wide views, makes wide generalisations, but they will strike most readers as sound, and most of all those who are best acquainted with the farther East.

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NEW ZEALAND AND THE EMPIRE

"THE general taxation is borne by the people, while of the £850,000 paid by property, £150,000 goes in defence works. What does a man hunting the country with a swag upon his back want with armed cruisers and a torpedo corps?" So spoke the New Zealand Minister of Defence in 1892. Included in the £150,000 spent on "defence works" for the benefit of the propertied classes only, was the whole cost of the police; but it was the expenditure on Imperial Defence that mainly roused his ire. From that point of view I have seen the statement condemned as "most profligate, most unpatriotic, most treasonable;" and, after making due allowance for the violence of party criticism, it must be conceded to imply that the propertied classes, and not the democracy at large, are concerned in the maintenance of the defence system upon which the Colony's connection with the Empire depends. Further, the speech was an attempt to turn the powerful artillery of class jealousy against that system. But times change, and politics and politicians change with them. The incidence of taxation continues substantially as before; the relative contributions of swagsman and squatter to the common fund are as before; yet the Defence vote (exclusive of the police) has trebled in the interval, and the grievance of the swagsman is to be aggravated by the responsible Minister who, with a broad Imperialism which the *Times* commends, has recently urged

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the addition of more "armed cruisers" to the Australian squadron. The change is a striking illustration of the change in New Zealand politics, and of the cleverness of the leader who finds the old conditions and the new equally congenial, for the Minister of Defence of 1892 is Minister of Defence still, and also Premier of the Colony. Ten years ago the chief motive power of New Zealand politics was class feeling, to-day it is Imperial sentiment; and the man who in each case "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm" is Richard John Seddon.

Though the Colony has never suffered from any general or serious disaffection towards the mother country, no occasion had arisen until recently for testing the strength of its attachment, and those who most prized the connection were not unnaturally apprehensive lest sympathy might be chilling into apathy through want of exercise. The only positive movement in our politics which boded ill to the connection was the demand for an elective Governor—a proposal which the doctrinaire Radicalism of Sir George Grey found very congenial to its taste, and which was strongly supported by so eminently un-doctrinaire a politician as the present Premier. The claims of abstract democracy, and the unfitness of some of the Governors appointed from Downing Street formed the chief grounds of the proposal; but, though it was not inspired by any formal desire for separation from the old country, it must certainly have tended in that direction by removing one of the visible symbols of our dependence, one of the few formal ties which incorporate us with the Empire. During the last ten or fifteen years the proposal has been hardly mentioned, and there is little in recent tendencies to threaten its revival. Greater care on the part of the Colonial Office in the selection of colonial Governors will destroy the only practical basis it ever had. Birth and breeding will properly continue to be vital considerations in appointing the men who are to discharge the stately and ornamental functions which form so large a part of the work of a constitutional monarch and his representatives;

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but knowledge of affairs and administrative capacity are qualifications not to be so completely overlooked as they have sometimes been.

Whatever else the South African War has done or failed to do, it has at any rate roused the Empire and made it conscious of itself in a way that years of peace could hardly have achieved. The self-governing parts of the Empire had always felt the force of the influences to which Burke bade Britain trust for her hold upon her Colonies: "The close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron." Whatever of rust had accumulated upon these links in the days of inaction has been dissipated in the stir of a common trouble, and they have been welded more firmly than ever in the fire of the South African War. As not uncommonly happens in private life, the time of stress has revealed a sympathy and a cohesive force which were to a large extent unsuspected in the daily round of hum-drum existence. The Empire called, and New Zealand with the rest of the Colonies responded. To say that the 5000 men we have sent were all actuated by the purest spirit of patriotism would of course be absurd. To some no doubt the call was the voice of duty; to most the spirit of adventure, the love of change, ambition, the desire to better their condition were probably stronger inducements. But in whatever proportions and to whatever extent these lower motives may have acted, there is no reason to suppose that a similar emergency would not find them equally operative again, and for practical purposes this is the main point. It is certain, too, that these lower springs of action could never combine to furnish a contingent of colonial adventurers to take part in a foreign quarrel; they would need as their rallying-point, as the condition precedent to their exercise, the sense of kinship which is the secret of colonial zeal in the present struggle.

Lord Rosebery touched the root of the matter in his Chesterfield speech:

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To many [he said] the word "empire" is suspect as indicating aggression and greed and violence and the characteristics of other empires that the world has known; but the sentiment that is represented now by empire in these islands has nothing of that in it. It is a passion of affection and family feeling, of pride and of hopefulness.

In New Zealand as elsewhere some of us have had spasms of truculence and arrogance and vindictiveness; but on the whole family feeling and family pride are the chief elements in colonial sentiment on the subject; and it is important to notice that it is sentiment rather than opinion which has inspired our attitude to the war. It is a family affair, and as loyal members of the family we have taken a hand in it. This view of the case was very frankly and very clearly put by the leading men on both sides of the House of Representatives on September 28, 1899, when the Premier moved the resolution for offering the first New Zealand contingent for service in South Africa:

It is our bounden duty [said the Premier] to support the Empire and to assist in every way the Imperial authorities whenever the occasion demands.

It is not for me, sir, as an Englishman [said Captain Russell, the then Leader of the Opposition] to inquire deeply into the origin of the quarrel in the Transvaal. We know, of course, what has been published in the newspapers, but the cause of the quarrel has little concern for me.

That the two leaders should have committed themselves to the doctrine, "My country, right or wrong!" is not surprising, when one considers that the former is not conspicuous for fine moral discrimination, and that the latter is by training and instinct a soldier. But the next speaker, the last man of the rank of a statesman who has taken part in our politics, followed precisely the same line:

It is not for us [said Mr. Rolleston] to enter into argumentative reasonings with regard to the issues that will be determined and have been determined by the statesmen of the old country. We, sir, I think do well to forbear from criticising either the past actions of the Imperial Government or the present attitude of those who may be about to be involved in a cruel and devastating war. Our information is necessarily limited. As my honourable friend on my right (Captain Russell) put it, we leave the determination of the details of this

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question, and the causes which may lead to war if it does arise, to those who are better able to judge of the circumstances than we are.

Most remarkable of all was the speech of Mr. Wi Pere, a Maori member, who offered to take a contingent of Maoris to South Africa "to the assistance of my protector," if Europeans were not willing to go:

> It is not for us to judge her [said Mr. Pere], I say it behoves us to go to the assistance of England lest England be worsted at their hands, and after England we follow. That, sir, is my only reason for supporting the resolution. All people feel their own troubles, as I have said, and what we have to guard against is lest England's foot should slip, and we should follow immediately after.

There is a Biblical ring about this simple eloquence which in these days the pale-face orator can hardly compass. The motion was carried by 54 votes to 5.

Though the decision of the majority commends itself to me, the doctrine urged by the able and thoughtful men I have just cited seems to me a monstrous one. Is a self-governing colony, contemplating the spontaneous offer to its mother country of something beyond the contract, to be influenced by no wider or deeper considerations than a soldier who is called to arms? Were the Colonies under any obligation to take the same course if the war had been a piece of piracy and brigandage like the Jameson raid? I cannot believe it for a moment.

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more,

is a sentiment surely as appropriate to the lover of his country as to any other lover. And if it is not even to apply to the patriot volunteering for a service to which his country has not called him, and which she can discharge without him, then patriotism is something outside the sphere of morals altogether, or at the best the honour of patriots is the honour among thieves. However, the prevalence of the doctrine in question, and not its morality, is what concerns my argument now. It certainly has a considerable vogue, and this fact vitiates the argument which points to colonial enthusiasm in the late

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crisis as a confirmation by disinterested witnesses of the policy of the Imperial Government. Colonial opinion, by the admission of the representative authorities I have quoted, is not concerned to attempt such a judgment; colonial loyalty shrinks from dealing with questions that are beyond its ken; it does not "exercise itself in great matters, or in things too high for it." So far from the Colonies showing coolness or detachment, it is a case of *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores;* the head of the family is in a quarrel, and its junior members are by his side as in duty bound, with avowedly less consideration and a remoter approach to a judicial attitude than their senior showed before entering upon the quarrel. It was for him to decide whether it was a proper case for fighting, and for them to support whatever decision he arrived at. Mr. Chamberlain's appeal to the verdict of colonial opinion is therefore based upon a misconception. His colonial policy has done much to strengthen the ties which bind us to the motherland; his war policy has given occasion for a splendid demonstration of the reality of those ties; but the appeal that it involved was an appeal rather to warm hearts than to cool judgments. The lesson for the Empire and the world may not be of the less value for that reason, but it should at least be correctly cited.

A further point for the consideration of Imperial statesmen is as to the probable attitude of the Colonies towards any future war. Must not the same logic which induced our leading politicians to declare that the rights of war were not their affair, also lead them to support any other war in which the Empire may be involved? Must it not constitute the Colonies the advanced wing of any Imperial war party for the time being? Logic is certainly not all-powerful in human affairs, and this logic would hardly stand the strain of a war which was absolutely revolting to the colonial conscience, though if carried to its just conclusion it would constitute the Imperial Government the keepers, for the purposes of every war, of the consciences of the Colonies. But the possibility of the outbreak of a war so obviously and glaringly indefensible is a

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contingency too remote to be worth considering. But the supposition may serve as the exception to prove the rule of the general applicability of the logic in question to any war that may reasonably be considered possible. The last great war in which England was engaged was the Crimean War, which is now generally conceded to have been a huge blunder. If such a case arose again, would the sole duty of the Colonies be to strengthen the hands of the war party and the demand for a fight to a finish? Judging from present analogies, it seems clear that the position of a colonial statesman protesting against such a war would be more isolated and more intolerable than that of Bright and Cobden in their protest against the Crimean folly. It is a very grave question whether the present colonial attitude does not practically involve an approval of war as such.

The remedy for this strange anomaly is that the Colonies should be consulted before war is declared instead of being merely called on to support what they are powerless to stop. Mr. Chamberlain has himself hinted at this solution, and it will be a supreme proof of his statesmanship if he can devise a remedy that will not create worse evils than it cures. That the Empire should ultimately have some kind of Imperial Council to represent it in matters of common concern is but a logical outcome of its unity and of the form of government enjoyed by its component parts. In urging the House to despatch our first contingent to South Africa, Mr. Seddon said:

> I say our strength lies in being an integral part of the mighty British Empire, and that we should help to maintain its unity intact. And the day is not far distant when, if we take responsibilities and share the burdens and expense of maintaining the empire, we shall have representatives from this Colony and the other Colonies taking a direct part in the government of a federated empire. I assert we shall, before many years have elapsed, be represented in the council of the nation at home; the New-Zealander will be advising in council, not croaking on London Bridge. By proving ourselves worthy we shall be entrusted with increased responsibility.

Of course, in this as in other matters, more haste may very

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well mean less speed, and it would be a mistake to treat the strong Imperial sentiment now prevailing as a ground for attempting any sudden and wholesale innovation upon the present haphazard arrangements. But that some step, however tentative, towards the ideal may be taken as a result of the Conference of the Colonial Premiers with the Imperial authorities at the Coronation is not too much to hope.

One, at least, of the existing anomalies might well be faced at once. The Colonies have shared in the glories, the dangers, the sufferings of the battle-field; but there is one very sobering responsibility from which they have been almost entirely free, and that is the financial one. In the invidious comparisons sometimes made by poets and others between the respective attitudes of the Colonies and the Mother Country to the war, two things are commonly overlooked: First, that colonial troopers, like other volunteers, are much more highly paid than the regulars; and second that the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, and not of the Colonies, have to pay the bills, or nearly all of them. The latter consideration has made the problem a very simple one from the colonial standpoint. With the Imperial Government glad not only to take our troops, but to pay for them, the strain upon our patriotism has been comparatively slight. War would be a much more fashionable luxury were it not so terribly costly; but colonial politicians have been able to play "the statesman's game" unchecked by this deterrent. Our men being the right men for the work, and there being plenty of them ready to undertake it, our duty to continue the supply seemed only limited by John Bull's willingness to pay for them. The problem for our legislature and the executive would have been decidedly more complex if the financial burden had fallen upon our own shoulders. In the present case it may be that this immunity has resulted happily for the Empire as a whole; yet as a matter of principle the incidence is unfair, and as a matter of practice it might not always work out so happily in the future. The music-hall refrain from which the term "Jingoism" takes its origin,

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concluded with the proud climax, "We've got the money, too;" but it is obvious that even the most mercurial Jingo will go more light-heartedly to work if the money which he is spending is that of other people. If the Empire is one for war as well as peace, it is not fair that its wars should be financed by one part alone; and if there is a risk that the war spirit may be more militant in the outlying portions of the Empire than at its heart, it is as impolitic as it is unfair that the operation of the economical check should be confined to the latter only.

Upon these and kindred questions it may be hoped that some light will be shed at the Conference between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Colonial representatives attending the Coronation. That New Zealand will be ably represented at the Conference is beyond question; and if the Colony's loyalty were still in doubt, Mr. Seddon could be trusted to make it clear. He has, indeed, good reason to do so, for he has left our shores amid unparalleled demonstrations of enthusiasm, which were avowedly aimed at his services not as a party leader but as the representative of the Colony's loyalty. Nobody claims for him that he created this loyalty; but nobody can justly deny him credit for stimulating it and making himself its mouthpiece at the critical moment, and making it the means of rendering a signal Imperial service. He saw and seized the opportunity with all the sagacity, promptitude and boldness which have contributed so much to his great success as a leader of men. Napoleon himself had not a keener eye for the signs of the times, nor a readier faculty of "nicking the minute with a happy tact" and shaping his course accordingly. The faculty was well described by Sir James Pendergast, the late Chief Justice of the Colony, in proposing the toast of "Our Guest" at the banquet given in the Premier's honour on the eve of his departure from Wellington: "I believe that you will all agree with me when I say that Mr. Seddon eminently possesses the capacity of gauging public opinion and knowing beforehand what is likely to be acceptable to the people." Such a testimony from a

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eulogist comes perilously near to the description which unfriendly critics have before now borrowed from "The Pious Editor's Creed":

> It ain't by princerples nor men
> My preudunt course is steadied,
> I scent which pays the best, an' then
> Go into it baldheaded.

Certainly, Macchiavelli's precept, that "he that would succeed must accommodate to the times," can rarely have been more faithfully followed than by Mr. Seddon, and that phase of his statesmanship could hardly be exaggerated even in the eulogy of an after-dinner speech. Much of New Zealand politics can be learned from "The Knights" of Aristophanes, and the "Biglow Papers;" and if Ibsen's "Enemy of the People" be added to the list, the student will know as much about them as books can teach him.

There was not much zeal for the Empire apparent in the sentences quoted at the head of this article; but the latest developments have left room for little else, and the result is a splendid testimony to the loyalty of the Colony and the ability of its leading man. Prior to his departure he has made something like a triumphal tour of the Colony amid general plaudits, to which his political opponents have largely contributed. Trains and steamers have been freely delayed to suit his convenience—who are the travelling public that they should be considered in comparison with so good a man?—and not uncommonly a military escort has been provided. At one place he is greeted as "the first citizen of the Empire," and Mr. Chamberlain is declared to be jealous of his laurels; at another he is placed still higher by a salute of twenty-one guns. Nobody is much surprised at this, because his arrival at a country show had previously been celebrated by the band striking up "God Save the King." The compliment is the more striking, however, as our Governor—the King's representative—is quite commonly honoured at public banquets with "For he's a jolly good fellow." It certainly looks as

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though, in Burke's phrase, we "live in an inverted order." The democrat at the antipodes has certainly some great advantages over his fellows in older lands.

In reply to all these compliments the Premier discourses day and night upon the glories of the Empire, the valour of our colonial troops, the short-comings of the War Office, the necessity of exacting unconditional surrender from the Boers, and of getting better prices for our mutton, and the iniquity of playing "Soldiers of the Queen" on German pianos. A good deal of this and of the kind things said about him is duly cabled by Mr. Seddon himself at the cost of the Colony through Reuter's agency to the London papers. The extravagance of much that he has said and done could hardly be burlesqued; it is burlesque already. Yet as a matter of political business, overdone though it has undoubtedly been, it pays. Nor is it the uneducated and unthinking alone who are captivated. The more thoughtful resent the extravagances, and recognise that the Imperial sentiment is being worked for other ends than the good of the Empire; but they are pleased to see that the Empire is being helped nevertheless, and they are grateful to the man who has helped New Zealand to realise her share in it. A representative of the very class which has always regarded Mr. Seddon and his party as their natural enemies—a wealthy and cultured merchant—stated recently that he had always been opposed to Mr. Seddon politically, but that even if he (Mr. Seddon) had committed every sin in the political decalogue, he had redeemed them all by what he had done in the cause of the Empire. The speaker was one of the very men against whom, ten years ago, Mr. Seddon was rousing the swagsman's envy over this very matter of Imperial Defence; but all is forgiven and forgotten now. Rich and poor alike rally to the cry of "Empire"; "the patriot's all-atoning name" brings all men to the Premier's banner. So successful a combination of class-warfare and Imperialism recalls the triumphs of Cleon. How much of Cleon's success at Pylos was due to good management, and how much to good luck is, I believe, still a

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moot point; but he certainly had boldness, or he could not have had luck. Boldness and luck are a large part of the magic combination which has made Mr. Seddon well nigh invulnerable.

That there is a seamy side to patriotism as well as to every-day politics is unfortunately beyond dispute; and New Zealand patriotism is no exception to the rule. Commercialism has been its worst taint. Foremost among the eulogists of the Premier's and the Colony's patriotism have been many to whom the demand for our men and produce in South Africa, and the resulting freights and commissions have made the war a blessing. It pays such men to be patriotic and to praise the patriotism of the head of the Government, for the area of Government patronage in this country, and the proportion of it that goes by favour, are both enormous. The joke that Mr. Chamberlain made the war and his friends make the ammunition has its parallel in the colonial epigram that, "The more Mr. Seddon expands, the more his friends contract." Certain patriots of this type have much discredited the proceedings attending the Premier's send-off by starting a public subscription to reward him for his patriotism. As the result of a general canvass a sum of over £2000, mostly contributed by brewers and other commercial patriots, was raised, but the public presentation, which had been arranged for, was abandoned at the last moment. It would have been to the credit of Mr. Seddon if he had refused to take the money; it is at any rate to the credit of the Colony that he dared not take it in public. Gratitude—the gratitude that looks before as well as after—admittedly played a large part in filling the "national purse" as it had been dubbed. "It is not politics, it is commerce," was the explanation of one commercial man when taxed with his association with the movement. Another told me that he subscribed because he dared not refuse. It will be noted that the motives of these two subscribers—the hope of favour and the fear of disfavour—exactly represent those of the New York business man when he subscribes to Tammany. We are

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learning new American lessons every day under Mr. Seddon's guidance.

A very amusing display of commercial patriotism was offered a few months ago by a dispute between the Commissioner of Taxes and a Wellington firm as to whether the firm's contribution to one of the patriotic funds could be treated as part of their business expenses, so as to reduce their taxable income. Their contention was that the expenditure was a necessary one, and should be considered as paid to advertise the business, but the Commissioner was brutal enough to overrule the plea. Such an incident as this is redeemed by its humour, but as much cannot be said for the most conspicuous display of the commercial taint, the foulest blot upon our scutcheon, since Mr. Seddon commenced patriot—I refer to his attitude to the War Office over the Army Meat Contracts. Notwithstanding the splendid achievements of our troops in South Africa, New Zealanders would indeed have cause to hang their heads in shame if their patriotism were to be gauged by their Premier's action in this matter. Its meaning and the general feeling of the Colony with regard to it are well enough conveyed in the satirical suggestion that "the Premier 'voiced the heart-beats' of New Zealand's traders in urging that our services to the Empire entitle us to demand from the over-burdened British taxpayer a higher price for his army supplies than he can get them for elsewhere." Very aptly the Premier's behaviour has been likened to that of the Maori who presents a settler with a basket of peaches and declines payment, but comes along next week and demands the settler's horse, and, on being refused, asks for his peaches back again. Much the same colour is given to our free-will offering in South Africa by the demand for which it has been made the basis.

The logic of the position has since been given precise expression by two of the Premier's followers in the House of Representatives, who support the despatch of our tenth contingent in the following terms:

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Such further evidence of our loyalty and determination will prove a setback to those foreign nations that are now gloating over our reverses and will give us a stronger claim on the War Office and Imperial authorities to give preference to our meat and grain products for consumption in South Africa.

We have got to scare the Kaiser, but we must also secure better prices for our produce. Verily, we are worthy sons of "a nation of shopkeepers" if such are the springs of our patriotism! But to consider so would be as unjust to our dead who have fallen in South Africa as to the thousands of honourable living colonists, who would sooner pick a pocket than use their "patriotism" to wrest a profit out of the necessities of the mother country. We are as proud of our dead heroes as the Spartans of their three hundred at Thermopylæ; and by their sacred memory, by our altars and our hearths, by all that patriots hold most dear, we ask you to give us an extra twopence a pound for our mutton; nay, we demand it, and we shall bluster at you in the face of the world if you refuse. "In the name of the prophet, figs;" in the name of patriotism, mutton! No, that is not really New Zealand's message to the Empire, though her official representative may have led you to suppose so. Her patriotism is something better than a sordid and blustering commercialism, though in this case appearances were against her.

The fact is that tact, forbearance, humility, and good taste are the very last virtues that his blindest admirer would claim for Mr. Seddon, and his lack of them somewhat seriously detracts from his effectiveness in the finer branches of statesmanship. His grasp of affairs, knowledge of human nature, masterfulness, energy, resource, "slimness," and determination not to stick at trifles make him an ideal party leader. But he has learned to command and not to obey, and even in command he shines more as a driver than a leader of men. He has been accustomed to get his own way by going straight on, regardless very often of the rules of the game and other conventions which the more punctilious may respect. He is an adept in methods of the caucus; and if the methods of

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diplomacy are not quite the same, so much the worse for diplomacy. He has no time to waste in beating about the bush, and if the Imperial Government are not ready to do off-hand what he requires, so much the worse for them. The satirist from whom I have already quoted refers to the Premier's

> spirited, tasteful and patriotic attacks upon the War Office, the Admiralty, and the other Imperial authorities as well calculated to promote the harmony and the unity of the Empire.

It is certain that no New Zealand Minister has ever talked with such blustering disrespect of the Imperial authorities.

When a departure is made from the established form of procedure with regard to the reservation of Bills for the Royal Assent, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on being advised accordingly by the Deputy-Governor, writes in the politest possible terms that he rather prefers the old form, though either will do, Mr. Seddon ferociously informs the House that he will not be "dictated to," and that he prefers the new one. When the War Office finds itself unable to prolong the visit of the Imperial Representative Corps last year as Mr. Seddon desired, he publicly condemns their action as "inconsiderate and reprehensible." When the Admiralty Regulations prevented the troopship *Tagus* from touching at the Bluff as Mr. Seddon desired, he actually began talking about the sort of thing that lost Great Britain her American colonies. When the War Office did not forthwith accede to his request for the release of a New Zealand sentry who had been sentenced to imprisonment for sleeping at his post, Mr. Seddon informed a public meeting that

> the War Office must be made to understand that it could not snub the Colonies, and it was just about time that that Office was made to know its position in regard to the Colonies. He had expected better things of the department when Lord Roberts became its head, but it would seem that there was still room for improvement.

We are so used to language of this kind that we pay little heed to it, but in this particular case the utterance found its

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way into the London papers, and when it came back to us as reported there, even the hardiest of us was filled with shame.

A delightful commentary upon Mr. Seddon's fitness to run the War Office has been furnished by the recent publication of some correspondence with his own colonial War Office, which I need hardly say is not on quite so large a scale as the Imperial department. As Minister of Defence, Mr. Seddon wrote on March 21 last, giving at some length the reasons why a certain appointment could not be made, which appointment had been gazetted over his own signature nine days before! Yet the man who wrote that letter can teach both Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts how to do their business, and vociferates fiercely about "snubbing the Colonies" when they do not annul a sentence on a colonial trooper immediately on receipt of his command to that effect. He can also teach Lord Kitchener a much-needed lesson, viz., that his methods are "too lenient." This is not irony; it is sober fact. It is also, unfortunately, sober fact that our Premier has urged the adoption of Maori methods for finishing the war. "It is not a good maxim, according to our old ancestors," said Mr. Wi Pere, with reference to the Boer War at a Maori meeting on April 4 last, "to save up those who will afterwards eat you." The Premier replied that

> if General Kitchener had 5000 well-trained Maoris in South Africa to-morrow, and gave them their own way, untrammelled by those orders which in his opinion were a drawback to the forces operating in South Africa, and put them under Maori leadership, and told them that they were wanted to put down the Boers, he thought the Boers would soon go down [Loud laughter]. With the Maoris war was war, and fight was fight; they were never afraid of hurting their enemies. There was too much of the kid-glove in South Africa, and they seemed to him to be afraid of hurting their enemies. The Maoris never allowed their enemy to trouble them again.

We do not wish to elaborate or press the point unduly at this more genial time, but the unrestrained rashness of the suggestion could hardly be surpassed, and a newspaper which rarely uses strong language characterised it shortly afterwards as "brutal and blood-thirsty." In Sydney, where the speech

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appears to have made a deep impression, Mr. Seddon took the best course open; he denied having uttered the words attributed to him. That is certainly the best defence of which they are capable. The further plea that "the Maoris in their tribal wars were most generous to their foes" was a stroke of humour. The generosity consisted in giving as many of their foes an inside berth as there was room for.

This Maori episode should serve as a warning that Mr. Seddon sees rather red and talks rather red at times. He is, however, well qualified as New Zealand's ambassador to speak for her loyalty, which no man has better cause for appreciating than he. Her patriotism is a very real thing, though it has sometimes been as hard to see the essence through the bombast and the hectoring and the mutton as it was to discern the sea-god Glaucus on the shore through the incrustations that incumbered him. New Zealand has had a full heart these last three years. It was at one time swelling with anxiety for the mother country; latterly it has been swelling with pride at having rendered her some service. And if the swelling has at times affected the head too, that will surely be pardoned to a young country just beginning to feel her strength, just realising that to the great Empire of which she forms part she is not a mere excrescence or appendage, and that she can make some return for all the privileges which membership confers.

A. R. Atkinson,

(Member of the N.Z. House of Representatives.)

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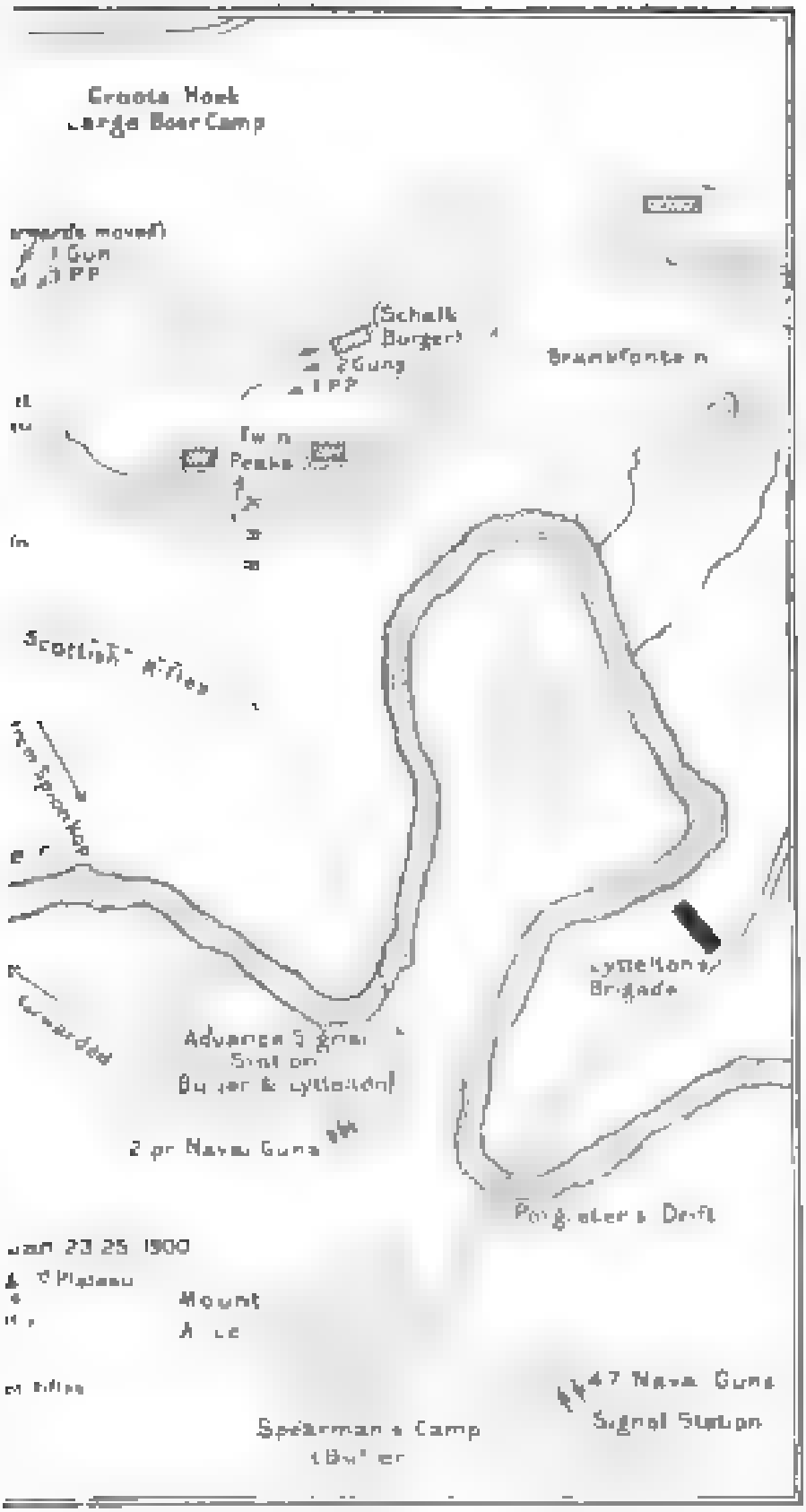
Groote Hoek
Large Boer Camp
Schalk Burger
Twin Peaks
Scottish Rifles
Lyttelton's Brigade
Advanced General Station
Buller & Lyttelton
2 pr Naval Guns
Spearman's Camp
Buller
47 Naval Guns
Signal Station
Mount

THE TRUE STORY OF SPION KOP

A DEFENCE OF SIR CHARLES WARREN

II

THE execution of the orders for a night assault on Spion Kop, originally issued by Sir Charles Warren on the evening of January 22, 1900, was deferred, under the circumstances already mentioned, until the night of the 23rd. In the meantime, General Buller had intervened to transfer the command of the expedition from General Coke to General Woodgate, and appointed an officer of his own Staff, Colonel à Court, to accompany him.

General Woodgate's column consisted of 200 officers and men of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, the 2nd Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, six Companies of the Royal Lancasters, two Companies of the South Lancashires, and the 1st and 3rd sections of the 17th Company, Royal Engineers—in all about 1600 men. In addition to this, two Companies of the Connaught Rangers and the Imperial Light Infantry (which had just arrived from Trieghaardt's Drift) were ordered to be posted on the lower slopes in support of the column, and General Talbot Coke was placed in temporary command of the 5th Division with instructions to reinforce General Woodgate as he might require. For this purpose General Coke had at his disposal the 2nd Dorsetshire Regiment, the Middlesex Regiment,

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the Somersets, and subsequently the Scottish Rifles and Bethune's Mounted Infantry.

I propose, in the first place, to relate very briefly how General Woodgate's column occupied Spion Kop, and the circumstances under which the position was abandoned by Colonel Thorneycroft. Having done this, I shall set out the arrangements which General Warren made for supplying the force on Spion Kop with water, food, and ammunition; for maintaining communication with himself, in order to secure the support of the British artillery west of Spion Kop and at Potgieter's, and for placing artillery on the hill, if found practicable; noticing how these arrangements were carried out, and in case of failure, to what causes that failure is to be attributed. I shall then consider General Buller's complaints against Sir Charles Warren, and Lord Roberts' criticism of the operations as a whole, in the light of these facts; and, finally, I shall endeavour to see whether an analysis of the circumstances thus disclosed will suggest any grounds for the retirement of Colonel Thorneycroft other than the military reasons assigned in his report.

Here, again, a word of description is a necessary preliminary.

Spion Kop may be said roughly to form a triangle, of which the apexes point respectively north, south, and east of a lofty plateau summit, 1400 feet above the level of the Tugela at Potgieter's Drift. This central plateau will be called the "summit," although the highest point of the mountain is to be found in two peaks which lie about 1000 yards farther east. Northward from the summit the mountain drops into a deep gully, rising again at the nek, or pass, where Spion Kop joins the Rangeworthy Hills. This nek, which is traversed by the Fair View-Rosalie road, is 800 feet above the Tugela; and on its west side Green Hill, the eastern projection of the Rangeworthy Hills, rises another 450 feet, while on the east is the northerly apex of Spion Kop, 550 feet above it. Southward of the summit the mountain falls to a second plateau with

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irregular spurs, then drops rapidly again, and finally sinks by a lower ridge to the Tugela. Eastward, Spion Kop sinks from the summit to a narrow nek, from which it rises to its highest altitude at the twin peaks, and falls again with a northward curve over Brakfontein. The southern face of this eastern projection is precipitous; but to the north, where the level of the adjoining country is higher, it falls more easily, especially in the neighbourhood of the twin peaks, where gentle slopes admit of easy access. Starting from the nek where Spion Kop joins the Rangeworthy Hills, a valley runs southward for two miles, separating the lesser hills, that stretch from Green Hill to Fair View, from the western flank of the mountain. On the western, or Fair View, side the valley is broken by a ravine, which enters it from the north-west. At the head of this ravine was the bivouac of the Royal Engineers, and about three-quarters of a mile further north Sir Charles Warren's headquarters under Three Tree Hill. It was here—at the Engineers' bivouac—that General Woodgate's column arrived at 10 P.M. on the night of Wednesday the 23rd.

In order to reach the summit of Spion Kop the column had to descend by the ravine for half a mile into the valley, cross the stream, ascend to the crest of the lower ridge which forms the southern apex of the mountain, and then climb from this point northward up the central mass to the summit.

It will be convenient at this point to indicate the geographical relationship of the summit-plateau of Spion Kop to the respective headquarters of Sir Charles Warren and General Buller. A glance at the map which accompanies this article will show that Sir Charles Warren's headquarters at Three Tree Hill lay to the west of the central mass of Spion Kop, and below it; while General Buller's headquarters at Potgieter's lay to the south across the Tugela. While therefore the summit-plateau was invisible from Three Tree Hill, it could be clearly seen by day—provided, of course, the atmosphere was not obscured by mist—from Spearman's Hill. Not only so, but the line of the column's ascent from the lower ridge to the

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summit, the southern slope of the summit itself, and the whole southern face of the eastward projection of the mountain, which at the twin peaks was directly opposite, were open to the gaze of observers on the hills to the south of Potgieter's Drift. It must be remembered also that on the 24th, when Spion Kop was occupied, General Warren had to hold the positions he had gained on the Rangeworthy Hills and secure his left flank from a possible attack from Acton Homes, as well as to support the force on Spion Kop; while General Buller had only to co-operate with the assault on Spion Kop. This latter object was accomplished, as we shall see, partly by searching the Boer positions east of the summit with artillery fire, and partly by the despatch of the Scottish Rifles and Bethune's Mounted Infantry as an actual reinforcement, and of the King's Royal Rifles in an independent attack upon the twin peaks.[1]

General Woodgate, on assuming command of the column detailed for the night attack on Spion Kop, fixed his *rendezvous* at a point near the Royal Engineers' bivouac for 7 P.M. on the night of the 23rd. In the meantime, at 8.30 P.M., orders had been received from Sir Charles Warren for half of the 17th Company, R.E., to accompany the column. The first and third sections, under Major Massy, were detailed for this purpose, and each sapper was ordered to carry a pick, a shovel, and two water bottles (*i.e.*, the whole supply of the company). In addition to this five mules were loaded with a further supply of picks, crowbars, and shovels. The duty of guiding the column to the summit was undertaken by Colonel Thorneycroft, and the column left the Engineers' bivouac, where it had arrived at 10 P.M., with the detachment of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry[2] in advance, and the half-company of Engineers in the centre between the two infantry battalions.

The column advanced slowly in the darkness over a fair road down the ravine. In the hollow of the valley the ground

[1] Orders for these movements were issued by General Lyttelton, whose Brigade was with General Buller at Potgieter's.

[2] They were, of course, dismounted for the occasion.

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became rough and broken. There were two dongas to be crossed, and then the column crept for three-quarters of a mile up and over a rock-strewn slope to the foot of the main ascent. Above this point—where, as we shall see, the supply waggons and ambulances were afterwards assembled—the summit of the mountain rose 800 feet. The men now advanced in single file. Pipes were put out and silence was maintained. Colonel Thorneycroft and his officers went forward in the darkness to feel out the way, and then returned to guide the men. In this manner, now climbing the steep ascents, now "rushing" the rock-strewn slopes, the column reached the first plateau. But in the face of the last and steepest ascent the sappers had been bidden each to leave one tool behind, and one of the five mules was abandoned, being too exhausted[1] to go further.

When the first, or Four Tree, plateau was reached the men were formed up, and the advance was continued. Colonel Thorneycroft writes:

> As the front broadened I got the Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry into line, right across the hill, and the remainder followed in successive lines up the last slope, when we were suddenly challenged. I had ordered the men to lie down when challenged; they did so. The Boers opened fire from magazines. When I thought they had emptied their magazines I gave the order to charge; an officer on my left gave the order to charge also, and the whole line advanced at the double and carried the crest line at 4 A.M., when I halted and reformed the line. There were about ten men wounded altogether.[2]

As the mountain was wrapped in a thick mist which made it impossible to signal by lantern, General Woodgate ordered the men to give three cheers to let General Warren know that the summit was now occupied. It is reported, however, that

[1] The relative heights and distances of the several stages traversed are as follows:—From the Royal Engineers' bivouac to the valley 1 mile, with a fall of about 300 feet; from the hollow of the valley to the foot of the main ascent ¾ mile, with a rise of about 300 feet; from the foot of the main ascent to the summit ¾ mile, with a rise of 800 feet; total, 2½ miles, with a fall of 300 feet and a total rise of 1100 feet.

[2] White Book, p. 28; but General Woodgate says *three* men wounded.

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firing was heard in the camps below at 3.20 A.M. and again at 3.40 A.M.; and the guns on Three Tree Hill, which had been carefully sighted and set over night by General Warren's orders, at once opened fire, in spite of the darkness, upon the reverse or northward, slopes of the mountain to harass the enemy leaving or approaching the summit. Sir Charles Warren, who had risen at 3 A.M., was present with the guns on Three Tree Hill from 3.30 A.M. to 4.30 A.M.; and he then went on to a second battery of six guns near Fair View, and saw that the fire of these guns was also searching the northern slopes of Spion Kop.

In the meantime General Woodgate had ordered the force on the summit to entrench themselves. The trenching-tools which the infantry carried were comparatively useless for working among the rocks and boulders; but they were supplemented by the crowbars and other tools which were unloaded from the four mules that had reached the summit. The entrenchments, however, which were made by the joint efforts of the sappers and the infantry themselves, were deficient both in strength and position. Owing to the difficult nature of the ground the trenches were only a foot deep, and the breastwork of stones not more than a foot and a half to two feet high, thus providing together not more than from two feet and a half to three feet of cover. Owing to the darkness and mist —it was impossible to see more than two or three yards in front—the trench was placed some fifty yards away from the northern edge of the plateau, whereas it should have been placed upon the actual edge with a field of fire over the reverse slopes by which the enemy subsequently approached.

At about 6.30 the work was completed with the exception of a part on the right flank, which No. 6 sub-section of the Engineers was constructing; the tools were collected and the men ate their breakfast. About this time the enemy opened musketry fire for some ten minutes through the mist, but the attack did not begin in earnest until three-quarters of an hour later, when the mist lifted and a hot fire, both shell and rifle, was directed against General Woodgate's force. Insufficient

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as the British entrenchments were, they were regarded with satisfaction both by General Woodgate and Colonel à Court. The former reported to Sir Charles Warren:

> We have entrenched a position, and are, I hope, secure; but fog is too thick to see, so I retain Thorneycroft's men and Royal Engineers for a bit longer.[1]

while the latter is reported by Mr. Bennet Burleigh to have assured him that the mountain could have been "held till Doomsday against all comers."[2]

It may be added that the naval guns at Potgieter's began to search the reverse slopes east of the summit early in the morning; and that before seven o'clock Lyttelton's brigade had moved out in readiness to demonstrate, if required, against the eastern flank of the Boer position.

It is impossible within the limits at my disposal to give any adequate description of the manner in which the summit was held during the next twelve hours against the Boer assault; and I must, therefore, content myself with a bare statement of those incidents, a knowledge of which is essential to enable the reader to understand the measures taken by General Warren to furnish the force of Spion Kop with supplies and reinforcements.

At 7.15 A.M. the mist rose and severe fighting commenced, and about twenty minutes later General Woodgate was fatally wounded. At this time the principal fire came from the Boer entrenchments on the conical hill some 600 yards to the north; and under cover of this fire the enemy advanced upon the summit across a deep gully and up the slope, which the British fire, owing to the position of the entrenchments, failed to search.

At 7.45 Colonel Crofton (Royal Lancashire) took command.

At 8 the mist lifted again, and the Boers poured a heavy fire—rifle, shell, and pom-pom—upon the summit, rendering any attempt at further entrenchment impossible.

[1] White Book, p. 26. [2] "The Natal Campaign," p. 331.

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At about 10 A.M. Colonel Crofton's heliogram, "reinforce at once, or all lost. General dead," reached General Warren. To this General Warren replied: "I am sending two battalions, and the Imperial Light Infantry are on their way up. You must hold on to the last. No surrender." At the same time he ordered General Coke to proceed to Colonel Crofton's assistance and to take command of the troops. The precise terms of this message are disputed; and it would appear that several urgent messages reached General Warren about this time. As the Boer fire made it impossible to heliograph from the east side of Spion Kop communication was maintained by heliographing to the advance signal station at Potgieter's. From this station the messages were heliographed on to Sir Charles Warren; and their contents were therefore known to General Buller independently of any subsequent communication on the subject from General Warren. As, however, the headquarters of the two generals were connected by telegraph, it would appear that the heliographs from Spion Kop were sometimes transmitted to Sir Charles Warren by telegraph. With reference to this message General Buller writes:

> The telegram Sir C. Warren quotes did not give me confidence in its sender, and, at the moment, I could see that our men on the top had given way, and that efforts were being made to rally them. I telegraphed to Sir C. Warren: "Unless you put some really good, hard, fighting man in command on the top you will lose the hill. I suggest Thorneycroft."[1]

Upon receiving this telegram shortly before twelve noon, General Warren heliographed to Colonel Crofton: "With the approval of the Commander-in-Chief I place Lieut.-Colonel Thorneycroft in command of the summit, with the local rank of Brigadier-General."[2]

Colonel Thorneycroft now assumed command. Of the reinforcements sent up by General Coke, the Imperial Light Infantry reached the summit about noon, and the Middlesex regiment about an hour later.

[1] White Book, p. 23.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 25.

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For some hours after this message [General Warren reports[1]] I could get no information from the summit. It appears that the signallers and their apparatus were destroyed by the heavy fire.

I repeatedly asked for Colonel Thorneycroft to state his view of the situation. At 1.20 P.M. I heliographed to ascertain whether Colonel Thorneycroft had assumed command, and at the same time asked General Coke to give me his views on the situation on Spion Kop. Still getting no reply, I asked whether General Coke was there, and subsequently received his view of the situation (copy attached). He stated that, unless the artillery could silence the enemy's guns, the men on the summit could not stand another complete day's shelling, and that the situation was extremely critical.[1]

General Coke's "view of the situation," which is referred to by General Warren as "attached" in accordance with General Coke's request,[2] is not given in the White Book. It was written at 6 P.M. and reached Sir Charles Warren about 7.30 P.M., and it was closely followed by a second report in which a more hopeful opinion was expressed. General Coke himself writes with reference to it.

I first showed [it] to Colonel Hill, and he concurred, even taking exception to my reference to a retirement. I had no doubt that the infantry, which had so gallantly held its own all day, would be able to continue to do so when the shell fire abated at nightfall.[2]

In the meanwhile Sir Charles Warren had received the following letter from Colonel Thorneycroft, which was read and forwarded by General Coke.

To SIR C. WARREN.

SPION KOP, *January* 24, 1900, 2.30 P.M.

Hung on till last extremity with old force. Some of Middlesex here now, and I have Dorsets coming up, but force really inadequate to hold such a large perimeter. The enemy's guns on north-west sweep the whole of the top of the hill. They also have guns east. Cannot you bring artillery fire to bear on north-west guns? What reinforcements can you send to hold the hill to-night? We are badly in need of water. There are many killed and wounded.

ALEC. THORNEYCROFT.

If you wish to make a certainty of hill for night, you must send more infantry and attack enemy's guns.

[1] White Book, p. 25. [2] *Ibid.* p. 30.

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SPION KOP, *January* 24, 1900.

3 P.M.—I have seen the above, and have ordered the Scottish Rifles and King's Royal Rifles to reinforce. The Middlesex Regiment, Dorsetshire Regiment, and Imperial Light Infantry have also gone up; Bethune's Mounted Infantry (120 strong) also reinforce. We appear to be holding our own at present.

T. TALBOT COKE, Major-General.[1]

These letters reached Sir Charles Warren at 4.30 P.M.

At some time subsequent to 6.30 P.M. Colonel Thorneycroft wrote again to the following effect:

January 24, 1900.

The troops which marched up here last night are quite done up—Lancashire Fusiliers, Royal Lancashire Regiment, and Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. They have had no water and ammunition is running short. I consider that, even with reinforcements which have arrived, it is impossible to permanently hold this place so long as the enemy's guns can play on this hill. They have the long-range gun, three of shorter range, and one Maxim-Nordenfelt, which have swept the whole of the plateau since 8 A.M. I have not been able to ascertain the casualties, but they have been very heavy, especially in the regiments which came up last night. I request instructions as to what course I am to adopt. The enemy at 6.30 P.M. were firing heavily from both flanks with rifles, shell, and Nordenfelt, while a heavy rifle-fire is kept up in front. It is all I can do to hold my own. If casualties go on occurring at present rate I shall barely hold out the night. A large number of stretcher-bearers should be sent up, and also all water possible. The situation is critical.

ALEC. THORNEYCROFT, Lieut.-Colonel.[1]

This letter was not received by Sir Charles Warren until 2 A.M. on the 25th; when it was closely followed by a brief note announcing that the retirement had been carried out, and by the arrival of Colonel Thorneycroft himself.

The only communication from Colonel Thorneycroft that Sir Charles Warren received on the 24th was, therefore, this letter of 2.30 P.M. At the time that it came into his hands (4.30 P.M.) Sir Charles Warren had the evidence of General Coke's covering message to show that the requirements indicated had been already satisfied. On the other hand Sir Charles Warren sent two communications to Colonel Thorney-

[1] White Book, p. 27.

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croft. At about 8 o'clock Lieutenant Winston Churchill was sent by Sir Charles Warren to obtain "Colonel Thorneycroft's views," and to explain the measures which were being taken to support him. The circumstances under which this communication was received are thus described by Mr. Churchill:

I . . . toiled upwards, finding everywhere streams of men winding about the almost precipitous sides of the mountain, and an intermittent crackle of musketry at the top. Only one solid battalion remained—the Dorsets. All the others were intermingled. Officers had collected little parties, companies, and half-companies; here and there large bodies had formed, but there was no possibility, in the darkness, of gripping any body or any thing. Yet it must not be imagined that the infantry were demoralised. Stragglers and weaklings there were in plenty. But the mass of the soldiers were determined men. One man I found dragging down a box of ammunition quite by himself. "To do something," he said. A sergeant with twenty men formed up was inquiring what troops were to hold the position. Regimental officers everywhere cool and cheery, each with a little group of men around him, all full of fight and energy. But the darkness and the broken ground paralysed every one.

I found Colonel Thorneycroft at the top of the mountain. Every one seemed to know, even in the confusion, where he was. He was sitting on the ground surrounded by the remnants of the regiment he had raised, who had fought for him like lions and followed him like dogs. I explained the situation as I had been told and as I thought. Naval guns were prepared to try, sappers and working parties were already on the road with thousands of sandbags. What did he think? But the decision had already been taken. He had never received any messages from the General, had not had time to write any. Messages had been sent him, he had wanted to send others himself. The fight had been too hot, too close, too interlaced for him to attend to anything, but to support this company, clear those rocks, or line that trench. So, having heard nothing, and expecting no guns, he had decided to retire. As he put it tersely: "Better six good battalions safely down the hill than a mop up in the morning." Then we came home, drawing down our rearguard after us very slowly and carefully, and as the ground grew more level the regiments began to form again into their old solid blocks.[1]

It would appear from this account that Mr. Churchill reached Colonel Thorneycroft with Sir Charles Warren's communication before the retirement had actually commenced, *i.e.*, at about 10 P.M. But Colonel Thorneycroft himself writes

[1] "London to Ladysmith," p. 310.

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in his report: "Lieutenant Winston Churchill arrived when the troops had been marched off.[1]

Sir Charles Warren's second communication was sent by Colonel Sim at 9 P.M. It contained full instructions and precise information as to the arrangements which Colonel Sim was ordered to carry out for placing artillery on the summit, and generally for strengthening the entrenchments. This letter was received by Colonel Thorneycroft under the following circumstances:

> About 12 P.M. [Colonel Sim reports] when I (with Captain Buckland, R.E.) had led the tool-carrying party about quarter the way up the slopes of Spion Kop, we met Colonel Thorneycroft coming down, having ordered a retirement. I gave him General Officer Commanding's letter, and he said I was too late, as the men, unsupported by guns, could not stay. He ordered me to take my party back. I sent them back with Captain Buckland, and then went forward to ascertain if the retirement was general. Finding it so, I walked up the valley to warn the officer in command of the naval gun of the altered situation, and prevent him risking his gun by moving it to the evacuated hill top.[2]

It should be added here that Sir Charles Warren, acting in accordance with a telegram from General Buller, sent a message by heliograph, or signal lamp, to General Coke, at 6.30 P.M., asking him if "he could keep two battalions on the summit, removing the remainder out of reach of shells; also whether two battalions would suffice to hold the summit."[3] It appears, however, that this message did not reach General Coke.

At some time subsequent to 6 P.M.—when he had given his view of the situation to Sir Charles Warren—General Coke went back to his reserves, "having personally handed over command at the summit to Colonel Hill."[4] Neither General Coke nor Colonel Hill had therefore been informed up to this time that Colonel Thorneycroft had been placed in command of the summit. The explanation appears to be that Colonel Thorneycroft, who commanded on the left of the British

[1] White Book, p. 29.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 33.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 25.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 30.

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position on the summit, was prevented by the close and continuous fighting, from holding any communication with the right flank where Colonel Hill was in command. In reference to this matter Colonel Thorneycroft writes that some time after the arrival of the Scottish Rifles (*i.e.*, at about 4 P.M.):

> There was some discussion at this time as to who was in command, and the officer commanding Scottish Rifles said he would go and see General Talbot Coke, who was reported to be at the foot of the hill, to get orders. Up to this I had issued the orders, but as I only got a verbal message I did not understand that I had the temporary rank of Brigadier-General. I continued to direct operations while the officer commanding Scottish Rifles went to see General Talbot Coke.[1]

At 9.30 P.M., in pursuance of orders received from Sir Charles Warren, General Coke left Spion Kop and proceeded to the headquarters camp at Three Tree Hill. Captain Phillips was left in charge at the signal station on the side of Spion Kop.

At 11.30 P.M. Captain Phillips was awakened by the sound of the troops retiring from the summit. He endeavoured to arrest the retirement by issuing this memorandum:

> *Officers Commanding Dorsetshire and Middlesex Regiments, Scottish Rifles, Imperial Light Horse.*
>
> This withdrawal is absolutely without the authority of either Major-General Coke or Sir Charles Warren.
>
> The former was called away by the latter a little before 10 A.M.
>
> When General Coke left the front about 6 P.M. our men were holding their own, and he left the situation as such, and reported that he could hold on.
>
> Some one, without authority, has given orders to withdraw, and has incurred a grave responsibility. Were the General here, he would order an instant re-occupation of the heights.
>
> H. E. Phillips.
> Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General.[2]

At about 2 A.M. on January 25 Colonel Thorneycroft arrived at the headquarters camp and reported the evacuation of the summit. Information was at once sent by Sir Charles Warren to General Buller, both by telegraph and mounted

[1] White Book, p. 28. [2] *Ibid.* p. 32.

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messengers, that the position had been evacuated by Colonel Thorneycroft on his own authority, that the troops were now leaving the second plateau, and that immediate action was necessary.

But the record of these incidents does not exhibit the most essential work in which Sir Charles Warren was engaged on the 24th.

The despatch of reinforcements to the summit by which Colonel Crofton's urgent message was answered was the result of arrangements made on the 23rd. In respect of this matter it may be added here that the reinforcements were too numerous, rather than not numerous enough. On two separate occasions General Coke checked the flow of men to the summit. At 12.50 P.M. he reported to Sir Charles Warren (received at 2.20 P.M.), that as the summit was crowded and exposed to shell fire he had checked further reinforcements. And again at 8 P.M. he did the same thing, only sending on the Scottish Rifles subsequently on receipt of an urgent request, and retaining in reserve on the second plateau the Dorset Regiment and Bethune's Mounted Infantry. Whether the crowding of the summit, which led to the terrible sacrifice of life, was a necessary evil resulting from the want of individuality that some writers have alleged to be the special fault of the British regular, is another question. It is, at least, certain that General Coke cannot be held responsible for the congested condition of the British entrenchments on Spion Kop to whatever cause that congestion was due.

The supersession of the senior officers on the hill by Colonel Thorneycroft was the execution on the part of Sir Charles Warren of an order from General Buller as Commander-in-Chief.

The measures which Sir Charles Warren was himself personally controlling for the supply and support of the forces on Spion Kop, as distinct from those which were executed by General Coke, have now to be related.

We must go back to the small hours of the 24th.

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At 3 A.M., when Sir Charles Warren began the work of the day, General Woodgate's column was approaching the summit of Spion Kop. This force was now separated by two and a half miles of roadless and mountainous country from its base at the Royal Engineers' bivouac. The first and obvious necessity, assuming that the column had reached its goal—an assumption which was speedily converted into fact—was to bridge this interval by the construction of a road for the passage of supplies and reinforcements. Accordingly at 3 A.M. General Warren ordered Colonel Sim, commanding the Royal Engineers of the 5th Division, and Colonel E. M. Wood, commanding the Royal Engineers of the 3rd Division, to proceed to Spion Kop with the remaining half-section of the 17th Company R.E. These two officers were to divide the work of superintendence between them, in order that the all-important Engineer operations might be accomplished quickly and successfully. At 4.30 A.M. the men commenced work at the foot of the actual ascent.[1] The first task of the Engineers was to make the steep ascent from this point to the second plateau into a road passable for mules bearing water and ammunition, and for the mountain battery which was expected from Potgieter's. The object was effected by cutting zigzag roads up the face of the steepest of the intermediate inclines; and while the second half-section worked from the foot of the mountain upwards, the first half-section, which had accompanied the column, commenced to work downwards from the first plateau, so soon as the entrenchments on the summit had been completed. In this way the zigzag path was made by noon. It was laid out by Colonel Wood as much as possible on the reverse (south-east) slope of the mountain, in order that it might not be exposed to the enemy's fire. Whilst engaged in superintending this work Colonel Sim "found water from small springs about half way up the hill, and some men were set to collect it on the side of the hill that was not exposed to fire."[2] Colonel Wood also found three springs near the summit which were developed

[1] Shown on the map as the supply depôt. [2] White Book, p. 32.

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by forming collecting pits as far as the enemy's fire permitted. In addition to this broad slides for dragging up the 12-pr. naval guns, which Sir Charles Warren had asked for on the 23rd, were also commenced.

The first and most essential stage of the road-making was thus accomplished before noon. The Drift in the hollow of the valley was made possible for light-wheeled traffic at 11 A.M. by Colonel Wood, and by 5 P.M. approaches on either side had been constructed, so that guns, ammunition carts, and waggons could proceed from the Engineers' bivouac to the foot of the ascent. Throughout the afternoon the continual stream of waggons flowed backwards and forwards between these two points, and there grew up a "village," as Mr. Winston Churchill calls it, of regimental waggons, ambulances, ammunition and water-carts, forming the supply depôt for the force on Spion Kop. Here the supplies of all kinds were as abundant as they were in the camps. All that was necessary was for these supplies to be conveyed up the hill to the fighting line, or for the men to come down in relays to get what they wanted for themselves at the supply depôt. It should be mentioned also that in the course of the afternoon the spruit which ran down the valley was dammed up by Colonel Wood just above the Drift, and the reserve of water thus obtained was conveyed in carts to the supply depôt, and then carried up the hill in biscuit tins by the mules.

If we bear in mind, then, that this essential work of constructing a road from the Engineers' bivouac to the summit was commenced at the first moment practicable, that is at dawn, and not finally completed until 5 P.M., the nature of the difficulties which had to be overcome by General Warren in keeping the force on Spion Kop supplied with water, food, and ammunition will become intelligible.

Sir Charles Warren's arrangements for a water supply were made directly after General Buller's consent was given to the proposed assault on Spion Kop. On the morning of the 23rd he endeavoured to secure the use of the leather water-bottles,

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or pikuls, carried by the Indian Bearer Company, which General Buller informed him were to be found with the Field Hospitals. Twice in the morning of the 23rd General Warren telegraphed to the principal medical officer of the 5th and 2nd Divisions, asking how many pikuls he had, and informing him that they would be required at Fair View, at 3 P.M., that afternoon. This officer's reply was to the effect that there were no pikuls and no pack-mules.[1] Sir Charles Warren then telegraphed to General Buller at Potgieter's, asking that the pikuls he had mentioned might be dispatched to Three Tree Hill. Later on, in the evening, General Buller telegraphed to Sir Charles Warren to remind him of the necessity of providing a water supply for General Woodgate's column; and Sir Charles Warren replied that he was preparing to send up water in biscuit tins, but that what he wanted for this purpose was the pikuls. These leather water-bottles were obviously the most suitable vessels for the transport of water over mountain roads; but finding that they could not be obtained, General Warren had given orders to Major Sargent, D.A.Q.G. (B), to equip a water company for service on Spion Kop on the following day. For this purpose Major Sargent collected all the available pack-mules (twenty-five in number) and furnished them with biscuit tins, as the most suitable vessels which he could procure for the purpose. The mules each carried two biscuit tins, containing together from seventeen to nineteen gallons of water, and they worked in two sections. Assuming that five journeys were made by each section in the course of the day, the water company thus organised would convey a gross amount of some 2125 gallons of water, or roughly about a gallon per head of the force originally sent up to occupy the summit.

The water company thus organised was not, however, the only source of supply. As we have seen, the Engineers, in addition to utilising the water of the spruit which drained the

[1] It must be remembered that General Buller, as Commander-in-Chief, was responsible for the composition and equipment of the force of which Sir Charles Warren took command on January 16.

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valley, were successful in finding and developing springs, both on the first plateau of Spion Kop and on the road up. And independently of these supplies the men from the firing-line were allowed in the course of the afternoon to go down in sections from the summit to the supply depôt, where they could obtain water for themselves, and fill and carry back from eight to ten water-bottles for their comrades.

As regards the actual operations of Major Sargent's water company, the first section of mules reached the Four Tree Plateau at noon, and Major Sargent himself writes:

> The water supply was kept going continuously during the day and late at night, with the exception of one break, caused by an order being given for one section of mules to bring up ammunition. In addition to the water conveyed on mules, there was a spring on the top of the hill, under Royal Engineers' charge, which yielded a fair supply. I superintended generally the water supply myself, and made frequent inquiries as to whether the troops were getting a sufficient quantity on the top of the hill, and was told they were. A little delay was occasioned in the early part of the morning in looking for packalls [pikuls] which I was told were in the camp, but which could not be obtained.[1]

The efficiency of the water company was lessened by the circumstance that part of the contents of the biscuit tins was spilt in travelling up the hill; but for this evil, as we have already seen, neither Major Sargent nor Sir Charles Warren can be held responsible. The men in the firing-line did no doubt suffer from want of water. This suffering, however, was not due to any neglect on the part of Sir Charles Warren or the subordinate officers by whom his arrangements were carried out, but to two independent causes. In the first place, the fighting on the summit was so close and incessant until the reinforcements arrived in the afternoon that it was impossible for the regimental officers either to distribute the water to the firing-line, or to allow the men to withdraw in sections to the water depôt on the first plateau; and in the second place, the men themselves, being in a large measure new arrivals in Natal, were suffering from an artificial thirst. Probably the statement of Colonel Morris, A.A.G., 5th Division,

[1] White Book, p. 34.

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embodies the truth both in respect of the actual deficiency which was experienced by the men and the character of the arrangements which were made by Sir Charles Warren:

> Personally, I do not think the men were suffering very badly from want of water. I consider that, under the circumstances, nothing could have been better than the very difficult arrangement made for water supply; it was not plentiful, but sufficient for the purpose required.[1]

The arrangements made by Sir Charles Warren for securing artillery support for the force on Spion Kop included (1) the co-operation of the British batteries west of Spion Kop and the naval guns at Potgieter's; and (2) the despatch of a mountain battery and of 15-pr. guns and 12-pr. naval guns to the summit. Of these latter, the mountain battery was to be sent forward directly a passage up the mountain was completed by the Engineers. The manner in which the immediate support of the batteries under Sir Charles Warren's command was secured has been already mentioned.[2] Every effort was made by General Lyttelton, who was in telegraphic communication with Sir Charles Warren, to render the fire of the naval guns effective in searching the reverse slopes of the mountain east of the summit; and it would appear that up to mid-day on the 24th the Boer fire from this quarter (the east flank) was slight. In order to secure the co-operation of the British guns a R.A. officer was sent to the foot of Spion Kop on the night of the 23rd with a signaller and orderly, in order that he might ascend the mountain at dawn on the 24th. This officer was instructed to report upon the possibility of sending 15-pr. or naval 12-pr. guns to the summit, and to signal the effect of the British fire and the position of the enemy's guns to the 61st battery on Three Tree Hill. These objects were, however, only partially effected. Owing to the distance communication by flag-signalling proved to be a lengthy process, and when subsequently the officer had recourse to the brigade heliograph the sky became obscured. The partial failure in this respect was due

[1] White Book, p. 35.

[2] See p. 46.

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to physical causes which were not under the control of Sir Charles Warren or his subordinates.

The 4th mountain battery, for which Sir Charles Warren had asked General Buller, consisted of six 2½-inch guns, carried by mules and served by gunners on foot. At nine o'clock on the 24th General Warren received a telegram from the officer commanding the battery stating that they had started for Trieghaardt's Drift. As no place of departure was mentioned he naturally inferred that the battery was proceeding from Potgieter's, and gave instructions to Major Kelly, A.D.C., to meet it at the Drift and conduct it at once to Spion Kop. But at 2 P.M. Major Kelly returned to report that the mountain battery could not be heard of. In the meantime General Warren had been informed from Potgieter's that the mountain battery had left Springfield, a distance of seven miles from Trieghaardt's Drift, at 11 A.M. At 4 P.M. he was informed that the battery had arrived at the Drift; and shortly after this he received instructions from General Buller to the effect that the battery must be rested after its long march before it was sent forward.

What had actually happened was this. The battery was not at Potgieter's but at Chieveley. Major Simpson, the officer commanding, received orders by telegraph on the morning of the 23rd to take his battery to Trieghaardt's Drift as soon as possible. He then entrained at Chieveley for Frere; marching thence at 5.30 P.M. he was compelled by the difficulty of the road and the intense darkness to halt for six hours when he had proceeded a short distance on his way. At daybreak on the 24th he started again, and reached Trieghaardt's Drift at about 2.30 P.M., having covered twenty-one miles in his march. At 5 P.M. General Warren again sent Major Kelly to Trieghaardt's Drift, and the battery under his escort reached the supply depôt at 7.30 P.M. As both mules and men required rest, it was then arranged that the battery should remain here until moon-rise. At the same time Major Kelly sent a scout to the summit with a note to Colonel

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Thorneycroft, in which he reported the arrival of the battery, and requested a guide to conduct it to the position in which Colonel Thorneycroft desired it to be placed. This note was received by Colonel Thorneycroft at about 9 P.M.

As regards the despatch of artillery other than the mountain battery to Spion Kop, it must be observed that General Buller had assigned no long-range guns to Sir Charles Warren's force; and that while the enemy had guns ranging up to 8000 to 9000 yards, General Warren had only 15-pr. guns, throwing shrapnel at 8500 to 4000 yards. He had, therefore, asked for naval guns on the 23rd, but no definite reply was received until mid-day on the 24th, when he was asked by telegram if he would like to have two naval 12-pr. guns for Spion Kop. General Warren's reply was a request that they might be sent at once. At 4.30 P.M. he received a letter in which General Buller stated that he had got two naval 12-pr. guns from across the river, and that he could send them on if General Warren would like to have them. Ultimately the two naval guns arrived at Three Tree Hill at 7 P.M., and at 8.30 Lieut. James, R.N., the officer in charge of them, received orders to take one gun up to the summit.

In the meantime the gun slides had been completed by the Engineers, cables for haulage had been obtained, and Colonel Sim had received orders from Sir Charles Warren to make all necessary arrangements to give effect to General Buller's instructions for the construction of strong epaulments to protect both these guns and the guns of the mountain battery directly they had arrived and could be sent up the mountain. About 5 P.M., Colonel Sim says, General Warren showed him a letter from Sir R. Buller containing directions for these epaulments. He continues:

> General Officer Commanding ordered me to be ready to do this, and also to take working parties at night to deepen the trenches on Spion Kop, so that they might screen the defenders from shell fire, being made four feet deep and sloping backwards inside, in the same form as the Boer schanzes are made.
>
> I arranged with officers commanding 17th Company for the tools and for

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the half-company that was now on Spion Kop to remain there, so that the officers and non-commissioned officers might superintend the working parties. At 9 P.M. General Officer Commanding ordered me to proceed and to make epaulments for two naval guns (12-pr.), each to be twenty-three feet diameter, and to give four feet three inches cover; also epaulments as above for the mountain battery, and to improve the trenches. He gave me also a letter to Colonel Thorneycroft, urging him to hold the hill, and explaining the work I had been ordered to do. To carry the tools across a party of 200 Somersetshire Light Infantry was detailed, and two reliefs, of 600 each, for the work were to be drawn from the reserve battalions on Spion Kop rear slopes.[1]

The circumstances under which this letter was delivered to Colonel Thorneycroft have been stated.[2] Colonel Sim was turned back by Colonel Thorneycroft, and he then himself stopped the progress of the naval gun. But the subsequent experiences of Lieut. Otto Schwikkart, A squadron Colonial Scouts, who had been detailed by Sir Charles Warren to accompany Lieut. James with the naval gun, must be mentioned. When the naval gun was stopped, this officer refused to believe that the summit had been evacuated, and as the moon had now risen he proceeded up the hill to find out what was the actual state of affairs. When he arrived at the first plateau he was stopped by a British picket and brought in to Captain Phillips on suspicion of being a spy.[3] Upon being allowed to proceed to the summit, he crossed the British positions and entered the Boer schanzes. They were evacuated. Passing along over the bodies of the dead and wounded, he at length came upon a Boer ambulance man, who appeared terrified at his approach and unable to give any coherent replies when questioned. Lieut. Schwikkart then returned and reported the circumstances to Lieut. James, who had now reached the first plateau, leaving the gun at the foot of the hill. In doing so he urged that the gun should even then be brought up the hill, if only to hasten what he regarded as the Boer retreat. Shortly afterwards Captain Phillips signalled a message, dated Spion Kop, 2.30 A.M., January 25,[4] in which he asked

[1] White Book, p. 33.
[2] See p. 52.
[3] White Book, p. 31.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 32.

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for instructions, stating that the spur up to 800 yards of the summit was still held.

When this message was received at Three Tree Hill Colonel Thorneycroft had arrived, and Sir Charles Warren had telegraphed to General Buller. Pending the decision of the Commander-in-Chief it was obviously impossible for Sir Charles Warren to order the summit to be reoccupied—a course which he would undoubtedly have taken but for the fact that Colonel Thorneycroft had been placed in command by the direct interposition of General Buller himself. In the absence of any order to this effect, Captain Phillips proceeded to withdraw the remaining troops from the first plateau and the lower slopes of Spion Kop in the direction of the Engineers' bivouac.

Sir Charles Warren concludes his report on the capture and evacuation of Spion Kop, addressed to General Buller's Chief of Staff, with these sentences:

> It is a matter for the Commander-in-Chief to decide whether there should be an investigation into the question of the unauthorised evacuation of Spion Kop.[1]

In reference to this paragraph Sir Redvers Buller writes in his covering despatch, addressed to Lord Roberts:

> I have not thought it necessary to order any investigation. If at sundown the defence of the summit had been taken regularly in hand, entrenchments laid out, gun emplacements prepared, the dead removed, the wounded collected, and, in fact, the whole place brought under regular military command, and careful arrangements made for the supply of water and food to the scattered fighting-line, the hills would have been held, I am sure.
>
> But no arrangements were made. General Coke appears to have been ordered away just as he would have been useful, and no one succeeded him; those on the top were ignorant of the fact that guns were coming up, and generally there was a want of organisation and system that acted most unfavourably on the defence.
>
> It is admitted by all that Colonel Thorneycroft acted with the greatest gallantry throughout the day, and really saved the situation. Preparation for

[1] White Book, p. 26.

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the second day's defence should have been organised during the day, and have been commenced at nightfall.

As this was not done, I think Colonel Thorneycroft exercised a wise discretion.[1]

Upon the facts as submitted to him, Lord Roberts, writing under date February 18, 1900, to the Secretary of State for War, decides that—(1) as regards the withdrawal of the troops from the Spion Kop position, "Lieutenant-Colonel Thorneycroft's assumption of responsibility and authority was wholly inexcusable"; (2) "it is to be regretted that Sir Charles Warren did not himself visit Spion Kop during the afternoon or evening"; and (3) "Sir Redvers Buller is justified in remarking that 'there was a want of organisation and system which acted most unfavourably on the defence.'"[2]

That is to say, Lord Roberts endorses General Buller's charge of "want of organisation" against Sir Charles Warren, but thinks in spite of this that Colonel Thorneycroft ought not to have abandoned the position; and he is further of opinion that Sir Charles Warren should have visited the summit himself during the afternoon or evening of the 24th.

As regards the first of these complaints—want of organisation—the reader is now in a position to judge himself whether it be, or be not, justified by the actual facts. It must, however, be pointed out that if the particulars in which there was partial failure, delay, or misunderstanding, be held sufficient to justify a general charge of "want of organisation," the further question arises whether in this case Sir Charles Warren or Sir Redvers Buller must be held responsible for it. The reader must ask himself, for example, which of the two was responsible for the circumstance that biscuit tins had to be used instead of pikuls; for the delay in the arrival of the mountain battery[3] and the

[1] White Book, p. 24. [2] *Ibid.* p. 4.

[3] At 5 A.M. on the 24th Sir Charles Warren sent word to the mountain battery to come to Wright's Farm, giving instructions and providing an orderly to conduct them. As a matter of fact, they were then just commencing their twenty-one miles march to Trieghaardt's Drift.

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naval guns, which made it impossible to give Colonel Thorneycroft the assurance of artillery support before it seemed to him to be (in his own words) "too late"; and in particular for an interference with the regular devolution of military command which made it possible for General Coke to give orders to Colonel Hill for the final disposition of the force on the summit, when in fact not Colonel Hill but Colonel Thorneycroft was in command.

Lord Roberts' opinion that Sir Charles Warren ought to have visited Spion Kop must be considered in the light of the actual circumstances of the occasion. The nature of the country which had to be traversed in passing from the Engineers' bivouac to the summit of Spion Kop has been described.[1] In the day time, and under the most favourable circumstances, the distance was actually covered in an hour and a half, or three hours there and back. But from mid-day onwards the whole route was crowded with vehicles, mules, stretcher-bearers, and a stream of wounded and unwounded men. The narrow path leading from the supply depôt to the summit was especially congested. If, therefore, the journey was made by day when this path was congested with traffic, or by night in the darkness between sunset and moon-rise, a considerably longer time would be required. General Warren's head-quarters at Three Tree Hill were three-quarters of a mile northward of the Engineers' bivouac. Taking these various elements into the equation we may safely assume that the visit suggested by Lord Roberts would have involved an absence of at least four hours on the part of Sir Charles Warren at some time during the afternoon or evening of the 24th.

This then is Lord Roberts' proposal. We will compare with it what Sir Charles Warren actually did.

Between 7 A.M. and 9 A.M. Sir Charles Warren rode with his A.D.C. to the foot of Spion Kop to reconnoitre, and in so doing gave directions to the officer commanding the Imperial Light Infantry how to avoid the enemy's rifle-fire in their march

[1] See pp. 43–45.

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up the hill. From the time of his return to camp onwards Sir Charles Warren was receiving and despatching an almost continuous stream of messages by hand, by signal, and by telegraph, and it was upon the prompt receipt and despatch of these messages, and the issue of the necessary orders entailed by them, that the possibility of getting the mountain battery and the naval guns, of securing the support of the British batteries at Potgieter's and west of Spion Kop, and the co-operation of General Lyttelton's force, all alike depended. At his head-quarters at Three Tree Hill Sir Charles Warren was in telegraphic communication with Sir Redvers Buller, the Commander-in-Chief, and with General Lyttelton, by whom the Scottish Rifles were sent direct to Spion Kop, and the King's Royal Rifles to the twin peaks, and, as we know, heliographic messages from the summit reached Sir Charles Warren through the signal station at Spearman's Hill. Not only so but General Warren was responsible for the safety of the British positions on the Rangeworthy Hills—a responsibility the more onerous on that day through the indisposition of General Clery.

In the first place, then, an absence of four hours from the head-quarters under the given circumstances would have made it impossible for Sir Charles Warren to make the necessary dispositions for holding Spion Kop, which in point of fact he had made by the night of the 24th in spite of the serious difficulties by which he was confronted; and in the second place, during the interval between the advance of General Coke at mid-day, and the arrival of Colonel Thorneycroft on the morning of the 25th, Sir Charles Warren had no information which could seem to make his presence on the summit imperative or even necessary. Colonel Thorneycroft's urgent message of 2.30 P.M.[1] did not reach him until 4 P.M. When he received it, it came with the assurance that General Coke had himself seen it at 3 P.M., and that its requirements had therefore been satisfied in all respects before it came into his hands.

[1] See p. 49.

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Under these circumstances General Warren was surely justified in taking the course which he did, namely, to expedite and complete the arrangements already in progress for sending guns up the hill, and for the construction of better and more effective entrenchments by the Engineers during the night.

It remains to discuss Colonel Thorneycroft's decision to abandon the summit—a decision which, in Lord Roberts' opinion, was a "wholly inexcusable assumption of responsibility and authority." The only light on this point comes from an episode in the day's operations which up to the present has only been mentioned incidentally. This episode was the capture and abandonment of the two peaks which form the actual summit of Spion Kop; and it was the most important of the efforts by which General Lyttelton loyally co-operated with Sir Charles Warren. The third battalion King's Royal Rifles was ordered by General Lyttelton to cross the Tugela and attack the twin peaks at 10 A.M. on the 24th. The actual assault commenced at 1 P.M., and by 5 P.M. one half of the battalion under Colonel Riddell, and the other half under Major Bewicke Copley, had respectively captured the northern and southern peaks. From this position they were able to silence one Boer machine gun which was firing upon the British position on the summit. But the capture of the twin peaks meant much more than that. It meant that a position had been taken which not only commanded the plateau-summit in virtue of its greater altitude, but which also in virtue of its position on the east flank, would have enabled the British to direct a flanking fire upon the Boer advance against the British entrenchments on the summit. In other words, it was precisely what the British needed to secure Spion Kop, and the Boers knowing this had abandoned the hope of retaking the summit plateau from the moment that they lost the twin peaks.

Now what happened? At 6 P.M. Major Bewicke Copley, who commanded on the death of Colonel Riddell, signalled:

> We are on top of the hill. Unless I get orders to retire I shall stay here.

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The reply was:

Retire when dark.
(Sent by flag 6 P.M.)

and,

I am sending you a signal lamp. The General Officer Commanding considers you could not hold the Sugar Loaf unsupported, and having no troops to support you with, he orders a retirement across the foot-bridge below ford, and bivouac on naval gun plateau.[1]

In forwarding Major Bewicke Copley's report of this affair, General Lyttelton writes: "The Commander-in-Chief saw as much of this gallant action as I did."[2] We may assume, therefore, that the retirement of the King's Royal Rifles was effected with the direct concurrence, if not by the direct orders, of General Buller. It was at the time when these orders to retire from the twin peaks were put into effect that Colonel Thorneycroft formed the decision to abandon the summit-plateau.

Was this retirement, carried out under orders from Spearman's Camp, accepted by Colonel Thorneycroft, wrongly or rightly, as a sign that General Buller, who was known to have opposed the occupation of Spion Kop from the first, believed that the position was untenable?

This is a point upon which the account of Mr. Bennet Burleigh may be accepted as evidence, not indeed of the fact but of the impression the circumstance produced on him at the time.

The capture of the northern spurs, had there been guns of ours upon Spion Kop, should, and I believe would, have settled the Boer game, and opened the road wide to Ladysmith for General Buller's army.

When I left the western base of Spion Kop, after 6 P.M., all was well. The gun and musketry fire was almost quiescent. Only at rare intervals did the "pom-pom" break in, and as for the rifles, only the relentless snipers were shooting. The wounded were being brought down in hundreds; and, as I have said, the mountain battery was, with the naval guns, on its way towards Thaba Emunyama. An hour and a half later a disastrous change set in. . . . That in the darkness a thawing and melting process set in I can believe, but it was

[1] White Book, p. 46. [2] Blue Book, Cd. No. 458, p. 80.

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induced and aggravated by another circumstance—what I dare to call a fatal blunder. Seeing that the 60th were in an exposed situation, where they could afford little help in the task of clearing the Boers off the hills, and that they would come under the shell and rifle fire of both sides, an order was sent them to retire.

Therein lies the mystery and crux of all that ensued.[1]

There is no question here of Colonel Thorneycroft's courage or of his gallantry in action. The question is how a man of his undoubted courage could have determined to sacrifice the fruits of his own and his men's endurance[2] on the grounds which he alleges in his report—grounds which in themselves constitute so slight an excuse, that his conduct appears to Lord Roberts to be "a wholly inexcusable assumption of responsibility."

To conclude, General Buller's statement that "no arrangements were made" by Sir Charles Warren, would not only appear to be contrary to the facts, but to come with a peculiarly bad grace from the man who, if any one, would seem to have been himself responsible for the very delays upon which he now bases his censure of a subordinate. Lord Roberts' endorsement of General Buller's censure would again appear to have been founded upon an imperfect comprehension of the nature both of the country and operations in question. Whether Sir Charles Warren ought, or ought not, to have absented himself from his head-quarters on the afternoon or evening of the 24th, for the time required to visit the summit of Spion Kop, may be a matter on which military opinion would differ. It is at least certain that a decision in the affirmative—assuming that such a decision could be obtained—would show so slight a preponderance of possible advantage that it would be absurd to found any charge of military incompetence upon it.

It is upon these baseless and ungenerous censures, thus vaguely endorsed by Lord Roberts, in admitted

[1] "The Natal Campaign," p. 339.

[2] The total casualties in the assault on Spion Kop were: Officers, 28 killed, 34 wounded, 6 missing; men, 175 killed, 520 wounded, 281 missing.

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absence[1] of a complete account of the circumstances of the occasion, that the impression has gone abroad that the failure at Spion Kop is to be laid at the door of Sir Charles Warren.

Whether the War Office allows or refuses Sir Charles Warren the opportunity that he now desires of vindicating his reputation, the love of truth for its own sake, which animates and perpetuates history, will see to it that the honourable part which he played in this gallant but ill-fated action is not finally hidden from his countrymen.

W. Basil Worsfold.

[1] "The plan of operations is not very clearly described . . . but, it may be gathered" . . . "Even admitting that due preparations may not have been made . . . in regard to which Sir C. Warren's report does not altogether bear out Sir R. Buller's contentions . . ." White Book, p. 3.

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PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA

THAT the present is a very critical time in the relations of the Empire to South Africa will hardly be disputed. Any measures, legislative or administrative, which may now be taken must have far-reaching effects, because they will necessarily be regarded as precedents foreshadowing the future trend of the Imperial policy. They will be pebbles, diverting at the source the course of the mountain stream.

Quite as great as the intended effects of such measures will be the unintended effect; to be estimated mainly by consideration of the result they produce upon the minds of the various sections of the population in South Africa, the British by birth and descent, the Boers, the Kaffirs, and the other subject population. I do not propose here to advocate any concrete measures for adoption by the Imperial Government, or by the local administrations of the two new colonies; but recognising, as every one must who has studied South African history, and, at the same time, has had personal experience of the leaders of all the political parties in South Africa, that in want of information on the part of the home authorities, more especially of the Colonial Office, in want of appreciation of political facts by the home press and public, is to be found the root cause of our mistakes for a hundred years, and of the late disastrous war, I wish to indicate here what I think are the chief dangers which confront us.

Some one in America said on a memorable occasion that

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George III. dangers were gone, but other dangers had arisen. In South Africa the George III. dangers of a hundred years ago are, unhappily, still present; but new ones are superadded.

It will be best to start by setting before us clearly what are the objects to be aimed at by Imperial statesmen in connection with our South African dominion. The firm establishment of the Imperial supremacy, the rendering secure for all time the maintenance of the Imperial rule, must obviously be the first object. We need not here stop to argue as to the legitimacy of the existence of our Empire; a task to which we are courteously invited by so many of our continental critics, who do not dissipate their energies by demonstrating the ethical validity of the rule of the mailed fist over Sleswick, and Alsace-Lorraine, and Prussian Poland. Enough for us it is that this is our heritage, which we must only presume we were intended to maintain.

Many steps must be taken to attain this end. Greatest and most obvious of these is the adoption of all measures which may tend to fuse into one homogeneous people the Boer and the British strains of the European race. For the British federation of freemen no mere domination by military force can be built on as a sure foundation. The Empire can never be secure until it fully realises its almost realised ideal of a world State of free communities, whose strongest link is their determination to be united. By this road alone can be attained, not merely the prosperity and happiness of South African citizens of the Empire, of Boer or British descent, but the just treatment and the ultimate elevation in the scale of existence of the Kaffir race, subjects of our guardianship, the fulfilment of our share of the European mission on the Dark Continent—the spreading of justice, and peace, and humanity.

I have said that the George III. dangers to British rule in South Africa still exist. They are to be found in the existence of a perfectly well-meaning, but altogether uninstructed, body

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of opinion, chiefly in the United Kingdom, upholding the black-man-and-brother theory, and advocating an impossible, social and political equality for non-Europeans. The other danger is largely the result of the action of this negrophilist influence, being the Boer distrust and apprehension towards the Imperial Government. Rendering the last most formidable is the resolute character, the military skill, the religious fanaticism, and the enormous birth-rate of the Boer people.

The more modern dangers are the Separatist Young Africander movement, a combined product of the three preceding, and of the lamentable history of British rule in South Africa, a rule characterised on all sides by vacillation and betrayal due to the working of our party system. To be counted again, among dangers ahead, is the enormous power now possessed in South Africa by cosmopolitan capitalism, which may be described as not pro-British and hardly indeed pro-European. Last and newest of all, the policy ascribed to the British Government of India, and certainly advocated by leading Anglo-Indians, of favouring the immigration into South Africa of Asiatics from India. I purpose to deal with two of these dangers, not so much in the order of their historical date of origin, as of their political importance in our time and generation.

The Young Africander war cry—"Drive the British into the sea"—has not been stilled for ever by the many Boer defeats of the late war. The memory of Imperial vacillation and betrayal of loyalists, lasting for a hundred years, is not to be wiped out by a single campaign, however victorious; and let us remember that a war expected to be terminated in six weeks lasted nearly three years. The Young Africander, up to the present, has no reason to despair of the ultimate swing of the British party pendulum, throwing fortune and domination again within his grasp. During the whole war the progress of the Imperial arms has been accompanied by a chorus of depreciation, continued to the present moment by a section of the British Press. Some people, it is to be hoped, remember

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the tenor of letters, intercepted and published, of Boer leaders recommending surrender. On what grounds was submission advised? To prevent the complete blotting out of "our nation," according to one reconciled general. To gain time, to await the chance of foreign intervention, or troubles of the British Empire with some foreign power, according to another high official. "We are captured, but not defeated,' I was assured by an executive councillor, prisoner of war a year ago.

The Young Africander, however, relies on more than the shifting of Imperial policy, arising from the play of the British party system. The unbroken and unbreakable chain binding together all the Boers of South Africa is the system of the Presbyterian Church Councils (Kerksraad) of the Dutch Reformed Churches. It is not suggested here that there are not many thousands of Dutch-descended loyalists of unimpeachable fidelity to the Empire, members of these churches. It is that the anti-British politicians are church members also; and wherever they are in a majority, as they usually are, that majority must be felt in the composition of the Church Council. Again, the ideal of Dutch domination has always been a religious ideal, necessarily in close connection with the organisation of the Dutch churches. It is the rule of the Lord's elect that is to replace the hateful intrusion of the British Uitlander Government and people. Alva and Chamberlain are interchangeable terms; Slachter's Nek and the massacre of St. Bartholomew are equally slayings of saints of the Lord. The familiars of the Spanish Inquisition and the British immigrant, who thinks he is entitled to political equality with his spiritual superiors, stand on a similar plane of religious reprobation.

Another great fact on which the Young Africanders build most confidently, is one which is of the utmost moment in connection with the military situation; and that is, that their numbers increase by leaps and bounds, while those of the British settlers are, largely, stationary. By sheer weight of

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numbers they hope to overwhelm the British population. Each Boer haus-frau regards herself as a mother of Gracchi.

German diplomatic action and German commercial activity also enter largely into the Young Africander calculations. The part played by German diplomacy with reference to the policy and action of the war party at Pretoria and Bloemfontein has yet to be fully described. I am not altogether without hopes, when the time for the publishing of Memoirs comes (after the precedent set by Prince Bismarck) of seeing some light thrown on this particular eddy of the war current which has ended in the devastation of South Africa. Meanwhile, it is worth remembering that the German Chancellor, Count von Bülow, was candid enough to inform the world, in Demember 1900, during a debate in the Reichstag, that he fully adopted the terms of the present Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger on the occasion of the Jameson Raid. He also explained that the German Government found that if they had intervened on that occasion, between the British Goverment and the Transvaal, they would have intervened alone among the Powers of the world, and that a patriotic German statesman could only draw one conclusion from this position of regrettable isolation.

German presence in South Africa is to be counted upon; our unready Colonial Office having allowed the South-west Province to fall into their hands. That province, be it noted, together with all the territory of Africa south of the 25th parallel of latitude, had been declared by an Act of Parliament of 1886 subject to the jurisdiction of the Courts of Cape Colony; and, consequently—to borrow a phrase of later origin—was within the British "sphere of influence." Furthermore—again to use a later phrase—it actually constituted the "hinterland" of the British port and district of Walfisch Bay. Until that territory of German South-west Africa is surrendered to the British dominion Young Africander reliance on German diplomatic antagonism as well as German commercial rivalry will continue.

The Hollander influence, to which so many superficial

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observers ascribed so much weight, is not one of serious moment in the future; nor do I believe it has ever been so in the past. The Hollander public servants of the administrations of the two Republics were never anything but servants, and by no means leaders of any section of the Boers, either of the war or peace party. In fact, much of their unpopularity with the British section is really attributable to the ingenious ascription by Young Africanders to Hollander influence of measures of the anti-British party among the Boers. In considering the present political chess board of South Africa, the Hollander pawns may be regarded as moved off the board.[1]

One word as to the *personnel* of Young Africander leaders of the war party among the Boers. They are all educated men; most of them educated at the Temple, and at Oxford or Cambridge Universities, others at the Universities of Holland. They are quite capable of taking long views in politics, and their view of the military situation in October 1899 approximated much nearer to correctness than most people in the United Kingdom give them credit for. They are men to be reckoned with for our time and generation; and nothing but disaster can ensue from ignoring this patent fact of their intelligence and their influence. Many officers of the Imperial army have assured me that a much more correct appreciation of the military effectiveness of the Boers would have been entertained by our War Office if the Boers had been kind enough to clothe themselves in uniform, and assumed high-sounding military titles from lieutenant to field-marshal commanding-in-chief, and decorated their breasts with war medals and crosses of valour. Similarly, I am of opinion, that if the political chiefs of the Young Africander anti-British party were considerate

[1] It should be remembered that State Secretary Leyds was not, and never has been, a citizen of the Empire, and owed us no duties. As Mr. Cecil Rhodes, in one of his last speeches, pointed out to the South African League in Cape Town Dr. Leyds' identification with the war policy of President Kruger is based on pure misapprehension—a fact, however unfamiliar in England, by no means new to residents of Pretoria as distinguished from Johannesburg.

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enough to wish to help home politicians in the United Kingdom to appreciate their political difficulties, they would array themselves in diplomatic uniforms and assume all the diplomatic titles sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna. It is to be feared, however, that these leaders in diplomacy of a nation of diplomats will be as reticent as they were when leaders in war of a nation of soldiers.

It will, therefore, be easily understood that persistence of the Young Africander ideal, of a future Boer domination and ultimate British exclusion, is not at all incompatible with parleying with the enemy at the gate, and accepting office at the hand of the scourges of God, as long as their maleficent rule is suffered to continue. (I may observe, in passing, that it is more in deference to historic Boer modes of thought than to real Young Africander convictions that I adopt this phraseology, understanded of their people. The Young Africander, if he does not share the seventeenth-century religious fanaticism of his people, is perfectly aware of its efficiency as a military factor.) The report of an interview, published last year, with the nephew of General Joubert, records his conviction that a serious danger in front of permanent peace in South Africa, was the probability that the British Government would be induced to place in office Young Africander, anti-British, propagandists, whose loyalty dates from Paardeberg, the crowning mercy that marred the memory of Majuba Hill. Let us hope that the apprehension of General Joubert's nephew may not be too fully realised.

Next in importance to the danger confronting the permanence of Imperial rule, arising from the persistence of the young Africander ideal of Boer domination and of British exclusion, is that to be anticipated from the threatened excessive influence, if not predominance, in the affairs of the new colonies of the cosmopolitan capitalism, whose material interests centre in the Transvaal. It cannot be too often repeated that an enormous proportion of this influence is wielded by persons who are non-British by descent, and,

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usually, as well, non-British by political nationality. This, in itself, is formidable enough on merely *à priori* grounds. But it becomes more formidable still when one considers that, on many cardinal points of public policy, the economic interests of the great capitalist houses who control the mines of the Witwatersrand are diametrically opposed to those of the Imperial Government, seeking to safeguard our foothold in South Africa, and to those of the mass of the British residents, urban or agricultural, desiring to live their lives under conditions of civilised comfort.

In what respects are the interests or the great financial houses opposed to those of the Empire? No one doubts for a moment that the directors of these corporations are fully conscious of the benefits to all mercantile, industrial, or financial operations arising from the firm establishment of law and order, of the security against arbitrary or oppressive legislation, of the absence of administrative corruption to be expected from the Imperial rule. Nor does any one suggest that the helots of Park Lane are to be credited with a double dose of original sin. The only thing that we need take for granted is that, like other business men, they will tend to favour the course of legislation, of administrative action on the part of the Government, and to adopt the course of direction of the mining industry in their own hands, which tend to their obvious pecuniary interest.

Taking that as granted, and surely that is not too violent an assumption, we have only to consider on what points, once law and order are firmly established, the interests of the great capitalist houses part company from those of the Imperial Government, and of the ordinary British population of the two new colonies. These points I take to be the question of taxation of the mines; its extent and method of levy; the advisability of exploiting new mineral fields, not already in the hands of the great mining houses; the matter of the rate of wages to be paid to white miners; the matter of the supply of goods to the native labourers in the mines—in other words, the question

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whether, as in England under the Truck Acts, such supply should be prohibited to employers and left in the hands of the ordinary trader or shopkeeper; or, as in Kimberley, should be in the hands of the mine-owners.

Let us first take the question of taxation. Now, it is clear that the interests of the mining corporations must be opposed to any taxation of the mines, as far as such taxation can be avoided. It would be, for them, an ideal arrangement if even the cost of the military defence of the country were borne by the Imperial taxpayer. Taxation for facilities of transport, through creating railways, for mining materials, it would, no doubt, be hopeless to protest against; but for any other purpose, not obviously connected with the mines, resistance to taxation must be expected. Under the Republican *régime*, many and loud were the protests against "Taxation exceeding the legitimate needs of Government." I shall not stop to deal with this fallacy here; I shall only point out that, under the Transvaal law, the minerals were expressly stated to belong to the State; the law herein resembling the law of England, under which all gold and silver is the property of the Crown. Clearly, therefore, the State was entitled to take as much of the gold as it thought proper.

Now, one of the absolute essentials for securing a firm British foothold in South Africa is the organising of State-aided British immigration of agriculturists, and the creation of State-constituted irrigation works, as in Egypt and India, without which agriculture is impossible. Also necessary is expenditure for other public purposes, which I think equally essential, but which, to eliminate controversy, I need not deal with now. This immigration scheme cannot be carried out, and these works cannot be constructed, without money, and where is that money to come from? From the pocket of the British taxpayer, which surely has some limit of capacity? Or from the gold and other minerals expressly declared by the law to be the property of the State? No one suggests such heavy taxation of the mines as would prevent their being worked at

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a profit to the shareholders; although I strongly advocate a firm hand being kept by the State, in the future, over the excessive watering of capital, a necessity recognised to a certain extent by the present administration of Rhodesia.

Again, take the method of levying the tax on gold and other minerals. Prior to 1899 the principle of taxing the possession of mining areas, whether the claims were being worked or not, was that chiefly in vogue in the Transvaal. The Gold Law of 1899 imposed a tax on the gold output of from 30 to 50 per cent. (This measure, I may observe in passing, is one which I strongly advocated under the Republican *régime*.) The law of 1899 has recently been repealed by proclamation of Lord Milner, and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, announced in the House of Commons that a law to take its place is still under consideration by the Imperial Government.

Here is a point where the interests of the great mining corporations on the one hand, and those of the Imperial Government and of the general British population on the other, are at variance. As I have on more than one occasion pointed out in the columns of the *Morning Post* and other London journals, the tax on the gold output encourages British immigration, and that on the mere possession of mining claims discourages it. On the other hand, a tax on the mere possession of mining areas is in the interest of the great mining corporations, as, by "freezing out" the holders with less capital, it tends to throw all the mining properties into their own hands.

In this way the law works. The poorer holders of mining claims, in many cases the actual discoverers of the mines, have to expend their capital in paying monthly dues to the State. They cannot dispose of their ventures, or obtain adequate capital for working them, because the financiers at London, Paris, Berlin, and other centres, know that they are in the hands of poor men and that time is running against them. The claims, therefore, have to be sold for a trivial sum, or are

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suffered to lapse to the State; when, according to law, they must be put up for sale by auction, at which sale the great mining corporations are, necessarily, the sole bidders.

This, be it noted, was a thoroughly well understood result, and one fully intended by the Boer war party at Pretoria and Bloemfontein. What they wanted to exclude was possible British rifles; the fewer the Uitlander holders of mining claims the better pleased they were. An ideal system for them would be if all the mines were owned by a single mining corporation, with as few Uitlander residents as possible.

On yet another point Boer war policy and the interests of the mining corporations coincided, and were opposed to Imperial interests and to those of British residents of the Transvaal. This was the matter of the exploitation of new goldfields or other mineral fields. Until the deep level claims on the Witwatersrand were successfully floated, and now, until all the other claims over which the grouped financial corporations hold options, are put on the European market—a period necessarily limited by the purchasing power of the European public—it is the plain interest of the "great houses," as they are called, to discourage the opening up of new gold or other mineral fields not in their own hands. It is not merely that they would have rivals in the market against the shares of their own companies, but they would lose their present practical monoply of the profitable business of company promoting; in which many more millions are to be made than were ever extracted from the White Water Reef. Very much, indeed, might be said on this aspect of the question, but more is unnecessary here. The Boer war party, and the present Young Africander progagandists, wished, and still wish, to discourage the exploitation of new mineral fields, so as to keep out the British intruder, with his inconvenient ideas of equality and his more inconvenient rifle; the very things which the Imperial Government, in self-preservation, should strenuously endeavour to introduce.

The labour question, again, is another on which the great

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capitalists and the rank and file of the British population cannot be expected to see eye to eye. The miners will naturally wish to uphold the present high rate of wages in the interests of themselves and their families; the companies will certainly endeavour to lower them. But here it is not merely a question of the interests of the miners and their families, although they must constitute a very considerable proportion of the British population. Only one degree less than the interest of the miners is that of the rest of the British population, the merchants and shopkeepers of the towns, the professional classes, the lawyers and medical men, with all the urban employés and servants. It will make all the difference in the world to them whether the people with millions to spend are the British miners close at hand, or European, non-British, shareholders in Hamburg or Berlin, or Monte Carlo. Of equal importance is the fact that the success of British immigration of agriculturists must necessarily depend on the purchasing power of the mining population and of the British residents in the towns. The nearness of markets is all essential to the success of agricultural operations in South Africa. It is not to be supposed that South African agricultural produce could successfully compete in the European markets with the sea-borne produce of the United States, of the Argentine, and Russia. Railways are too slow and expensive, and a reputation for South African produce has still to be created. How Imperial interests are affected by this feature of the situation is obvious. No British agriculturists means no stable British occupation.

Diametrically opposed also is the obvious pecuniary interest of the mining corporations to that of the British merchants and traders of the towns. This matter has often been confused with the question of the introduction, or the non-introduction, of the Kimberley Compound System into the Transvaal. It is really quite distinct. Those who say that there is no intention on the part of the mining corporations of introducing the Kimberbey Compound System into the Transvaal, and therefore there is no danger to be apprehended, are quite beside the mark.

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The Kimberley Compound System is one under which the natives employed in the mines are confined in barracks, called compounds, prohibited from leaving during their period of service, and supplied with goods by the mining corporations. This, of course, takes away their occupation from the ordinary trader and shopkeeper.

I was told by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes that he was personally opposed to the introduction of the Compound System in the gold mines, as he regarded it as unnecessary and inexpedient. It is very easy, as he said, for a Kaffir to secrete a diamond, but not to hide a quantity of gold amalgam; apart from the fact that Kaffirs have not much access to the portion of the works where the amalgam is to be found. But this is not a question of the introduction of the Compound System at all.

When I was in Pretoria and Johannesburg last year, I found a certain amount of apprehension among British residents already returned, including members of the Chamber of Commerce, that the mining corporations, without introducing any compound system of confining Kaffirs to barracks, would themselves supply goods to the Kaffir workers, to the exclusion of the ordinary merchant and trader of the town. This proceeding, be it noted, is absolutely illegal in England; being prohibited by the English Truck Acts under a heavy penalty. But there is no Truck Act in the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony; and there is nothing to prevent the mining corporations if they consult merely the interests of their European shareholders, as it is to be presumed they will feel bound to do, from instituting this system of paying their labourers in kind. What this would mean for Johannesburg may be gauged from the fact that the expenditure, on this head alone, amounted in the year before the war to two millions per annum. The destruction of this means of subsistence of the merchant and trading class, of the professional classes, of the employés and servants in the town, would be as directly threatened by this measure as by the corporations'

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natural, and laudable, desire to divert the gold from the pockets of the Treasury to those of their shareholders, who watch the stock markets in Europe. Similarly, Imperial interests bound up with the introduction of British agriculturists, and with the supplying them with a market at their doors, would be equally menaced.

For many reasons it is specially important that public opinion in the United Kingdom, and in the British Colonies, should become fully conscious of the grave issues involved. During the inevitable period of Crown Colony government, many most serious legislative and administrative steps may be taken, the effects of which, in after years, it would be impossible entirely to efface. The whole press of South Africa may be said, generally speaking, to be either owned or controlled by the great mining corporations; and their writers naturally, and most legitimately, advocate their employers' interests. This, as I have said, is specially important to bear in mind, seeing that during the period of Crown Colony rule there can be no means, through popular legislative assemblies, of effectively voicing the general trend of British local opinion.

What conclusion, therefore, do I draw from the foregoing considerations? It is that, in all matters of legislative and administrative action, the greatest care should be taken to avoid any appearance of unduly according weight to representations in favour of the interests of the great mining corporations.

The slander that the war was a capitalists' war, so persistently circulated in the Continental press, and so regrettably echoed nearer home, would be given some colour of plausibility by any contrary course. Not, indeed, that we can expect to put an end to such slanders on the part of our commercial rivals in Germany and elsewhere; but, for the satisfaction of honest people at home, care should be taken, not merely to be impartial, but to seem to be so. No one disputes the right of these great financial corporations to some representation on any consultative boards to be created, and to having facilities

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given to them to represent their views on any contemplated legislation. They control an industry on which, for some time to come, the prosperity of the Transvaal must largely depend. In one respect the matter has an international complexion, and is one in which the Foreign Offices of other countries are legitimately concerned, seeing that many millions of non-British European capital are invested in the mines. The danger to be guarded against is that of according to their nominees or representatives any inordinate representation on such boards; or of enacting any legislation merely because it is supported by those corporations. As I have shown, their pecuniary interests are clearly opposed, in many respects, to the prospects of content and prosperity for the British population of the mines, of the towns, and of the country side; and, above all, are at variance with Imperial interests all over the world, so closely knit up as they are with the retention of a secure foothold in South Africa.

Whether these dangers have been sufficiently guarded against up to the present is a matter on which I do not propose here to enter. It is the greater part of a year since I have been in Johannesburg and Pretoria, and I prefer speaking from first-hand information, which I trust to acquire on my return. Questions have been asked in Parliament as to alleged undue capitalistic influence in various administrative appointments to consultative boards made by the present British administration. Objection has also been raised in many Imperialist quarters to the repeal of the Gold Law of 1899 taxing the gold output, a repeal alleged to be in the interest of the great financial corporations. Public protest has been made against a proclamation of Lord Roberts, of August 1900, calling for the payment by all persons resident in the Republic, and legal representatives of absentees, of taxes, revenues, and licences, due by them to the Government of the Republic in respect of mining claims or other landed property. It is held by most Uitlanders that it is unjust to call on them to pay such arrears, seeing that they were forcibly expelled by the

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Government of the Republic, and were precluded from beneficial occupation. And this standpoint is taken on the ground of justice and right, quite apart from the fact that tens of thousands of the Uitlanders have been fighting in the ranks of the Imperial army.

With reference to this proclamation, it has been suggested that, whatever its intention, if enforced its effect would be to play into the hands of the great mining corporations, by compelling either the surrender or the forced sale of these Uitlanders' claims; the only possible buyers, of course, being, in every case, the purseholders of the great mining groups.

As I have said, I do not propose here to enter into the validity of any of these contentions in the absence of more direct and recent information. But inasmuch as the process of legislation has already commenced, I think I have shown the necessity for the fullest deliberation in framing future enactments, and for securing the fullest representation of all classes of opinion among British loyalists.

M. J. Farrelly.

(*Late Legal Adviser to the Transvaal Government.*)

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OUR ANTI-NATIONAL PARTY DURING THE GREAT WAR

WHILE engaged in historical research at the Public Record Office, the present writer sometimes had the privilege of conversing with the late Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, and on one occasion he ventured to say to him that the more completely British foreign policy was examined in the light of contemporary records the better it came out. To this the eminent historian replied: "It always does: it always does."

The earnest way in which Dr. Gardiner repeated his words was singularly impressive, and all the more so because at that time a certain section of the British public, both in Parliament and the Press, was loudly asserting that our policy in South Africa had sinned against the most elementary axioms of morality, and was a disgrace to the country. While reflecting on Dr. Gardiner's words, one could not help remembering that the contrast between the steady optimism of the trained investigator and the anti-national clamour of some of our politicians and publicists was, after all, no new feature in our paradoxical existence; that clamour has been raised on many occasions, and has generally been discredited in the long run. In fact, it is difficult to name any great event in our modern history, however fraught with danger to the nation's welfare, which did not call forth stormy discussions that tended to lower us in the eyes of our enemies and to prolong the struggle in which we were engaged.

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Long after the din of faction has been hushed, the still small voice of the investigator begins to be heard; and he, arguing from papers that were perforce kept back from the public gaze, is for the most part bound to admit that Ministers, far from being the incarnations of iniquity that the Opposition loved to depict, were plain matter-of-fact Englishmen, unequal in foresight and craft to their continental rivals, but possessing within their own limited range the qualities of honesty and humanity. Sometimes the historian is able—nay, he is compelled—to show that heated declamation impaired the force of official arguments at the crisis of difficult negotiations, and rendered inevitable the very struggle which the Opposition believed it was warding off. Or, again, he must point out that in the course of the ensuing war our foes were so encouraged by our domestic Cassandras as to persevere in a struggle against a seemingly tottering Government, and which, when too late, they found to be a wrestle with an all but unanimous nation.

It is a melancholy task, this, of going over the story of our wars as told at the time in the excited tones of parliamentary debates, and as it appears later on in the cold steady light of historical research. In the case of no country, perhaps, is the contrast so marked. Nowhere is there to be found a race more individualistic in its opinions, more dogged in its determination to "have its say" on any and every matter, and—one regrets to have to add—more ignorant of the teachings of modern history. And, on the other hand, the greater the liberty of speech, the more desirable it is to withhold from publication very many of the important documents which reveal the actions and sources of information of our diplomatic agents. Consequently, while St. Stephen's is remarkable for the singular absence of anything like statesmanlike reticence, our Public Record Office is almost necessarily characterised by the opposite extreme. The archives of nearly all continental capitals are open for historical investigation within thirty or forty years; those of Great Britain are kept closed for at least double that period, save in very exceptional cases. This is, no doubt,

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desirable in the interests of our diplomatic service; but it should be remembered that Ministers in replying to questions, and to general attacks on their policy, are fighting with one arm tied behind them. In many cases it is only long after they have passed away that their complete defence can be given to the world.

We have now come to the period when the archives of our Foreign Office are available for historical research into the period of the Great War with France, and the present writer has been able to realise some of the disadvantages under which British Ministers laboured at that time—as they do still. He has also been struck with the proneness of minds of a certain order, then as now, to leap to the conclusion that their country is wrong and that the enemy is right. It will not be unprofitable briefly to set forth the facts attending the outbreak of war with France in 1793 and 1803, and then to observe the workings of the anti-national consciousness that always moves along the surface of our public life.

The causes of war with revolutionary France were, briefly stated, these: Our Government remained entirely neutral in 1791–2 while the Courts of Vienna and Berlin were drawing up the Declaration of Pilnitz that seemed to threaten the revolutionists with intervention if they did not treat the French royal family with fitting respect; and when the Girondist Ministry forced Louis XVI. to declare war against Austria in the spring of 1792, Pitt maintained the same immovable attitude.[1] When France became a republic in September 1792, our Minister kept up semi-official relations with Chauvelin, the French diplomatic agent in London, until

[1] The fact that it was the Girondist Ministry which rendered war inevitable by issuing an insolent ultimatum to the Court of Vienna was everywhere ignored by the Whigs in their discussion of this first phase of the continental war. Von Sybel ("History of the French Rev." Bk. iii. chap. i. and iii.) and M. Sorel ("L'Europe et la Rév. Française," Bk. iv. chap. i.) both agree that the main responsibility for this war rested with the Girondist *doctrinaires* and the scheming General Dumouriez. M. Sorel says: "Un Habsbourg ne pouvait laisser à terre le gant que lui jetait cet aventurier."

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the latter was proved to be in connection with certain malcontent clubs in this country. Matters, however, did not become strained until the French National Convention, after flinging back the Prussian and Austrian armies, proceeded to overrun the Austrian Netherlands, and to issue in November and December 1792 a series of decrees of a generally aggressive character. The first of these promised armed assistance to any people that desired to overthrow its own Government: a sequel to this provided for the maintenance of the soldiers of liberty out of the funds obtained by the confiscation of the property of the privileged classes, and enjoined the acceptance of institutions similar to those of France: and another decree declared that the rights of the Dutch Government over the navigation of the lower part of the Scheldt were for ever abolished as being contrary to the laws of nature. This last action was a direct violation of the Anglo-Dutch treaty of 1788 and of other compacts whereby we had upheld the claims of the United Provinces to control the navigation of that river where it flowed between Dutch territories. But our remonstrances respecting this matter and the subversive character of the other decrees produced no satisfactory result. Pitt, who had hitherto regarded the anarchy in France chiefly as a means of paralysing that Power, and thereby enabling us to effect very desirable economies, now took alarm; and on December 18, 1792, a royal message was read out to Parliament declaring that, in view of these aggressive actions of the French Convention, our militia must be embodied and other precautionary measures adopted.

Now, what was the action of the English Opposition in face of these events? Did they praise the Ministry for its past persistence in maintaining neutrality in spite of the burning appeals of ultra-royalists like Burke, and the growing irritation of the greater part of our people at sight of French aggression? Did they uphold Pitt in his determination to safeguard British interests in the Netherlands—a fundamental maxim of policy since the reign of William III.? Did they approve of the

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embodying of the militia and the increase of the regular forces, which the economic Premier had unfortunately *reduced in number* during the years 1791–2? Nothing of the kind. The Opposition, with a few honourable exceptions, took the very steps that were most calculated to weaken British protests against the French decrees and to strengthen the belief of the hot-headed ignorant men, then in power at Paris, that English opinion was on their side, and that the application of the revolutionary motto, "Peace to Peoples, War to Governments," would be as easy as it had proved to be in the case of Savoy and the Netherland subjects of the Emperor.

After the King's Message had been read to the Commons, the Lord Mayor of London moved an address of thanks, commending the prudence of the Government in observing neutrality thus far, but reprobating the efforts of the French to set aside the rights of the neutral nations (especially of our Dutch allies) and to excite disturbances among other peoples. This temperate statement was hotly impugned by Lord Wycombe, who remarked that if we really were bound by the Anglo-Dutch treaty of 1788 to maintain Dutch rights over the mouth of the Scheldt, the greater ought to be the shame of Ministers who framed such a treaty. This sally was followed up by a long speech from Charles James Fox, who once more showed the warmth of his emotions, the fervour of his partisanship, and his incapacity to think or speak as a responsible leader. The Whig leader said that there "was not one fact asserted in his Majesty's Speech which was not false, not an assertion or insinuation which was not unfounded. Nay! he could not think that even Ministers themselves believed them to be true." He then scouted the notion that the French decree setting aside the Dutch rights over the Scheldt could be the cause of war, and asserted that if war was made on France it would be because she was a Republic. He next taunted Ministers with having failed in their efforts to secure Poland from the attacks of Catherine II. "They gave away Poland with as little compunction as honour, and with the unenviable certainty that their

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blustering was laughed at and despised in every Court of Europe." This was the language, be it observed, of a man who might once more become a Minister of the Crown, uttered, moreover, at a time when a firm front was more than ever necessary in order to impose respect on the hobbledehoy politicians at Paris. He was very properly blamed for breaking up the unanimity of the House; but he returned to the charge again the next day, and then made the singular statement that Ministers were much to blame *for their neutrality*—they should openly have sided with the French revolutionists.

> From the moment they knew that a league was formed against France this country ought to have interfered. *France had justice completely on her side;* and we, by a prudent negotiation with the other Powers, might have prevented the horrid scenes which were afterwards exhibited, and saved, too, the necessity of being reduced to our present situation.

So Fox opined that the revolutionary lamb should have been screened by England from the swoops of the monarchical eagles; in which case the defenceless creature would never have displayed those unfortunate aberrations towards ferocity which marked the days of September 1792. It is strange how preconceived notions will persist even in minds above the average intelligence. And it may be noted as a general truth that when an enthusiastic person believes any country to be identified with the sacred cause of liberty, his mind straightway becomes impervious to evidence: it falls into a series of water-tight compartments, all of which must be shattered by overmastering facts before the rules of common-sense resume their wonted ascendency. The process of disillusionment in the case of the Whigs was painfully slow. We know how Wordsworth

> rejoiced
> Yea, afterwards—truth most painful to record—
> Exulted in the triumph of my soul
> When Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown
> Left without glory on the field, or driven
> Brave hearts! to shameful flight.[1]

[1] Prelude, Bk. x.

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And not until the French overran and plundered Switzerland in the year 1798 did Coleridge and he realise the overbearing lawless character which the French revolutionary spirit had speedily developed.

With Fox and the Whigs who followed him, the process of awakening was even slower. In fact, the history of English political thought during the course of the Great War seems to show that, as politicians are generally the first to impair national unanimity, so, too, they are the last to acknowledge their errors. They ought to have seen them early in the course of the Anglo-French dispute. The indiscreet utterances of the English Opposition were outdone by the addresses which some of our republican clubs sent over to the Convention as a welcome to the hierophants of the Age of Reason. Thus, the Newington Club on October 31, 1792, forwarded a grandiloquent message to the Convention congratulating that body on its warlike triumphs—"in your undertaking to deliver from slavery and despotism the brave nations which border your frontiers. How holy is the Humanity which prompts you to break their chains." On November 28 a deputation from "The Constitutional Society of London" informed the Convention that—"after the example given by France, revolutions will become easy; and it would not be extraordinary if, in much less time than can be imagined, the French should send addresses of congratulation to a National Convention of England." They backed up their words by the gift of a thousand pairs of shoes for the "soldiers of liberty."[1]

Is it surprising that, when declarations like these were heard or read at Paris, the revolutionary leaders should have believed war with Great Britain to be a light affair? The report of the Minister for Foreign Affairs read out to the Convention on December 18, 1792, concluded with the statement that if England declared war against France—

[1] "Collection of Addresses to the National Convention" (London: Debrett, 1793, pp. 2–12). It gives the names and addresses of twenty-two such clubs in London.

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It will be only the war of the British Minister against us; and we will not fail to make a solemn appeal to the English Nation. We will present to its just and generous tribunal the merits of a cause in which a great nation supports the Rights of Nature, of Justice, of Liberty, and of Equality, against a Minister who will have provoked the war from personal motives.

Of a similar tenor are the closing sentences of a circular letter sent by Monge, Minister of Marine, to the seaports of France on December 31, 1792:

The [British] King and his Parliament mean to make war on us. Will the English Republicans suffer it? Already these free men show their discontent. Well! we will fly to their succour. We will make a descent on the Island: we will lodge there fifty thousand Caps of Liberty: we will plant there the sacred Tree, and we will stretch out our arms to our Republican Brethren.

And so matters came to the sword. Louis XVI. was guillotined on January 21, 1793. Passions on both sides were thereby excited beyond hope of reconciliation; and, despite a belated attempt at negotiation, the French agent was ordered to leave London. In the Convention Brissot added to his recent appeal "to tear away the veil shrouding the colossus of British power," a passionate invocation for war, and, *by a unanimous vote*, the Assembly, on February 1, decreed hostilities against England and Holland. Diplomatists may argue as to the unwisdom of this or that step taken by Pitt and Grenville; but it is obvious that the party schisms in England had led Frenchmen to a fatally false notion of the inability of our people to withstand the onset of the soldiers of liberty; and this misconception, which does not find a place in diplomatic correspondence, and is therefore often ignored, must be held to be a powerful factor in the events that led to the terrible cycle of war.

The declaration of war by the French Convention placed on that body the responsibility for the final and irrevocable step. But Fox and his followers were never tired of repeating that Pitt, and he alone, was the cause of hostilities. It so chanced that the Whig leader made a long speech to this effect at Westminster at the very time when the French legislators were

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launching their declaration of war. In this harangue he harped on the warlike tendencies of Pitt and the pacific nature of the French counsels; he scouted the notion that Holland *was in any danger of war with France*, for the Dutch did not want war, and did not invoke our assistance! He admitted that the execution of Louis XVI. was a horrible event, and that we had received from Paris "no adequate satisfaction" respecting the Scheldt affair; but he maintained that this could not be, and was not, the real ground of our *going to war*. The real ground was that Ministers desired "the destruction of the French Republic."[1] A comparison of the ingenious arguments, which he and his followers devised in order to impugn their country's policy, with the passionate impulse of unanimity for aggressive war which at that same hour swept over the French Convention, must afford some food for reflection. It illustrates the curious open-mindedness which has been developed by English parliamentary customs—or is it by English love of fair play? To whatever cause we may trace the phenomenon, it certainly must count as the gravest weakness of our public life when we are on the brink of conflict with a people possessing strong collective instincts.

Unfortunately, this habit of mind persisted through the greater part of the first war. There were certainly grave reasons for criticisms on its conduct by Ministers; but the Foxites sinned against all the dictates of good sense and fairness when (in the words of the editor of the Melbourne Memoirs) "they never tired of denouncing the infatuation of protracted war against the irresistible movement of the age, led by the greatest genius of the time—Bonaparte." Some of them, including the young Melbourne himself, began to see the folly of this attitude; and though he, in common with all the Whigs, believed in the sincerity of the First Consul's offer of peace early in 1800—an offer which is now generally ascribed to less worthy motives—yet the young Viscount, and many others of the party, were gradually brought, by the sheer force

[1] Parliamentary Debates, Feb. 1, 1803.

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of facts, to look on their country as the champion of ordered liberty against a hysterical and untrustworthy propagandism.

The Whig leaders, however, for the most part, refused to leave their cave of Adullam. On November 27, 1800, when Parliament met to consider the scarcity of corn and the prospect of war with the Armed Neutrality League, the Hon. G. Grey was careful to inform our enemies, both present and prospective, that he must, in the words of Swift, liken England to a "sick man dying with the most laudable symptoms"; and, on December 1, Sheridan proclaimed to the world that we had been cheated by our late allies, and that "Ministers never at any period since the war began sincerely wished for peace." It is difficult to see what the Opposition hoped to gain by these wanton outbursts; the division lists always showed immense majorities for the Ministry—in this case 150 votes against 35—but perhaps the prospect of a return to power was so remote as to beget in them a feeling of recklessness. Thus, again, on the occasion of a debate shortly after the signature of the Preliminaries of Peace with France (October 1, 1801), Fox did not scruple to say, even though the most difficult problems were to be faced before the definitive treaty could be advantageously arranged, that the present terms were not satisfactory, but that

> There was little prospect of gaining better terms of peace. He thought another year of war would have been dreadful: the poor had for the past two years been depending on alms. After the news of peace came, the price of corn fell and the people rejoiced openly. What did this prove? It only proved that the people were so goaded by the war that they preferred peace almost upon any terms.[1]

He then proceeded to rake over his old statements respecting the origin of the war, declaring that, though France declared war on us, we were really the aggressors, and he charged Pitt with being "the greatest curse of the country," because his action had led to the aggrandisement of France. Is it surprising that when Napoleon read debates like these he

[1] Parliamentary Reports, October 29, 1801.

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resolved to press hard on this much divided land? He would have been strangely generous not to have brought all his force to bear on the negotiations which were then beginning at Amiens, and which proved to be for England one long tale of surrender of her own interests and of acquiescence in his continental encroachments. We have only to look into his correspondence and speeches to see signs of the contempt which he was beginning to feel for the British Government. For our sailors and soldiers he had some respect. But what ineffable scorn rings through his spoken and written words when he alludes to our Government and our policy! He seems to have felt, after the resignation of Pitt early in 1801 and the accession to power of the makeshift Addington Ministry, that we were the safe butts of his raillery and recrimination; and the ink of the Treaty of Amiens was scarcely dry before he formulated demands for the expulsion of the Bourbon princes from our shores and the curbing of the liberties of the British Press.

This overbearing conduct, and his continued interferences in the affairs of Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, are intelligible when we read the pitiful displays of partisan malevolence that disgraced the debates at Westminster. We may take, as a typical instance, the treatment of William Pitt by part of the Opposition. He had resigned, as was fairly well known even then, because of a sharp difference of opinion with the King on the subject of Catholic Emancipation—a question on which he believed his word to be solemnly pledged. He continued, however, to give his successors the occasional support of which they obviously stood in need. Yet neither this conscientious conduct, nor the precarious condition to which Bonaparte's actions were reducing the country, saved the ex-Minister from the malice of his personal foes. A certain Mr. Nicholls, M.P., sought to clutch at a fleeting notoriety by moving (May 7, 1802) an address of thanks to his Majesty "for having been pleased *to remove* the Right Hon. William Pitt from his Councils." It is needless to point out that the

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King had received Pitt's *resignation* with the utmost concern, which, in fact, occasioned a fit of mental derangement. This was nothing to Mr. Nicholls. After pointing out that the late war was Pitt's war, and that France had aggrandised her power thereby, he charged him with "seeking to starve 25,000,000 human beings" in Great Britain because, forsooth, after the scarce harvest in 1795, he drained the country of its specie in order to procure foreign corn. It is painful to have to add that Fox, while declining to support Nicholls' absurd motion, yet voted with the minority of fifty-two who opposed a vote of thanks to Pitt for his services to the country. Grey, Erskine, and Whitbread followed Fox on that occasion.

This, however, was almost the last occasion on which partisan malice displayed itself with all the old rancour. The feebleness of the Addington Ministry, the continued encroachments of Bonaparte on neighbouring States, and his obvious determination to build up a great Colonial Empire in Louisiana, the West Indies, Australia, and in India itself, began to open the eyes of the faction-mongers of Westminster. Only seven days after the display of personal spite just noticed, Sheridan, who embodied some of the best traditions of the Whig party, made an appeal for a national unity that would promptly grapple with the national danger. Admitting that the Peace of Amiens was "a necessary but disgraceful peace," he exclaimed:

> It is lamentable to see you all split into miserable parties when our great enemy is uniting every possible means of extending his power. The events of every day seem to call more and more for the expression of a public feeling that the time will come when French encroachments and oppression must cease, and when the voice of this country must be clearly raised against their atrocities and tyrannical conduct.

And then, adverting to the hope expressed by Ministers that Bonaparte would become mercantile and peaceful, he said: "Sir, I do not know what France will be; but I do know that she is now a hard, iron Republic."[1]

[1] Parliamentary Debates, May 14, 1802 (p. 822).

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Fox did not speak on this occasion. For a time his interest in politics waned, perhaps because the retirement of his great rival from the arena robbed the game of its chief zest; or else, because his interviews with Bonaparte at Paris in the ensuing autumn impaired the impression which he had formed of him. We are also told by Romilly, who was there at the same time, "almost all the French whom I have seen entertain a very high opinion of Mr. Pitt, and a proportionally mean opinion of the English Opposition."[1]

By this time, however, the mischief was irremediable. Regarding England as *une quantite négligeable*, the First Consul pursued his plans for the establishment of a Colonial Empire and the domination of neighbouring States, regardless alike of our interests and our remonstrances. And when the Swiss notables were summoned to Paris to hear and to ratify the plan of "Mediation" which he devised between their conflicting parties, he flung out, primarily to them, but really to the British Ministry, the audacious challenge:

> I tell you that I would sacrifice 100,000 men rather than allow England to meddle in your affairs. If the Cabinet of St. James uttered a single word for you, it would be all up with you, I would unite you to France. If that Court made the least insinuation of its fear that I would be your Landamman, I would makemyself your Landamman.

And again, on February 3, 1803, he informed the world:

> It is recognised by Europe that Italy and Holland, as well as Switzerland, are at the disposition of France.

The same spirit breathed throughout his famous address to the *Corps Législatif*, on February 21. Though relations between the two countries were fast advancing to a crisis, he did not scruple to declare "that England alone cannot maintain a struggle against France."

It is, of course, impossible to describe here the complex disputes which resulted in the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. Suffice it to say that every addition to our knowledge of Napoleon's secret plans shows more clearly how impossible it

[1] Romilly "Memoirs," i., p. 423.

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was for us to avoid a collision with him unless we were prepared to be excluded from the Mediterranean, and to see him installed once more in Egypt, and push on those schemes for establishing a French Empire in India, which he took little pains to disguise. The publication of the French Colonel Sebastiani's report at the close of January 1808, was an open threat that he could, and would, regain Egypt. To this there could be but one retort on our part, a refusal to evacuate Malta for a term of ten years, which would afford some guarantee against his Oriental schemes. This refusal, of course, lent itself admirably to Napoleon's diatribes against "perfidious Albion"; and, unfortunately, some orators of our Opposition, *looking at the letter of despatches, and neglecting to look at the outside facts which compelled Ministers to their present action*, were so unwise as to echo the parrot cries of the Consular Court. They thereby weakened the effect which an absolutely unanimous voice at Westminster might have produced, and must therefore bear some share of responsibility for the outbreak of war. But, after all, we can now see that it was practically impossible for the British Empire and Napoleon to exist peaceably side by side. There cannot now be the slightest doubt that he meant to drive us from India as soon as his fleet was ready.

Much of what we now know was unknown to Fox and his friends; but they knew of Napoleon's threat to re-occupy Egypt; they also knew that a French expedition had set sail for India—facts which should have showed them why our Ministry held on to Malta for dear life. Yet we search their speeches in vain for any practical and statesmanlike outlook. Discussions on despatches, varied by passionate wailings as to the increased taxation which war would bring—these are the burden of Fox's famous speech of May 24. The following sentences are characteristic:

> As for myself I think the negotiation has been conducted ill, and that when it was broken off it might still have been brought to a happy issue. What do we now go to war for? Is it not on account of the single paper of the *ultimatum* which now lies upon that table?

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And then, after allowing that French aggressions left us in a precarious state, he painted in dark colours the misery of the people when they must yield 15*s.* out of every £ in war taxes:

> And all this for what? For Malta! Malta! plain, bare, naked Malta! unconnected with any other interest![1]

But the whirligig of time brought its revenge, by carrying this hot-headed partisan to power. After the death of Pitt, early in 1806, Fox became Minister for Foreign Affairs in the new Coalition Cabinet. An opportunity for bringing about peace with Napoleon soon seemed to present itself on the basis *uti possidetis*. This implied that we should not only keep Malta, which had seemed so worthless to Fox when in Opposition, but that we should also preserve Sicily for the Neapolitan Bourbons. Alas! The negotiation had not progressed far before Napoleon proffered a claim to dispose of Sicily as he willed. Having studied Fox's speeches in time past, the French Emperor doubtless looked to find now in the Minister the old Gallophil enthusiasm, and the same generous disregard of British interests which had marked the leader of the Opposition. Here he erred, as foreign potentates will persist in erring. But Napoleon was not a man to acknowledge an error or forego a claim. Sicily he meant to have; and the negotiation for peace had practically lapsed before Fox breathed his last. The disillusionment of these sad months of official responsibility undoubtedly helped to break down his vital strength; and we have in the memoirs of his nephew, Lord Holland, his pathetic confession:

> It is not so much the value of the point in dispute as the manner in which the French fly from their word that disheartens me. It is not Sicily, but the shuffling insincere way in which they act that shows me they are playing a false game.

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[1] Parliamentary Debates, May 24, 1803. With this compare his letter of March 12 to Grey: "The war must of course be in some sort supported; and whether you think that we should mix that support with more or less of blame of the administration, I leave entirely with your judgment." ("Memorials of C. J. Fox," edited by Lord J. Russell, vol. ii., p. 318).

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One would have thought that so bitter an experience as this would have revealed the difficulty, or the practical impossibility, of coming to a satisfactory compromise with Napoleon. Yet in 1810 the attacks of the Opposition on the Ministry made it doubtful whether Wellington would not be recalled from the Lines of Torres Vedras. And when, in 1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba and sought to pose as the pacific ruler of a constitutional realm, the old Whig feeling in his favour led Mr. Whitbread to plead for a peaceful settlement on that impossible basis. True, he did not carry the bulk of the party with him. Wilberforce, who had voted against the war of 1808 in a speech remarkable for its unpractical idealism, now declared that "a peace with Bonaparte would be a peace only in name." And Mackintosh showed that, by breaking the convention that established him at Elba, Napoleon had forfeited all claim to consideration. Nevertheless, Whitbread carried seventy-one members with him; and we know that Napoleon's belief in the power of the English Opposition to overthrow the Ministry, if he gained one great victory, was one of the motives that led him to dare everything at Waterloo.

Even in his exile at St. Helena he retained the same ineradicable belief that the Opposition must soon defeat the Ministry, and then would come a message for his liberation. Gourgaud tells us, time after time, how eagerly the great man scanned the horizon for sails coming from Europe; and how, at every mail, his heart beat high with hope. A pathetic picture, this, of a mighty intellect lured on to impossible enterprises by belief in the weakness of his foes, and unable to shake off the old delusions even when the shadows of death were flitting near. But far more pathetic is the thought of the ruin of our great party of reform, wrecked by partisan obstinacy, so that the cause of popular progress was thrown back for fully a generation—until wiser leaders under happier auspices reverted to a programme that was at once progressive and profoundly national.

J. Holland Rose.

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THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

I

ALTHOUGH many among the artists and amateurs of art in Western countries have long been familiar with the merits of certain styles of most of the arts of Japan, and although we are indebted to that country for much suggestion and an influence especially healthy at a time when a false and uninspired materialism is too common a characteristic of our own arts, anything like a broad acquaintance with Japanese art in all its schools and periods is still very rare. Opportunities have been especially scarce, or wholly lacking, for the study of the earlier, and mostly greater, works in the art on which so many other arts depend—painting. The acquaintance of most of us has been limited perforce to the works of the later and more materialistic schools, the Ukioyé and the Shijo, and very few have been able to make first-hand acquaintance with the best productions even of these. They are, indeed, the styles which at first naturally attract us, on account of the nearer approximation of their outlook to our own, but they are far from being all that Japan has to show—far, indeed, from being even the more important part. The period of these schools, however, is comparatively so late, their existing productions, therefore, so much more numerous than those of the earlier academies, and their known history so much fuller, that it is inevitable that in these short papers they must occupy a space and an attention in some way out of proportion

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to their relative importance. It is by an introductory study of the schools of Ukioyé and Shijo, as a rule, that the European amateur feels his way to an understanding of the works of the earlier painters, and in practice that is a very excellent path to take. For, beginning with works whose merits are plain to all with any sense of pictorial beauty—obvious merits of grace, colour, decorative arrangement and dramatic composition—one may trace their origins through generations of work, each more exotic than the last, to the beginnings in a system of thought and tradition wholly unlike our own. But in any written account such a reversed order of treatment is impracticable, and we must needs begin at the beginning. To the beginning, therefore, I address myself, with the postulate that whosoever would learn something of the work of the painters of old Japan, and would derive pleasure from its contemplation, must approach the subject with an open mind, unprejudiced by habits of thought induced by familiarity with art of another convention. It is, of course, very little to ask; no more is demanded, in fact, by every other sort of art in the world, and, indeed, in some degree, by every individual performance. We must accept the conditions, limits, and conventions laid down by the artist himself, and we must look at his work, so far as is possible, through his own eyes; in a word, we must not judge his conclusions by somebody else's premises.

Just as the painting and the sculpture in our own Western conventions have their derivation from the Greek, partly through Byzantine channels and partly in ways more direct, so Japanese painting, at any rate as we know it, owes its character to China, partly by direct teaching and partly by indirect influence coming by way of Corea. This is not to say, as so many have said, that the art of painting was actually introduced from China; for, indeed, there is evidence, scarce but unmistakable, that the art was practised in certain forms long before the first appearance in Japan of any Chinese or Corean teachers. Coffins have been unearthed from a tomb of the second century of the Christian era, bearing painted decoration

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obviously executed by the brush, the pigment being red lead; and upon one particular stone coffin of that period a picture has been found of warriors carrying arrows. The earliest recorded names of painters, also, are Japanese, but of their works nothing at all is known.

It was at about the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century that Chinese and Corean artists first came to Japan. The first Corean to arrive was a painter whose name, in the Japanese reading of the characters, was Haku-Kwa, but he was preceded, it would seem, by one Nanriu, said to be a Chinese painter of royal descent, though another, and perhaps a more authentic account, describes him as little more than an importer of pigments. Others followed,[1] and the Chinese tradition was firmly established. Of the works of these missionaries nothing remains, but it is quite certain that in the course of the next three centuries the art of painting flourished

[1] The fullest account of which I am aware of the arrival of one of these teachers is contained in the *Nihongi*, one of the most ancient of Japanese chronicles, under the date corresponding to our year 612. It has so characteristic a flavour that I transcribe it, from Mr. W. G. Aston's scholarly translation. Pèkché, I may first explain, was an ancient Japanese name for Corea:

"This year a man emigrated from Pèkché whose face and body were all flecked with white, being perhaps affected with white ringworm. People disliking his extraordinary appearance, wished to cast him away on an island in the sea. But this man said: 'If you dislike my spotted skin, you should not breed horses or kine in this country which are spotted with white. Moreover, I have a small talent. I can make the figures of hills and mountains. If you kept me and made use of me, it would be to the advantage of the country. Why should you waste me by casting me away on an island of the sea?' Hereupon they gave ear to his words and did not cast him away. Accordingly he was made to draw the figures of Mount Sumi and of the Bridge of Wu in the Southern Court. The people of that time called him by the name of Michiko no Takumi, and he was also called Shikomaro."

Later in the same chronicle, under date A.D. 677, we read: "On this day Otokashi, the Yamato no Yeshi, was granted the rank of Lower Shosen and a fief of twenty houses." The words "Yamato no Yeshi" mean "Painter of Yamato," or practically, "Native Japanese Painter," and the note is interesting as showing that the art was held in high esteem at that time, Imperial rewards being bestowed on distinguished practitioners.

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exceedingly in Japan. The convention then established has lasted in its essentials to our own day, though in the lapse of fourteen hundred years it has undergone many developments and changes, has been modified and adapted, and has been put in practice by schools of painters of very diverse styles. It owes its character, of course, partly to the materials wherewith the art was practised, but very largely—and equally of course—to the spirit, traditions, and beliefs of the people among whom it first took form. They were Buddhists, and they were, and are, a people as laggard and as careless in the pursuit of physical science, as forward and able in philosophy, literature, and art. Their habit of thought was synthetic, their religion and their philosophy taught them to regard the spiritual essence of things rather than their physical accidents, and their arts had little aid, and asked little, of the physical sciences: those sciences which have so abundantly helped Western art as to have given birth, and perhaps excuse, to the vulgar view of painting as a mere process of reproducing the external appearance of objects—a sort of laborious and clumsy makeshift for photography in colours. The Chinese convention in painting was one of restraint, simplicity, and of singular directness and sincerity. The process and the material, indeed, scarce admitted of anything else, and left no cheap means whereby the charlatan in the art might entrap the applause of the ignorant and the thoughtless. A wet brush was used on a sheet of paper or silk, on which the design must be placed boldly, rapidly, without hesitation, and once for all—for there was no recalling the touch once hazarded. In this respect, indeed, the conditions were even more stringent than those of true fresco. The fresco painter must also paint rapidly and firmly on his wet plaster, where the work once laid could never be altered or painted over with permanent colour; but he, at least, could cut away a mistaken piece of work and lay in fresh plaster. The Chinese or Japanese painter had no such resource. To interfere with the surface of fine-grained silk once painted on were to ruin the whole thing; and the fibrous paper, drinking the colour or ink as

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deeply as the silk itself, was equally obdurate. With this one additional difficulty the limitations of Chinese painting were nearly those of true fresco, and it is interesting to observe how the like difficulties directed both arts into like channels. Certainty and decision of touch were the test of the master in both. Unity of design, disregard of unimportant detail, and the like, were characteristic of the one as of the other; and chiaroscuro had little or no part in the effects sought by either. In these material and ethical conditions the art of painting grew up in China, and was developed in Japan. The painter sought in each picture one effect and one effect only, and that effect he sought to achieve with the greatest economy of means. Well he knew that, as a poet in lines and colours, it was his mission to suggest rather than to realise; for, indeed, the aims of art are not only to please the mind and the senses, but, and perhaps this chiefly, to offer suggestion to the imagination. Art is not, as products taking its name too often are, given to the unimaginative as a substitute for the quality they lack; for the sense of art can never be with them. Not that imagination alone is sufficient; but, at any rate, it is for the imaginative, or some of them, that the marbles of the Parthenon exist: while for the rest a thoughtful provision is made at Madame Tussaud's.

So that the art of old Japan had a convention of suggestive restraint. The painter's materials could not compass the effects of richness and elaboration possible in the leisurely process of oil painting, and such effects he never attempted; but other effects were possible, and were achieved, which in their turn were beyond the scope of the material handled by his brother artist of later date in Europe. And yet the highest aim, the aim common to the painters of all the world, the expression of abstract beauty, was accomplished equally by both, though the Eastern artist worked by means so unfamiliar to us, with a habit of thought so foreign, that we are apt to misapprehend his achievement because of the unfamiliarity of his methods. Thus it is that the first of Japanese pictures to appeal to the occidental taste are those of the later and more materialistic

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schools—the schools I have already spoken of—because their method of expression, while still a world's width sundered from our own, is, nevertheless, nearer it than that of the early masters. Still, for those who can see, the ancient painters offer that pictured poetry that can no more be translated into words than can a sonnet of Shakespeare's be translated into paint. It was this painter's poetry that the Japanese critic spoke of a hundred years ago, when he wrote unfavourably comparing the eighteenth-century painter Okio's landscapes to his more important work:

> But in his landscapes there is less success, as he was so particular about insuring correctness of forms that they are lacking in high ideas and deep spirit. For a landscape painting is not loved because it is a facsimile of the natural scene, but because there is something in it greater than mere accurate representation of natural forms, which appeals to our feelings, but which we cannot express in words.

It was this "something greater" that was the sole aim of the old painters, whether they painted landscape, figure, birds, or flowers; and since it is not to be conveyed, or even explained, in words, I am aware of the disadvantage at which I write these papers. For, although the illustrations are made with all the care and excellence that the available process permits, it is a curious fact that those oriental pictures somehow faithfully maintain their traditions of disregard for physical science to the extent of opposing the photographer with the greatest difficulties he has to encounter in the reproduction of pictures. The total loss of that wonderful colour that glorifies so many of them, and of the dependent interplay of values which the Japanese call *seiutsu*, is only the most obvious of many shortcomings. And the science takes its revenge upon the art, too, searching out invisible cracks and discolorations in the aged paper and silk, making them not only visible but conspicuous, exaggerating such as were visible already, and so spoiling the composition as far as it may; turning, also, the brown tint of old silk into a black which confuses and obscures the picture. In consequence of these difficulties it is often

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necessary to choose for illustration the less suitable of two pictures, because it can be reproduced with greater clearness. So that illustration, indispensable as it is, can at best supply explanatory diagrams, and the student must be referred to the originals if he is to witness their qualities for himself. Fortunately, many admirable examples are available for study in the print-room of the British Museum, though it is true that the catalogue, in its present edition, includes certain spurious pictures as genuine, and contains a number of mis-attributions. Further, although every European student of Japanese art will ever owe a great debt to the late Dr. Anderson for his admirable collection and collation of dates, facts, names, and other information from the many contradictory native authorities, it will be found better to trust to one's own judgment in matters of criticism than to take his opinions as authoritative.

In the exercise of this judgment there is one thing to bear in mind constantly, which is that the Japanese painter looks ever at the idea, and paints it, rather than the material fact. Just as the Chinese written characters, formed with the brush, were once hieroglyphics, and by modification and conventionalisation of form are now ideographs, expressing neither sounds nor words, but mental conceptions: so in Chinese and Japanese drawings—the product of that other "branch of calligraphy"—we must look for the spirit and the poetic sense of things rather than for a report of their external appearances. Art has its roots in matter, and, taking its sustenance therefrom, and being, moreover, an activity merely human, it can never shake itself wholly free of the material. But that art is the highest—I am stating the Sinico-Japanese view—that can express itself to the human intelligence with the least obtrusion of the material; that looks upward from the gross earth, singing such a song as that of the "damsel with the dulcimer" in Coleridge's vision. So it is that the painter spiritualises what he sees, and when Tanyu draws a horse, it is grace, strength and fleetness that he attempts to express by his lines, rather than the exact anatomical form of the animal, while Shiubun

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and Sesshiu no more aimed at recording the precise physical features of a Chinese landscape than did Coleridge, in writing *Kubla Khan*, aim at the production of an auctioneer's description of an eligible summer residence, situate amid attractive and picturesque surroundings, replete with romantic interest, and provided with a constantly supplied fountain in perfect working order.[1]

[1] And here I am struck with the fact that one European, and one only, so far as I know, has put into words the spirit and the feeling of the ancient masters of painting in China and Japan, and this was a man who could never have heard of those distant brother-poets. I mean Coleridge himself, in the same poem of *Kubla Khan* The first part of it, indeed, might be almost word for word a description of a great landscape by Go Dōshi himself, or some other Chinese master of the Tang or Sung dynasties. So that to anybody anxious for an idea of an ancient Chinese landscape painting and unable to see the real thing—which in truth is a rarity—I would say read *Kubla Khan* once more, and imagine it painted in rich and sober colours on silk. Spirit, feeling—even the very objects in the composition—all are there as in some magical translation; the parallel is astonishing. And the latter part of the poem might be a glorification of the painter's genius, in the figure of the "damsel with the dulcimer." For:

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there—

It is all so curious that one is almost tempted, for the sheer romance of the thing, to doubt if Coleridge's tale of *seeing* the poem in images during an unnatural sleep were a mere mystification, after all. That tale itself, indeed, has precisely the flavour of many of the legends of the old Chinese and Japanese painters; that for instance of the painting of a true portrait from a dream, and that of the passing away of Go Dōshi himself, after painting on a wall in the Imperial palace just such a vast landscape as Coleridge suggests. In a corner of this glorious picture appeared a cave, which opened at the clap of the painter's hands. The interior, he assured the Emperor, was beautiful beyond expression; and straightway, before the monarch's eyes, he stepped within, turned and made obeisance, and in a flash was gone for ever, himself and his great picture together, leaving but a white plastered wall where it had been.

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The oldest picture in Japan of whose approximate date there can be no doubt, is painted on the plaster of the wall in the Buddhist temple Horiuji at Nara. The temple dates from A.D. 607, and the picture is of that date, or very nearly. For long it was believed to be the product of collaboration between Tori Busshi, a famous sculptor, and a Corean painter-priest; now, however, the best native authorities incline to the opinion that the sculptor had no hand in it, and that it was the work of the Corean alone. It is sadly damaged, as may be supposed, by the accidents of time, but enough remains to give it rank as a masterpiece of religious painting. A very well executed tracing of this picture (which is about ten feet square) is in the British Museum collection.

From this time till the middle of the ninth century many great works were executed, of which scarcely any survive; and of the few existing, the origin is matter of dispute. What is recorded of this period is of an interest almost purely historical. There are names—Doncho, Funato, Kobo Daishi, Kaku-sho, Kwanshojo and Kawanari are a few—there are doubtful dates, and there are more doubtful legends, but little else. Most of the painters whose names have come down to us were priests, and such works as survive are temple pictures. But with the ninth century we come upon firmer ground. This century seems to have witnessed the culmination of a great period in art and letters. The poets Narihira and Komachi (the latter a woman) were contemporaries of the great Kosé no Kanaoka, a painter whose fame is a national legend. The name of Kanaoka is familiar even in the nurseries of Japan, as the names of King Arthur and Robin Hood are familiar in our own, and tales are told of his feats of painting which are no doubt as authentic as those told of the very unlike exploits of our own heroes. But Kanaoka's reputation rests on something more substantial than legend. The records left by exacting contemporary critics, and the tributes paid by the great painters following him and familiar with his works, are alone sufficient to give him the place he holds as the greatest painter of Japan and the father

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of the art. As to existing examples of his work, here we come again on doubt and confusion. There are said to be some dozen, all Buddhistic figure-pieces; but the authenticity of each and every one of them is doubted and disputed by one or another of all the chief Japanese experts. Not one of these pictures has ever left Japan. The reputed Kanaoka which was of late in Paris, though a magnificent work, is, I am assured by one of the best native authorities, without doubt the work of a somewhat later and inferior painter of Kanaoka's school. I have seen a painting also attributed to Kanaoka in England. It was very good indeed, but in the Takuma style, and of a period full three hundred years later than Kanaoka. I myself ventured to attribute it to Takuma Ho-in, but the same native authority, after consideration, placed it to the credit of that painter's brother, Takuma Ho-gen, and gave a certificate to that effect. Among the pictures long held to be the indisputable work of Kanaoka is the figure of Shotoku Daishi at the Ninnaji Temple in Kioto; but the latest Japanese criticism decides against that also, and declares it to be the work of a lesser artist, of a later date. I have not seen this picture, but I have seen the splendid copy of it in colours, given in the Japanese Government publication *Kokkwa;* and I can only say that if that work is not good enough for Kanaoka, then Kanaoka was an immense painter indeed.

As I have said, all the paintings now in existence attributed to Kanaoka are Buddhistic figure-pieces, but his genius was versatile, and he was famous for his portraits of Chinese sages, his animal paintings, and in particular for landscape. These latter works, at any rate, are lost for ever, doubtless chiefly by fire, the inveterate enemy of precious relics in Japan.

Kanaoka's descendants carried on his traditions for five centuries.[1] Kanaoka's son Aimi, his grandson Kintada,

[1] It must be remembered, when one reads of a Japanese painter's son, grandson, and great grandson succeeding him and painting as well, or better, that his children may be children by adoption. It was indeed a very common

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Kintada's son Kinmochi, Kinmochi's son Fuka-yé brought the line to Hirotaka, a painter of very great reputation, at the end of the tenth century.

With Kanaoka and his more immediate followers we leave the legendary period of the art—though legends in plenty remain of painters of later date—and come to those artists with whose work we may make ourselves more directly familiar.

And here, perhaps, I may give a few words to the various forms in which pictures have been and are used in Japan. The typical form, and that with which we are least unfamiliar in this country, is that of the *kakemono*, or hanging picture, mounted on brocade, made to roll on a stick, and used to decorate a recess, being the one picture exposed in a Japanese room. When I say "the one picture" however, I am not strictly correct, for pairs of kakemono were frequently painted, and sets of three were also usual. Such a pair, or such a set, while they might quite well be used separately, were intended to be hung together, and while the pictures on each might bear no relation to the others in point of subject, the two, or the three, were so planned as to present a unity of composition when set in their places. By way of making the form of the kakemono understood by those who are unfamiliar with it, and of showing how three separate pictures are brought into one composition, I illustrate with a photograph of a set of three kakemono in my own collection. The painter is Kikuchi Yosai, the last of the great painters of Japan, who died in 1878, at the age of ninety-one, and he painted this set at the age of eighty-two, in the year 1869. The photographic reduction is very great, the originals being each six feet in extreme length. But enough is plain to show that, while each picture contains a complete composition in itself, the three compose perfectly as a whole, though the historical and legendary scenes

thing for a painter to adopt as his son his most promising pupil, thus often causing hasty European assumptions in the matter of hereditary genius as exemplified in old Japan.

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illustrated have nothing to do with each other, and, indeed, are separated in point of date by hundreds of years. The central picture shows the warrior-poet and musician, Shinra Saburo, at the foot of Fujisan, being about to die, playing on the *sho* intervals in the wild song of which none but he had the secret, in order that the composition might be written down and preserved. On the left, the hero Yorimasa is aiming at the cloud above him the arrow that brought down the fabled monster, called the Nuyé, while his henchman Hayata, who despatched the creature with his dagger when it fell, kneels and watches. And on the right are the Soga brothers, with loins girded up and torches in their hands, on the rainy evening seven hundred years ago, when they hacked to pieces in his own castle the murderer of their father.

The mounts are each of three sorts of silk, one plain and two brocaded, and are of the most usual pattern. Divers modifications are in use, from the plain mount of the Min style to the most elaborate sort of Butsu-gwa mount, as will be found explained at length and in detail in Dr. Anderson's "Pictorial Arts of Japan." The silk strips, called *futai*, two of which are seen to hang from the top of each kakemono, beside fulfilling the decorative purpose of agreeably dividing the uppermost space, had another use when in warm weather the picture was hanging in a house whereof the outer sliding panels were removed so as to admit the air freely on all sides. They flapped in the breeze and so deterred the birds from settling on the upper roller, and possibly causing damage. The practice of rolling was not a good one for the picture, which inevitably received injury in course of time, especially if executed in body-colour; but it was safest in the circumstances, since the rolled pictures were more readily removable in case of fire, and less liable to destruction if the fire chanced to reach them—no small consideration in the cities of Japan, where fires are as common as showers in spring. It will be observed that the larger part of the mount at the top, when rolled, interposes several close layers of silk and backing-paper

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A Set of Three Kakemono, by Kitagawa Utamaro (Collection)

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between the picture and the peril of fire and water from without.

The next most common form in which pictures were mounted was the *makimono*, a roll opening from left to right, and carrying usually a number of pictures to be inspected in succession, but sometimes a long panoramic view of landscape or of a procession, or the like. Beside these there were *gaku* or pictures strained on frames, somewhat in our own fashion; though they were never covered with glass. Many important pictures also were painted on screens, both folding and sliding.

Before proceeding to consider the works thus set up, it may be well to give some little attention to a quality of great importance in their execution—the quality of calligraphic brushwork. The early Chinese writers spoke of painting as one of the branches of calligraphy. Perhaps it needs a long training in the use of the brush for writing and drawing alike—such a training in fact as every educated Chinese and Japanese undergoes—fully to appreciate the subtlety and beauty of the forceful brush-strokes of the masters; but it needs no more than intelligent study and comparison for the Western amateur to understand and admire. Just as the amateur who himself has never touched the instrument may understand the scratch and ripple of the etcher's needle, and learn the meaning of the line that seems to the ignorant no more than the hasty product of chance.

The beauty and significance of touch in the works of the great men must be learned from the works themselves, for photographic reduction and the grain of the plate are our enemies here also. But the amazing mastery of the brush shown by the Japanese painter may be illustrated by an example—an example not itself of a very exceptional sort. The photograph of a picture of a stem of bamboo is from a kakemono by Kano Yasunobu, a painter of the seventeenth century. It is painted in monochrome on silk, and it is the whole of the picture, for the Japanese painter never fears to be "slight" where he can also be triumphant. In the original the bamboo

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stem is three inches in diameter, yet each joint was painted with a single stroke of a wide brush. It was not, as one might suppose, first timidly outlined in pencil and then slowly filled in with careful "shading." The whole thing was the work of a few minutes—I had almost written seconds—and the method of execution was this, as demonstrated to me by a modern pupil of this same Kano school. The sheet of silk being extended on the floor before the painter, he took his flat brush, three inches wide, filled it with ink, and then, with a dexterous wipe upon a spare piece of paper, so distributed that ink that it lay thin in the middle and thicker at the sides of the brush, just as he needed it. This done, he straightway painted the short bottom joint, first with a quick lateral movement, and then with a firm downward stroke. To this he added the next joint above, again beginning with a lateral, rocking movement of the brush at the top, going on to draw the body of the tube with the steady down stroke, and finishing it with the cross stroke at the bottom. The next joint was added in precisely the same way; but the last was begun at the bottom, and the sweep carried upward, the brush lifting aside as it went, to break off the picture as the artist wished. Then, taking a small brush, he struck in the twig and leaves that spring from the bottom joint, and the astonishing rapidity of the whole performance is shown by the fact that the middle part of the stem —painted, remember, on absorbent silk—was still wet, for there the ink of the leaves and twigs has run! Not by accident—not at all; there are no accidents in the pictures of the Kano masters. Yasunobu calculated the softening and spreading of the lines above the second juncture, for the decorative purpose of the picture required it, as a moment's consideration will show. And withal, the character of bamboo, its strength and suppleness together, are expressed in these few strokes to the last degree.

The picture is worthy of note, also, as an example of the simplicity of the means wherewith the Japanese painter was wont to produce a decorative composition, but I have had it

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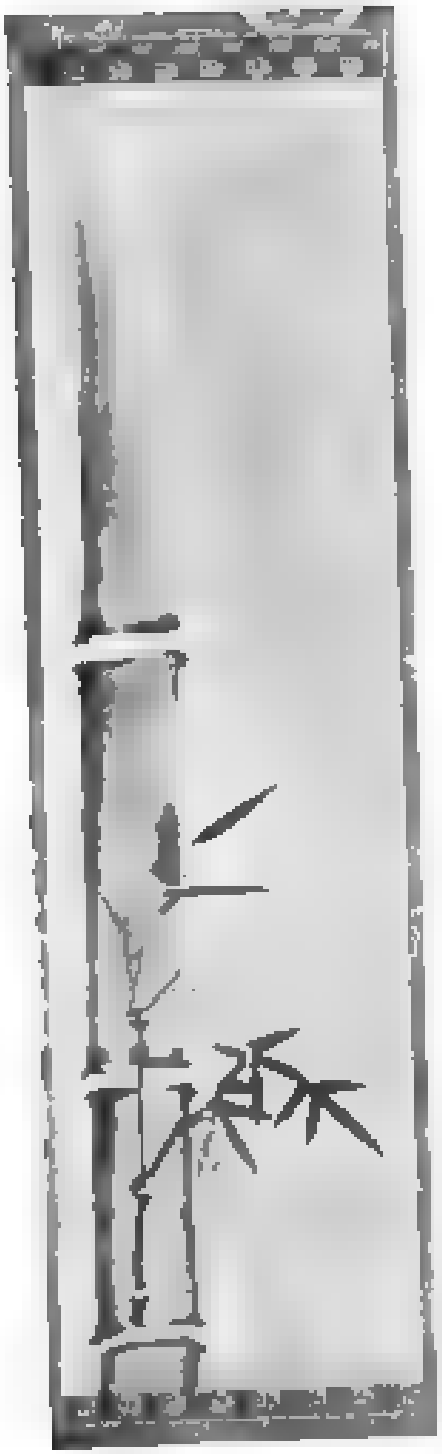

Bamboo, by Kano [illegible] ... in the Kakuyama or the Hatsue Collection

(in) Exercise of a Kano Pupil

[illegible] ... of Kano Ryuki ... from a handscroll ... the Hatsue Collection

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Original from

photographed, as I have said, mainly to give an idea, by a fairly ordinary example, of the wonderfully trained touch of the Japanese painter. He commands his brush, and every hair in it, with a management such as no other painter has even attempted; he can fill each part of it with just so much or so little of colour, ink, or water as his purpose demands, and with a single bold stroke he can leave upon the paper or silk the accurately-suggested figure of a leaf, whole or broken; a feather, even a whole bird; or with a brush half-dried from thick ink he can drag a broad, broken line across his picture, expressing a gnarled branch, or, perhaps, a stony hillside. As a matter of some little interest, I have placed beside the bamboo drawing an example of the very first exercise in the firm handling of the brush which is given to a lad first beginning as pupil to a Kano master; the "pot-hook," in fact, of the Japanese painting-school. It is a conventional representation of the sacred Ho-jin gem, or crystal, and the beginner must work at it till, with a hand and wrist lifted clear of the paper, he can draw the firm, strong circle and the other strokes with one unhesitating sweep, whether with a full or a half-dry brush, and that with a *quality* of touch that only his master can adequately judge of. The diameter of the larger, uncompleted circle in the original is nearly $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Below I have shown a reduced copy of the exercise rapidly executed by Kawanabe Kiosai, a nineteenth-century artist. Here the gem rests on the emblematic flat tassel of *noshi* weed, and the diameter of the circle in the drawing is full $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, the complete drawing being thirteen inches across.

I have given some little space to this matter—though, in fact, it deserves more—because of its importance, and because the recognition and discrimination of the personal touch of the great painters is the task and the triumph of the expert. When a European student can distinguish at a glance, with no reference to signature or seal, between the brush work, say, of the three brothers—Tanyu, Naonobu, and Yasunobu—then he may consider his judgment of some value, and he will be

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unlikely to be deceived by the swarm of clever forgeries that must outnumber the genuine pictures of the masters by three to one at least. Also, he will begin to understand why some of the Japanese painters most appreciated in Europe, and that because of their undoubted great qualities, are held somewhat lower in the esteem of Japanese amateurs: Hokusai, for instance.

The work of Kanaoka's descendants and of the other painters in the Kosé style was largely Buddhistic; at any rate scarce a scrap of it has endured till to-day except the pictures preserved in the temples. But under their hands the early Yamato style was forming, the style perhaps most characteristic of Japan and least dominated by Chinese influence. Hirotaka, in particular, gave the art a new impulse, and from his time it is possible to separate the two schools of painting, the religious and the secular, because examples exist which exhibit the treatment accorded to each. Not as yet is it possible to separate the painters of the two schools, for indeed they were the same. For two or three hundred years still, and more, each painter employed either the Buddhist or the Yamato style, according to the work in hand, and it was only in later times that the painting of religious pictures fell into the hands of the priesthood alone.

It is to Kasuga no Motomitsu that the honour is given of founding the Kasuga line of painters, who first practised the Yamato style in its purity. He lived in the tenth century, surviving, indeed, in the eleventh, and he was the pupil of Kinmochi, great-grandson of the great Kanaoka. Contemporary with Motomitsu was Takuma Tame-uji, founder of the Takuma line, which coalesced with the Kasuga line in the twelfth century. The followers of these great painters developed the Yamato style of painting in the eleventh century, and in the twelfth the school was strengthened by a number of painters of great eminence, the Kosé line joining those of the Kasuga and Takuma families in the formation of the most truly national style that Japan can show. Putting

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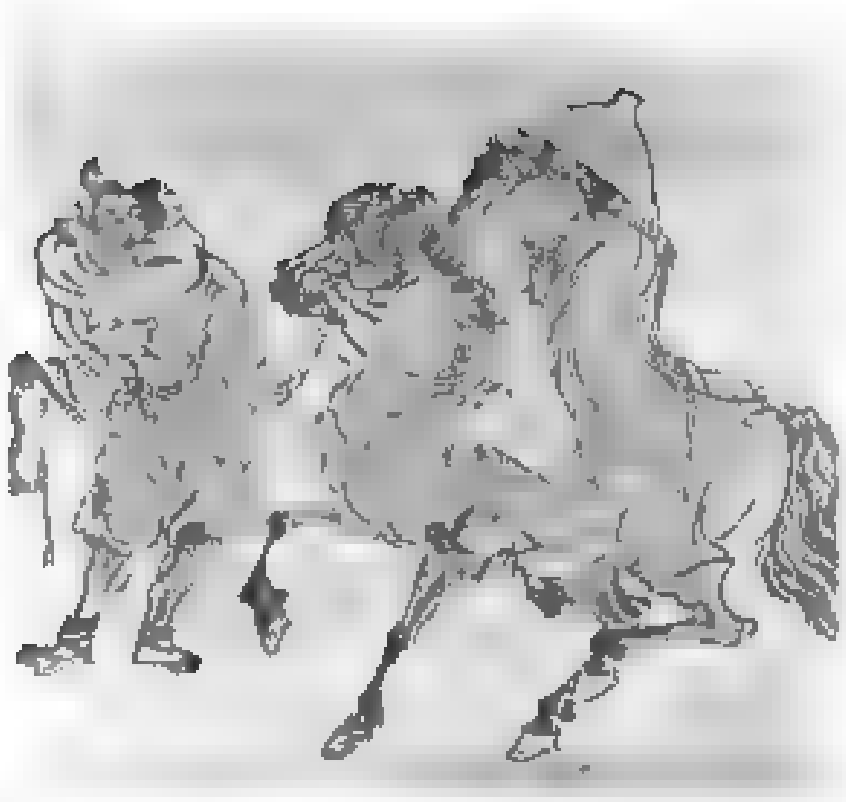
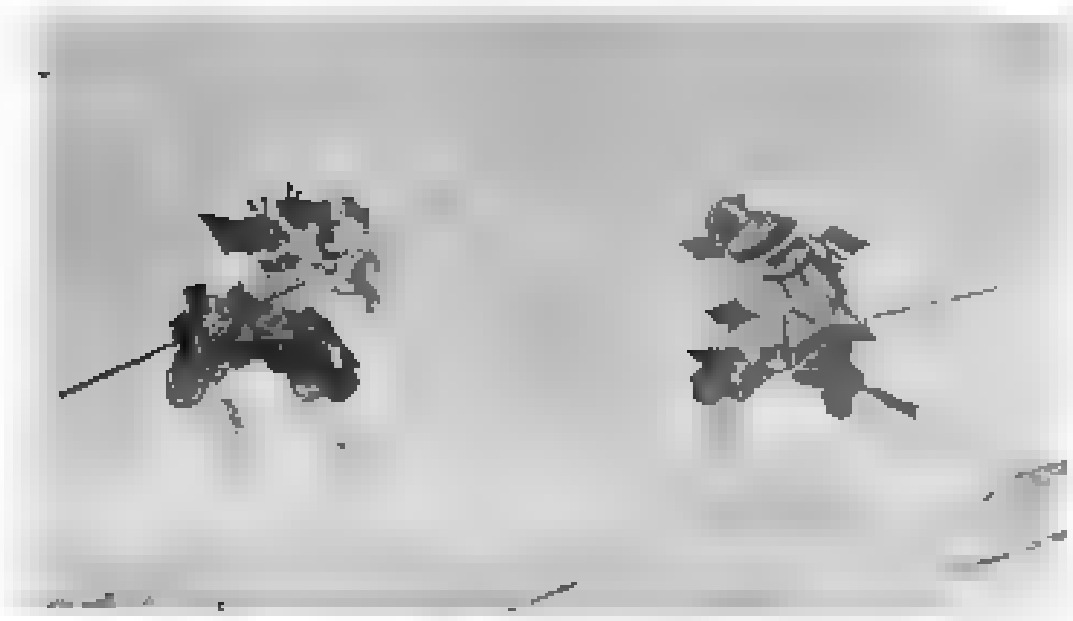


Group, after Xenophon's Anabasis



A Single Combat, after Xenophon's Anabasis (History of Civilization)

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aside the period of Kanaoka, there is no more glorious period in the crowded history of Japanese painting than this and the two centuries following. Painters in dozens and scores, almost all of the first flight, little more than whose names, and scarcely those, are known out of Japan, left works which the European student has small chance of even seeing. For they are most jealously guarded in the treasure-houses of Japanese nobles, are never sold, and can as a rule only be studied from copies. Certain Buddhist paintings of this time, it is true, have come to Europe, though they are few enough; but of the secular paintings of the Yamato school only one single makimono has ever been known to leave Japan, and that is, I believe, in an American museum. It is an historical roll by Sumiyoshi Keion, of the twelfth century. I am able to give a photograph of no more than a copy of a single group by this painter—a copy made by Kawanabe Kiosai.

I have no space even to name a quarter of the famous painters of this great period; mention of many of them will be found in Dr. Anderson's book. Among those of the twelfth century Kasuga Mitsunaga, Kosé Genkei, Kasuga Takachika, Takuma Shoga, Sumiyoshi Keion, Toba Sojo, and Takuma Tamehisa come first to mind. A painting by Takuma Shoga may be seen at the British Museum, though it is not included in the printed catalogue. It is a Buddhist kakemono, so darkened by age that it is impossible to copy it by photography. The drawing is powerful, and the colour rich, but of course the strict prescriptions of Buddhist art permit no such display of the painter's individuality as would be observable in the free field of secular subject. The secular paintings of this period, it may here be mentioned, are almost wholly in the makimono form, the kakemono being used at the time almost exclusively as a temple hanging.

In the thirteenth century Tsunetaka, son of Kasuga Mitsunaga, assumed the surname of Tosa, and so gave to the Yamato school the name which it has since retained. It may, perhaps, be necessary to explain that a Japanese surname comes

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first, so that the name of Tsunetaka's son was Tosa Kunitaka, the second being his personal name and the first the name of his family. Tosa Yoshimitsu was another great Yamato painter of this century, and another, still greater, was Fujiwara no Nobuzané. The British Museum collection includes a Buddhist painting by Nobuzané, a masterly piece of work, sadly blackened and damaged, however, by age and incense fumes. It is numbured 61 in the catalogue, "artist unknown;" but the work was identified as Nobuzané's by Kohitsu Rionin, the expert in paintings to the Tokyo Imperial Museum. Nobuzané was, without doubt, one of the chief painters of Japan. I have seen copies of a series of portraits of famous poets from his hand, that were astonishing in their force and character, as well as in their grace of execution. There is a Buddhist picture, by the way, numbered 82 in the British Museum collection, which must *not* be examined with a view to studying Nobuzané. Dr. Anderson has catalogued it as a copy, by Hoitsu, of a picture by Nobuzané, but it is, in fact, neither a copy of Nobuzané nor drawn by Hoitsu. It is a recent production, and Hoitsu's signature is forged.

In the fourteenth century the Yamato or Tosa school continued pre-eminent, and later representatives of the Kosé line helped to sustain its character. Chief among these was Kosé no Korehisa, the painter of a famous series of makimonos originally in the private collection of the Japanese empress, a series recording the *Go-san-nen Gun-ki*, or last three years of the five years' civil war in the eleventh century, when Minamoto no Yoshi-iyé, surnamed Hachimantaro, finally suppressed the rebels in Oshiu. This set of drawings, reputed to contain the best war-pictures Japanese art has produced, was presented to a Daimio of Hojo, and remained in his family till it passed by marriage, divorce, and re-marriage, first into the family of the Tokugawa Shoguns and then into that of Ikeda, in the collection of whose present representative, the Marquis Ikeda, it remains. It was at this time, in the seventeenth century, that a careful copy was made of the whole set, and since the

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copy is now in my own collection, I am able to give photographs of two groups from among the numbers which crowd the rolls from end to end. They are not what I should choose as the best, since the drawings have proved exceptionally difficult to photograph, and this circumstance has helped to govern the selection; as also has the fact that the rolls record the events of a very bloody war, and record them with a naïve simplicity and frankness of detail that might strike the nerves of many with something of a shock. A part which exhibits the scenes in and about a captured and burning castle is quite tremendous, but rather too terrible for publication in these lady-like days, as also are other parts presenting the pursuit and extermination of fugitives. War in the eleventh century in Japan, like war in other countries at the same period, was not a state of things in which the victors gave themselves any trouble in the matter of concentration camps.

For the rest, these drawings of Korehisa show the simple mastery, the almost childlike *naïveté* and directness, and the large vision of the primitive in a great school of art. The horses, in particular, are admirable, and the significance of action and gesture in the human figures is often altogether startling. I had a photograph taken of one group wherein six women are being led captive, preceded by warriors bearing severed heads on the points of their swords. The bowed figures of the women are indicated merely by the outlines of the white mourning robes which cover them, but such an overpowering expression of hopeless grief and despair as is given to those mere lines of drapery I have never encountered in any other work of art, eastern or western. The hand of one woman alone is exposed, and that in a gesture of utter woe that is merely awful. Unfortunately it was found that the necessary reduction in scale wholly obliterated many lines in the drawing, so that I have been unable to reproduce the photograph here. The width of the roll, from top to bottom, is nearly eighteen inches; so that it will be seen that the reduc-

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tion is considerable. The equestrian group which I have printed, where a prisoner is brought before Yoshi-iyé, has photographed better than most that were tried, but even here the brilliant pigments have so far defeated the camera, with all its isochromatic appliances, that the consequent mistranslation of colour has somewhat confused the fine composition.

I am loth to burden my pages with mere listed names, yet the Tosa school produced many eminent painters in Korehisa's century—Nagataka, Yukimitsu, Mitsuaki, Yeiga, Ari-iye, and Takakane among them—to whom I can spare no space for comment. But in 1351 a painter was born whose name is put by the Japanese by the side of the greatest, even sometimes by the side of Kanaoka himself. This was Meicho, more usually called Cho Densu. He was a priest of the temple of Tofukuji at Kioto, and his life, his simple piety, and his power as a painter are the themes of as many marvellous stories as are told even of Kanaoka. He brought a new life into the religious painting of the temples, by now fallen too far into pattern and formula, and he saw with a new vision the saints and the sages whose figures embellished the temple walls. Largeness and originality of conception, force and freedom of drawing, were among his great qualities, as also was a mastery of colour remarkable even among the Japanese. His works are rare, and of such as survive the most numerous are temple pictures on silk. A photographic copy is here given, however, of a painting in his rarer secular style. It is of necessity the mere ghost of the original, but it will give at least some idea of the force of Meicho's design and execution. The picture is in colour on paper—a most wonderful harmony in brown, warm green and grey, dull pink, rich red and pale gold; the metal being used, as always, purely as a pigment. The paper has been repaired and remounted again and again, and although it has lost some of its outer edges, its condition is uncommonly good, considering its age. The height, exclusive of the mount, is nearly three feet, and the subject is the well-known one of Shoki, the legendary Chinese hero, conqueror and driver-out of demons.

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Shoki and Demon, by Chen Hewen (Weiss Collection)

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Chinese landscape by Mu-hsi. Winter's Collection

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The master's seal on this picture reads *Sekkia-Kushi*, or Barefoot, a name assumed in allusion to his austere life as a priest.

Of his purely Buddhistic style of painting there is a fine specimen in the British Museum collection, numbered 8. It is painted in colours on silk, and it has been copied by chromolithography in Dr. Anderson's book. The pair of kakemono numbered 1 and 2, attributed to Cho Densu, are not his work, nor are they even in his style. They are, in fact, very fine Chinese paintings, though they have been mounted in Japan.

Kan Densu was Meicho's chief pupil, and among many others was Ashikaga no Yoshimochi, the Shogun, at the same time pupil and patron.

Cho Densu died at the age of seventy-six in the year 1427. But before his death another very important movement had begun; no less than a Chinese renaissance. For centuries the Chinese influence had been waning, and the national style of Yamato or Tosa held the field. The Tosa style continued to flourish exceedingly all through the fifteenth century and into the sixteenth, but it was side by side with the revived Chinese manner. Some revival had, indeed, been attempted before the birth of Cho Densu, when Nen Kawo was celebrated for his monochrome pictures in the style of the great Chinese artists of the Sung dynasty. Nen Kawo's influence, however, died with him, and though he had a few followers, it was not until the immigration of a Chinese painter, who settled in Japan in the first years of the fifteenth century and adopted the name of Josetsu, that the new movement really began. Of the work of Josetsu himself scarcely anything has survived. I myself have seen nothing but a photogravure of a pair of kakemono—landscapes—from his brush. These were undoubtedly good, but not nearly so good as some of the works of his pupils with which I am acquainted. It is, indeed, as a teacher that Josetsu is remembered, for from his school issued the painters whose example inspired the Chinese renaissance,

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and who opened a new and a splendid chapter in Japanese art.

First of them, and Josetsu's favourite pupil, was Shiubun, called Sokukuji Shiubun from the temple to which he was attached as a Buddhist priest. Shiubun's pictures, usually landscapes, but sometimes figures and groups of Buddhist saints and sages, were either wholly in monochrome or strongly outlined in ink and very lightly tinted in one or two warm colours. His landscapes were always Chinese, and, of course, ideal. An excellent example is in the British Museum, and I reproduce another, of a somewhat broader and more summary execution, from my own collection. The dominating feature of the view here sketched is the group of rocky peaks, towering high above the mist that veils the base of the wooded eminence from which they spring. In the foreground a rocky cliff crowned with trees and bushes stands boldly out into the quiet lake on which floats a fisherman's boat; and the farther shore is suggested in all its dim mystery with a few slight touches. Rifts in the mist show clearly, here a hut-roof, there the roofs of a summer mansion; and the whole picture, produced with a few sweeps of the brush, is full of romantic suggestion and poetic fancy. True it is, as Dr. Anderson says in his remarks on the British Museum Shiubun, that such works "seem intended rather to note the vague conceptions and reminiscences of the poetic minds of the artists than to hand down the true features of any particular locality." But why apologise for that? We do not disturb ourselves to excuse Shakespeare for his failure to "hand down the true features" of—say the coast of Bohemia, in *The Winter's Tale*. So long as we get the "conceptions and reminiscences" of his poetic mind we are very well content, and the guide-book and the gazetteer stand on another shelf, and a lower.

With Shiubun must be mentioned his two greatest pupils, Oguri Sotan and No-ami. Little more is known of these painters in Europe than their bare names, and scarcely those; and even in Japan their works are very rare. Sotan was a priest in the same temple as his master, while by contrast the

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Bird and Flowers, by Ogata Kōrin (Hinkes Collection)

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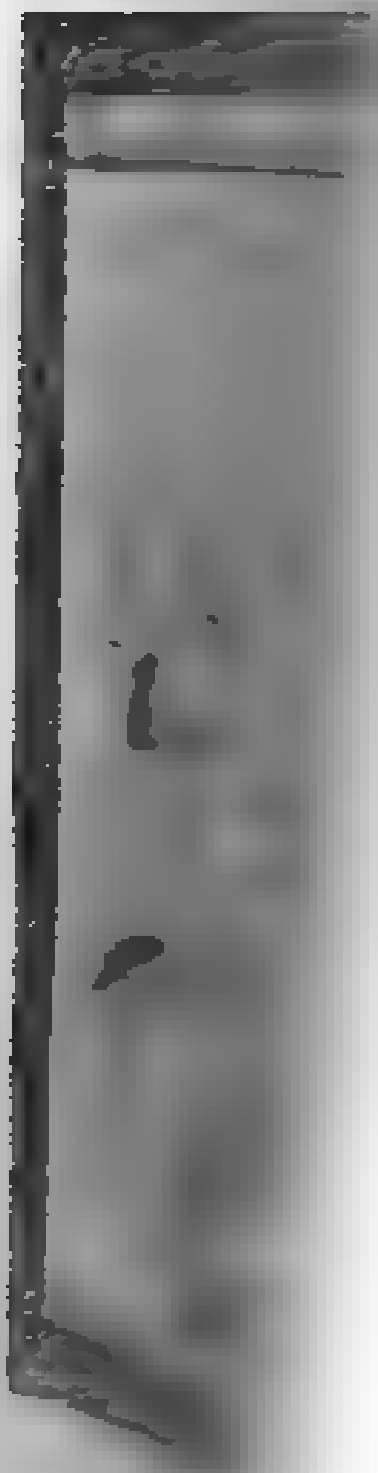

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Tiger by Yosa Buson (Matsuo Kuniyasu)

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brilliant No-ami, also called Shinno, was the admirable Crichton of the Shogan's court, famous at once as courtier, poet, calligraphist, critic, and painter. His pictures, such of them as remain, are in monochrome, characterised by an intense power both in conception and execution, his brush-work having all the characteristics of that of the Chinese masters of the Sung period, approximating very nearly, as far as one can judge with such scant opportunities, to that of Mokkei. Landscapes and figures were his usual subjects, though he sometimes executed animal studies of surprising vigour. Sotan, on the other hand, devoted himself largely to pictures of birds and flowers in colour, though there was nothing of mere finicking prettiness in his treatment. His colour was soft and harmonious to the last degree, and only an actual inspection of the original from which the accompanying photograph is made can give an idea of what has been lost in the translation to black and white.

The tiger, by No-ami, is a striking example of that unswerving attention to idea which characterised this painter as much as any and more than most of the Japanese masters. It is extremely unlikely that No-ami had ever seen a tiger, an animal foreign to Japan, but no amount of laborious observation and faithful copying could have inspired so intense a presentation of lithe, stealthy power, demoniac ferocity, and gloating menace as is here. The picture in its full size has an overpowering effect. Consider, too, what a part the composition plays. To have drawn the entire figure would have been to sacrifice much. The intrusion from without of this glaring, blood-licking creature, while some part of its form remains concealed, is one secret of the picture's effect.

The times of Shiubun, Sotan, and No-ami saw the Chinese renaissance fully established. With their coadjutors in the movement, and with its results, the next paper will deal.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

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SI JEUNESSE VOULAIT

I SHOULD like to think that this paper will be read by those to whom it is addressed. This is, however, but a forlorn hope, for young people, as a rule, I fear, are not much given to reading in periodicals articles—especially such as may be called, in the elegant phraseology of the day, sermonettes—on the conduct of life.

However, on the chance that some may read them, I should like to say quite explicitly at the outset that my words are addressed to such average, and not exceptional, young men and women as are exposed by the condition of their life to the perils of too abundant leisure, and less likely therefore to fill up time to their advantage than those who have the safeguard of compulsory employment.

"Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait!" says the proverb, but, like all proverbs, it only fills about half the ground it attempts to cover. It is an outline sketch which resembles life about as much as does a child's primitive drawing of two arms, two legs and a body, which passes well enough as a conventional representation of man, but would hardly be adequate if we wished to learn anatomy from it. It would be simpler, no doubt, if that outline drawing given by the proverb were accurate, and if we had only to put on the one side ignorant, energetic youth, and on the other all-wise and decrepit age. But the limning of our lives is a great deal more complicated than that: and we have to fill in the outline sketch for ourselves,

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with a great deal of care, a great deal of thought, and an unceasing and unremitting effort if, when the moment of old age is arrived at, the whole is to present a pleasing picture. It is not only "si jeunesse savait" it is "si jeunesse voulait" "si jeunesse croyait" all the things that lie in the hands of youth.

It is while life is fluid that it is comparatively easy to pour it into one shape or another. When it has stiffened into one particular form, and that one perhaps not the most desirable, it is more difficult to alter it. Therefore is it important for men and women both, when they have arrived at the stage known as "grown-up," to see that their life is likely to flow along in the best channel. This is the moment when, if circumstances and surroundings have been propitious, the young should be ready to grasp life with both hands, to enjoy its opportunities of light-hearted unreasoning enjoyment while beginning to guess at its graver responsibilities. Now is the time to be wise as well as foolish—the wisdom of youth may sometimes consist in being both—the time to talk sense as well as nonsense, to want to move for the sheer pleasure of motion, of mind on occasion as well as of body; the time to have endless discussions on life and its problems and possibilities, to make the friendships—but of these more hereafter—that will be potent factors in our lives; the time to have existence and its incidents revolving round one particular person after another, sometimes the wrong person, sometimes the right.

There is not, and most happily, a definite halting-place in which we may say to ourselves, "Now I will say good-bye to light-hearted youth, I will turn down this road and begin to be old." No; twenty joins hands with twenty-five, twenty-five with thirty, thirty with thirty-five, and so ever onwards, until the deposit of years gradually, without our seeing at which moment, hides our youth from us, as in Wagner's opera the figure of Freya the Youthful is at last hidden by the piled up treasure of the Nibelung. They who look forward into the

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future and begin in time to construct it may remain young in mind, in heart, and in purpose.

Bourget has defined the difference between riches and poverty to be that the "remediable margin" is so much greater in the former. And this holds good of the riches also of the soul. This is the immense, incalculable advantage of youth, to be rich in time, in possibility, in opportunity; it is then that we may look out with hope on the wideness of the Remediable. For it is in youth that each fresh discovery regarding life may be responded to by the instant thrill of possible endeavour; in youth that we contemplate that stretch of land, the field of our actions, as we are entering the harbour and not as we are leaving it.

We have lived in a time in which we have had to call upon the young to fight for us and for our country, and splendidly have they responded. But what about other trumpet calls, heard for so long that the sound has become dulled by custom, calls to duty less conspicuously heroic, to be accomplished by those who stay behind? The heroism of these less fortunate ones must be exercised, if at all, on a less glorious field; their endurance of hardship, should they wish to endure, must take the less palatable form of fulfilling in daily self-denying effort the less romantic though no less important duties of the son, the brother, the friend, the citizen—of being content to walk with a firm step in the rank and file of life if need be, and excel there in default of a nobler place. It has happily become a commonplace to us by this time that our young officers when at the front have known how to accept with uncomplaining cheerfulness every suffering and privation that has fallen to their lot, and we admire them for it from our hearts. But would it not be still more admirable if the robust and splendid self-denial that they all can display on occasion were exercised not only in periods of stress and excitement, and if on their return to their usual surroundings many of them did not take it for granted that they have earned the right to relapse into a state of unquestioning self-indulgence? The tendency to

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self-indulgence in either sex and at any age is no doubt one of the characteristics of our time; it is part of the Spirit of the Age, that comfortable generalisation that so consolingly puts the blame on to everybody at once, instead of distributing it among individuals. But it is surprising with what ease that encroaching spirit can in reality be put to rout by any individual who chooses to stand up to it instead of lying flat before it.

Young people would feel themselves shamed if they allowed, without any offer of help, one who was older to walk beside them carrying a heavy burthen; but they allow the burthen of life to rest on those who are older, not only without protest, but with a very definite reluctance to shoulder it themselves unless they are compelled. What is being young? Is it by some great and deserved privilege to have become entitled, by coming into the world a certain number of years later than somebody else, to have precedence, to know better, to be more worthy? But what then about the subsequent people who are going to be born still later? are they also going to be superior to those formerly young, but now their elders? In that case why does not the world get better and better as it goes on? Why are human beings pretty much as they were a hundred, five hundred, a thousand years ago? At the Paris Exhibition of 1900 there was to be seen an interesting mechanical phenomenon which might well have passed for an allegory of existence. It was a moving road which went round and round an immense circuit, from which every side of Paris could successively be seen, and which carried along on its surface floods of human beings who all therefore during the circuit gazed upon the same spectacle one after another, whether or not they began or quitted the moving road at the same place. Some younger in travelling than those in front of them might pass the Eiffel Tower ten minutes later than others; were they for that reason more skilful, more gifted, more highly privileged? and above all, were they better able to judge of each successive spectacle that met their gaze than those who had begun earlier?

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I should doubt it. They were probably less able to judge, as they had seen less to compare it with. Each one of us who joins this eternal moving road of life comes in time to the same place as the others who precede us on it, and those who follow come to the same place too. Let us therefore lay aside the strange delusion that possesses so many of us at the start, that we, and we only, shall presently come to some place to which no one has ever been before. Every one else, in reality, will have been there too: though every one, no doubt, and here is our individual opportunity, does not learn an equal amount from the various phases of the journey.

From the point of view of understanding, of mere quickness of apprehension, the mind between twenty and twenty-five is presumably just as good, to say the least of it, as the one of ten or fifteen years later; what is not so good is that it cannot have so definite a sense of proportion with regard to the importance of the incidents it meets on the way. That is the knowledge of a later period. Everything met for the first time is surprising; and therefore it is that older people are more likely to "know better," according to the occasionally offensive formula, as far as the lore of life is concerned, mainly because they have had the opportunity of learning so many lessons in it. The young are no doubt in possession of the rules of life's arithmetic, but the mastery of those rules gained by working many sums comes only with time. The sums should be worked early, nevertheless, and with application, that the right way of attacking the problems may be acquired in youth, when mental and moral habits are being determined, and the impulse of mind and will is fresh and strong. It is in youth that all human beings must determine for themselves on broad lines the path which they shall tread, although the variations of circumstance may determine it in detail in this or that direction. Take in your hand, then, at the beginning of life, certain fine and noble maxims which shall not be put away on a shelf as too precious to be brought out every day, but of which the daily contemplation and practice shall make a part

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of your nature, a part of your instinct; shall fill your outlook on life with lofty standards and possibilities. I am aware, of course, that there are many, many men and women, young as well as old, in whose life certain spiritual exercises, which should, if consistently acted on, keep them on the higher spiritual levels, form a daily part. But there are also many others whose aspirations and beliefs take a less definite form, and who therefore are apt, for want of daily or weekly prompting from outside, not so often to formulate in words certain precepts on which, if unconsciously, their general code of conduct is based. And yet the mere putting into words of such maxims is a help and a suggestion: the very limitation effected by defining our possibilities in speech seems to bring them more within our grasp, to make us see the path more clearly, to prevent us from stumbling along it haphazard, at the mercy of chance impulse and opportunity; we find our way with more speedy and unerring certainty from a sign-post on which a few plain words are written than if we vaguely try to shape our course by the stars or the planets or any big eternal principles too tremendous to bring into play at every street corner.

It is good to have a daily breathing space, at any rate, in the purer air of Intention. This is no novel suggestion—woe to us, indeed, if it were not a commonplace!—and I make it, therefore, diffidently. But it bears repeating many times. Realise at the outset of your responsible life, and realise afresh every day, that there are some things you will consent to do, and others that you will not; some things to which you will never stoop, others that you determine to attain. And the mere fact of clearly formulating these decisions to yourself is a step towards carrying them out.

Give a place in your daily Litany to the aspiration to be delivered from all ignoble ambitions; from all dishonesty, pose, and pretence. Do not let your standards of conduct and intercourse become blurred. It is astonishing how soon, even with the fastidious, the frequentation of those governed by a

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lower standard tends to deteriorate one's own. The trite story, which, however, is of such far-reaching significance that it may well be repeated, of the crowd which, looking on at the execution of a gang of criminals, turned away with a shudder of horror from the first head held up, gazed calmly upon the second, and derided the executioner when he let slip the third, holds good, in less ghastly contingencies, on many an occasion in daily life. The manifestation which gives us an unpleasant jar the first time (the exact and literal word "shock" has become so overlaid with convention and absurdity that I hesitate to employ it), is soon accepted as part of the personality of the offender. It ceases to give a jar; it is then tolerated, and finally imitated. But tolerance is not invariably a virtue. Tolerance of an honest opinion different from our own is one thing; tolerance of a deliberate lowering of the standards that we have proposed to ourselves is another. Keep a fine edge on your suseeptibilities that you may not come to tolerate the inadmissible, and to this end "frequent the best company," as Thackeray has said, "in books as in life," in both of which the best companions are those who send you spinning forward with the sense that everything worth doing is more possible, that life lies open before you with great wide spaces in which to go forth. Choose the friend who will stimulate you, to whom you will look up instead of looking down, the friend with a large mind and quick perceptions, who is strong enough to seize life with a firm hold and whose example and companionship shall cheer you on to do the same. For that is one of the essentials of the spirit of youth: to live, live, and not stagnate. I would rather see young creatures, whether men or women, go forward headlong and fall into one mistake after another, if they are made of the stuff that will learn from those mistakes to walk without falling, than see them creep self-indulgently along, too slowly to stumble, without having in their nerveless uncertain grasp any valid hold on existence.

Science tells us that no one body approaches another in space without both being deflected more or less from their

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original courses, the more powerful naturally acting the most on the other. So it is in life. Every one of us acts either for good or for evil on every other human being to whom we approach near enough. It is all-important, therefore, at that time of life when youthful friendships are formed with ardour and eagerness, that those we admit into our proximity should be likely to influence our course in the right direction. I am considering, for the purposes of argument, friendships between people of the same sex. Stimulating, valuable, interesting companionship is, of course, possible between different sexes, not to speak here of one special relationship into which that companionship is apt to drift, which also has many merits. But, putting that special relation aside, although men can compare notes with women on the exploration of life or books with added zest from the difference of point of view, yet it is precisely because the conditions are so entirely and eternally different, that in many ways — I speak prosaically — more direct help is to be gained from one of the same sex looking out on to life from under exactly the same conditions.

What are the chief essentials in a friend, then? Assuming, of course, as a foundation the indispensable sympathy which causes the friendship to exist at all. Our friend must be honest, must be intelligent, must be articulate, must be discreet. Honest, morally and intellectually, that intercourse may rest on a solid basis, and not on the shifting sand of pretence; intelligent, that his opinions may be worth hearing; articulate, that he may be able to put them before you to your profit; discreet, that your own self-revelations may be safe in his keeping. That absolute honesty of the intelligence which never pretends to think or to know something that is not really thought or known, is, in my opinion, the first essential in a friend. Every one who is a genuine human document, at whose ideas you really get, such as they are, whether adequate or not, is bound to be in some degree interesting. But, as a rule, those people are not interesting, except as a warning, who have constructed to themselves some kind of an idea of what they think

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human beings should most effectively think and feel, and express deliberately made opinions in accordance with it. But this method, if merely from the point of view of expediency and feasibility, to put it on no higher ground, is a great mistake; it increases the complications of existence a hundredfold. It is already sufficiently difficult, and very often unpleasant, to be one's self; it is extremely difficult consistently to be some one else. I once sat at dinner by a young man of twenty-two who after enunciating, at second hand, of course, with a bright, boyish smile on his young face, what he considered were the laws of "getting on" in the world, in which manœuvring and titled influence played a large part, added with an air of ineffable complacency, "I am afraid you will think me a terrible cynic." "Cynic?" I should like to have replied: "Heaven forfend! I think you somewhat of a goose, perhaps, for generalising, and mostly on hearsay from some unfortunate instances that you must go through the world like a conspirator in a cloak. Drop that cloak and that slouching hat, and you will see much more clearly."

The habit of moral clear-sightedness can and should be acquired in youth, as much as the material eyesight can be cultivated to distinguish a brown deer among the bracken or a grey sail in the grey distance of the sea. That clear-sightedness should teach us to call that which is stupid, stupid; and that which is clever, clever; but not to mix them up. It is not clever, but rather stupid, to believe that discrimination lies chiefly in seeing the faults and the seamy side of life. It requires quite as much discrimination to see the good side, especially when you are looking for the other. The world is neither all good nor all bad. Do not make up your opinion of it on what people say, unless you are very sure of the speaker: the world as pictured in gossipy chatter about nothing at all does not sound a very desirable place. It is natural that if you talk about your neighbour and wish to be entertaining you will be unfavourably critical rather than the reverse. A caricature is more diverting to look at than an ordinary photo-

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graph: it is more diverting to relate how Miss So-and-so remained out in the garden till nearly midnight with Lord Such-a-one than to say nothing about her at all. But it is possible that she did it out of heedlessness, and did not realise how the time was passing; and though it is no doubt to be regretted that she should have been so unwise, the most regrettable part of the affair may be that Lord Such-a-one, after inviting her to go into the garden, should have related the incident to his friends afterwards, and made a note for the delectation of the next young lady of the foolish confidences that the one of last night whispered under the moon. And let us remember, besides, that such a confidence, even if repeated verbatim, does not and cannot reach us truly. Uttered under totally different conditions, amid different surroundings, and probably led up to by something which brought it about quite naturally, it is bound by the time it reaches us at an afternoon tea-table to be as much distorted as a last ray of sunlight that comes through may layers of the atmosphere and reaches us in a more flaming intensity. Try not to found your imagined knowledge of men and women on such wretched materials as these. And for your own part be discreet about the doings and sayings of others, until such discretion becomes a habit and a priceless possession. To sit and chatter eternally of what some other man or woman has said in some like moment of chattering idleness is unworthy of intelligent human beings, whether they are twenty or whether they are fifty. It is one thing in discussing some question of life or conduct to instance this person or that in support of a theory or an argument; it is another to sit and call up the name of one after another and relate something which makes them appear in an unfavourable light. Women gossip, probably, more than men at every stage—and not only at the moment when they are beginning to mix on equal terms with the grown-up world—mainly because they have more time to do it in. Young men at the age of twenty, say, and for two or three years after that, have, happily for themselves, even

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before they begin their permanent career, some very definite centre for their occupations and their thoughts, since they are mostly at that time *in statu pupillari*, still at what is probably the most fruitful and enthralling time for intelligent minds—that is, the time when they are provided by outward influence with occupation sufficient, and indeed almost to excess, without the responsibility of the next period. Here the young man has a distinct advantage over the young woman, for she, at the same age, with as much available energy, will in many cases not be provided as a matter of course with systematic mental occupation during that time, and it obviously requires more initiative, character, and invention to design and carry out a scheme of existence for one's self than it does simply and as a matter of course to comply with a scheme participated in by hundreds of others. It is at this phase that leisure becomes the greatest snare. The various ways in which it is filled up by both men and women are, I believe, a far greater test of character and aptitudes and education than is their way of dealing with the succession of inevitable duties and occupations with which the life of each one of us gradually becomes filled as time goes on. Some people—it was perhaps a hard and fast maxim of the last generation more than of this—make a sort of fetish of the ordinance that time should never be "wasted." No doubt most of us would agree with that maxim, but we might differ a good deal as to what is meant by "waste." It is not a waste to have quite frankly some spaces not spent in a determined occupation. It is good sometimes to have spare moments to take breath in, and not to be for ever on the rush from one thing to another. But it is pernicious to have so little definite to do of a permanent interest, apart from the encroaching flood of daily nothings, that if one has half an hour more than usual of spare time one has nothing joyfully to put into it which will make it a definite gain in the day instead of a loss.

The desultory people, especially women, whose occupations and therefore whose thoughts are mainly outside their walls

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instead of within, not only suffer themselves but make other people suffer when they find some extra time on their hands to put away somehow. Such will eagerly grasp at some excuse for rushing out, for inflicting their own incapacity, their barren stretches of existence on somebody else, talking to no purpose and with no result, and spreading a contagion not of the healthy enjoyable leisure which succeeds interested occupation, but of a dragging superfluity of time which profits nobody. This should truly be counted among the unpardonable sins. If you are not so fortunate as to have been born with a hobby, started in life with that comfortable familiar spirit always beside you to fill up each nook and cranny of spare time and thought, try now while you are young to discover one; feel about, seek one, find it at any price. I do not mean only some favourite form of violent exercise, though that also has its great advantage. I mean something that shall have a permanent and enduring value with the years, and help to fill up thoughts and interests within doors as well as without. To have a handicraft which may at the same time employ the intelligence and invention seems to me the ideal hobby, or in default of that, some special study lying outside one's regular work, and not making too great demands on time and energy, while of interest enough to employ both. The saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," constantly flung without context or comment in the face of the would-be student as well as of the smatterer, is responsible for blocking the way to a great deal of salutary pleasure. The real danger, I should have thought, lies not in the little learning but in mistaking that little for a great deal, a peril which, unless we are on our guard against it, lies in wait for all of us at the rapturous moment of beginning to acquire any new piece of knowledge, whether from books or from life—rapture succeeded probably by naif astonishment, mingled perhaps with discomfiture, at finding that the said knowledge is new only to one's self. I once heard a young woman say approvingly of some one she had been talking to: "Extraordinarily well-read that man is! *I don't think I have mentioned*

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a piece of prose or poetry that he did not know." This is simply a form of our eternal stumbling-block, the danger of being too self-centred, and of not realising that our neighbours at the same stage of existence as ourselves are probably going through much the same mental experiences. To be self-centred, indeed, to a certain degree, is not a fault but a virtue. It is an essential and inevitable requirement of our conditions, as much as it is essential that a gardener who wishes to be successful should pay more attention to his own garden than to any one else's. Let us try quite simply and frankly to recognise this, to realise we are each one of us shut up, so to speak, for the whole of our natural life with a being, a temperament, an intelligence, a character that we had no voice in choosing, but that we have a preponderating voice in making the best of; and that on that being, therefore, we must concentrate the main part of our thoughts, our energies, our struggles towards the light. And having realised this fact, let it make us less preoccupied with self instead of more so, let it teach us to understand the point of view of others, since it is probably the attitude of every human being, more or less, towards his own self; and above all let our concentration on our own path lead us to avoid the possible stumbling-blocks in it, and not to jostle others aside to secure our own desires.

There is a wider form of being self-centred which extends to the family as well as to the individual. The tendency displayed by many otherwise reasonable people to believe that their own race is of quite peculiar interest, their own family traits the most worthy of note, the school they have been to the only possible one, the quarter of London they live in the most agreeable, and their house the best in it, is an insidious peril to be striven against in youth. It is a quite misleading conviction that, even if we do not unfortunately always choose a thing because it is the best, it becomes in some mysterious way the best because we have chosen it.

Learn to distinguish then, you who are young: go and choose the best, you to whom choice is still possible, and so

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arrange your lives that when you come to thirty-five, when you come to forty, you have something worth showing for it and not only a series of abortive beginnings. That man or woman of forty will be you, remember, the young man or woman of to-day, and not somebody quite different with whom you have no concern. It will still be you, with either the faults intensified that you may have left unchecked, or the qualities that you have had courage and determination enough to put into their place. The human being I am speaking of is the one you are gradually building up now, who by your doing will be entitled, or the reverse, to justify in the years to come the fact of his existence. See to it then that he arrives at that moment of full maturity, at that central point of life when every man or woman of worth is a power and an influence in the world, in possession of a good conscience, a good digestion, good manners, and a good understanding, all of which are within reach of those who set early enough about acquiring them. With such an equipment life ought to be, and is, well worth living for either man or woman. The young of to-day, and of every day, are busy fashioning the world anew for us; it is not too much to ask of them that they should make a conscious, constant effort to fashion it aright.

FLORENCE BELL.

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THE CASE FOR NATIONAL THEATRES

THOUGH it is strange that the case for National Theatres should need to be stated at all, it is nevertheless true that the task of stating it is beset with difficulties. It is scarcely possible to find a single phrase that shall not be open to misunderstanding, especially by critics who set forth with an adverse bias. The number of such critics is, however, gradually diminishing; and I will do my best, in the following pages, to avoid placing stumbling-blocks of misapprehension in the way of any reader who approaches the subject with an open mind.

An ambiguity meets us on the threshold. What is a "National Theatre?" The phrase is vague and even misleading. To most people it conveys the idea of a great metropolitan building, like the Théâtre-Français, or a palace of art like the Burgtheater of Vienna. They think of it as subsidised by the State, and carried on with a total disregard of economy, and even of popularity. This is not my idea of a National Theatre; it is not that of any man who has carefully considered the subject. A dignified metropolitan building is, indeed, desirable, and will doubtless come in due time, though scarcely through any action of State. Of this anon. In the meantime it is sufficient to say that, for the purposes of this article, the phrase "National Theatre" means something quite different from any individual building.

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What, then, does it mean? Briefly, it means a principle and a system: the principle that the acted drama of the English language ought to rank high among the intellectual glories, and among the instruments of culture, of the nation, or rather of the race; the system of securing this end by giving public (not necessarily official) recognition and support to theatrical art.

Is there any reader who cavils at the principle I have laid down? If so, let me beg him to consider the facts. In every city of the United Kingdom, of America, of Australasia, there are from one to thirty or forty theatres, open seven or eight times a week, and many of them crowded night after night with audiences hungry and thirsty for the enjoyment, the stimulation, afforded by what is beyond all doubt the most fascinating and popularly attractive of the arts. Many people, of whom I speak with all respect, "disapprove" of the theatre altogether —not, as matters stand, without some reason. But their disapproval is absolutely impotent. To disapprove of the theatre is simply to disapprove of one of the most universal and ineradicable of human instincts, which leads men to take pleasure in the mimetic reproduction, idealisation, or caricature, of their own characters, manners, and passions. Year by year theatres multiply. There is very good reason to believe that not only the absolute number of those who frequent them, but the relative number in proportion to the whole population, is steadily increasing. Can it be doubted that, for good or evil —or rather for good *and* evil—they exercise an enormous influence? Can it be doubted that their influence for good, as places of intellectual recreation, stimulation, and invigoration, might easily be far greater than it is? And is not this end worth taking some trouble to attain? Of our splendid dramatic literature, why should some eight or ten plays of Shakespeare alone be commonly accessible to the ordinary playgoer? In modern drama, why should the frivolous West-End public of London be—as they practically are—the sole lawgivers? A play which is not on the face of it likely to

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draw crowded houses of over-dressed, over-dined Londoners for at least a hundred nights has no chance of gaining a hearing. Under such conditions, how can the drama possibly represent what is worthiest in the thought and feeling of the nation? But if, on the other hand, there were but one playhouse in each of the great cities of the English-speaking world where the poetry and humour of the past, the thought and aspiration of the present, were enabled to attract to them the better elements in the public—now scattered and unorganised for want of any artistic rallying-point—can it be doubted that the theatre would be, what I have said it ought to be—a potent instrument of culture, and one of the intellectual glories of the race?

But I must guard against the ambiguity which lurks in the expression "the theatre." Used in this sense, it does not, of course, include all theatres, any more than the word "literature" includes all books. The most admirable system of National Theatres would not supplant or abolish the ordinary commercial playhouses of fashion and frivolity, sentimentality and cynicism. National Theatres would help the better order of commercial theatres by training actors for them and by augmenting the numbers of the intelligent public; but the lower class of playhouses they would leave practically untouched, or, at any rate, would affect no more than would any other institution tending to raise the general level of intelligence. The dramatic amusements of a people, taken as a whole, will always answer to their lower as well as to their higher instincts; just as the noblest efforts in poetry, philosophy, and fiction do not prevent the bookstalls from being crowded with vulgar and despicable trash. The defect of the English theatre—as distinguished from English literature and from the theatres of other great nations—is that while it ministers amply to the lower instincts of the race, it answers very imperfectly to the higher instincts. It is this quite needless inequality that the supporters of the National Theatre idea aim at correcting.

Having now tried to explain what is meant by the principle

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that the theatre ought to be one of the intellectual glories of the English-speaking race, I go on to consider the system of promoting this end by the creation of certain theatres which—like the libraries, museums, and picture galleries of our great cities—shall be public institutions. By a "public" institution I do not mean one supported (like the British Museum) by the State, nor even—necessarily—one owned by a municipality, like a free library or a public bath and wash-house. Any theatre which is not conducted simply for the profit of individuals, but is held in trust for the public at large by some representative body which directly or indirectly controls it, would fulfil the definition which, for present purposes, I propose to adopt.

In considering the merits of any system, one naturally looks for concrete examples of it in operation. And here let me point to a significant fact. The great nations of Western Europe are five: France, Germany (which, for literary purposes, includes German-speaking Austria), Italy, Spain, and England. In two of these countries the theatre—as a home both of the national classics and of the drama of modern life—ranks high among the intellectual glories of the people. In three the theatre is rather a national reproach than a national glory, though two of these nations have in bygone centuries produced dramatic literatures of marvellous wealth and splendour. The two countries in which the theatre nobly fulfils its functions are France and Germany; the three countries in which it leaves its highest functions almost wholly unfulfilled are Italy, Spain, and England. Now, it cannot but seem, to say the least of it, a curious coincidence that France and Germany should be the countries in which the drama receives, and has for long received, all sorts of public recognition and support, while Italy, Spain, and England are the countries in which it has been left entirely in the hands of individual speculators. Is it altogether rash to divine some relation of cause and effect between these phenomena? Can it be a pure coincidence that, throughout Western Europe, wherever the drama is regarded as a matter of public concern—national or local—it flourishes: wherever it is given over

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entirely to private enterprise, it more or less obviously falls short of the requirements of even the most modest ideal?

People try to get round this argument in several ingenious ways. Some contend that the superiority of the theatrical organisation of France and Germany is illusory, pointing to the attacks that are frequently made by French and German critics upon the Théâtre-Français and the German Court Theatres. This argument we may at once put aside. No human institution is flawless and unassailable. The criticisms which are levelled against the French and German theatres are, many of them, just enough; but they involve the application of an incomparably higher standard than can be possibly applied to the English stage. If the English theatre escapes such criticisms, it is only by not rising into the region where they come into force. Wherever it does rise into that region, it is open to ten times severer criticism than any competent and candid critic can urge against the leading French and German theatres. To argue that we should be content with the English theatre as it is, because French critics are sometimes discontented with the Théâtre-Français, is simply to argue against all progress on the ground that absolute perfection is unattainable. It is like saying "Let us stick to muzzle-loading guns because breech-loaders sometimes jam."

More plausible, at first sight, is another argument not infrequently advanced. "We English have no theatrical endowments," it is said, "because we are not a theatrical race. The excellence of the French and German theatres is not due to their endowments; on the contrary, the existence of these endowments is due to the fact that the French and the Germans are people of inborn theatrical proclivities, who, taking a profound national interest in the theatre, are naturally willing to give it national support. No endowment will instil into a race a non-existent theatrical instinct." There is a certain speciousness in this position, until we look into the facts, which are as follows: This wholly non-theatrical race has produced the greatest dramatist of modern times, and one

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of the richest of dramatic literatures; for a century and a half (1660 to 1810, or thereabouts) its theatre rivalled the French theatre in excellence; it produced one actor (Garrick) who was acknowledged by all Europe to be the most universal genius in his art that the world had seen, and countless actors and actresses of unquestionable greatness; it not only possessed a rich and vigorous theatrical life for nearly two centuries before the Germans had anything worthy of the name, but it at two different periods fecundated the German drama, feebly in the early seventeenth century, potently and decisively in the latter half of the eighteenth; even so lately as 1827 it gave the final impulse to the romantic movement in France; and at this moment it manifests a passion for the theatre not inferior in strength to that of the French or German public, however inferior in intelligence and enlightenment. The truth is that this idea of an inherent disability for theatrical art in the Anglo-Saxon race is a superstition of very recent origin, begotten of the deep depression which overtook the theatrical life of the country in the middle years of the nineteenth century. It followed on the breakdown of the monopoly system which had since the Restoration (however imperfectly) performed the function which, in France and Germany, is now performed by endowments. We have in the past century fallen behind France and Germany in theatrical art, not because of any innate incapacity, but because, at a critical moment, we omitted to take any reasonable measures to keep abreast of them.

From whatever point of view we regard it, this "innate disability" argument will not bear examination. Let us take it from the racial point of view. The implication underlying it is that the English are a Teutonic people, and that the heavy Teuton is inferior to the gay and vivacious Gaul and Latin in mimetic capacity. Accepting for the sake of argument the usual race classifications (on which science has cast the gravest doubts) we cannot fail to observe that the English are a far less purely Teutonic race than the Germans, whose theatre certainly

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rivals, and in many respects surpasses, that of the "lively Gaul." If pure Teutons exist at all, they are doubtless to be found in Germany; whereas the Gallic and Keltic intermixture in the English people is surely strong enough to correct the (hypothetical) sluggishness of the Teutonic blood. By the race argument, accordingly, we ought to be somewhat inferior, perhaps, to the French in mimetic endowment, but decidedly superior to the Germans. If then (and this is quite indubitable) the German theatre is greatly superior to ours, the race enthusiasts ought at the same time to be enthusiasts for endowment, since it is impossible to see what else can so effectually have counteracted the innate disadvantages of the (hypothetical) pure Teuton.

Again, the Latin race is assumed by the amateur ethnologist to be full of theatrical talent; and assuredly there can be no lack of it in the nation which has given us, during the past half century, such artists as Ristori, Salvini, Rossi, and Eleonora Duse. How comes it, then, that the theatre is in an even more unsatisfactory condition in Italy than in England? The one circumstance common to the two countries is the absence of theatrical endowments: is it unreasonable to conclude that this has something to do with the matter? Of Spain I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but I am given to understand that the Spanish theatre is in a more or less deplorable condition. It is impossible to conceive, however, that the countrymen of Lope and Calderon—the nation whose drama fecundated that of France, as the English drama fecundated that of Germany—can be deficient in innate capacity for dramatic art. We can only ask, "What is the circumstance in which Spain resembles Italy and England and differs from France and Germany?" And we can only answer, "The lack of theatrical endowment."

"But," say the champions of the innate-inferiority theory, "you forget Puritanism. Shakespeare and his contemporaries may have been—doubtless were—full of theatrical talent of all sorts; but presently the blight of Puritanism fell upon the

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land, and rendered us an incurably untheatrical people." Far be it from me to underrate the influence of Puritanism. It is that which has begotten all the scepticism, pessimism, timidity, and inertia against which we are at present contending. It is that which has caused the indifference of the more serious and intelligent classes towards the theatre which it is one of the main objects of the present movement to overcome. But as for pretending that Puritanism has killed either the taste or the talent of the nation for theatrical art, nothing could be more remote from the truth. If the great days of the British drama—the age of Elizabeth and James—preceded the culmination of Puritanism in the seventeenth century, the great days of the British theatre—from Betterton to Edmund Kean—followed the reign of the Puritans, and co-existed with a Puritanism at least as influential as any that the theatre has now to contend with. It cannot be too often repeated that from the Restoration down to the first quarter of the nineteenth century, England and France shared, and shared equally, the undisputed primacy of theatrical Europe. No one dreamed in the eighteenth century of suggesting that Puritanism had killed the theatrical genius of the English. Neither in England nor in France, it is true, was the living drama in a wholly satisfactory condition. In both countries the dramatists of the eighteenth century were to some extent oppressed by the great legacies left by the seventeenth century. With few exceptions, they were an imitative, not an original, race. But in the matter of acting, England (by the testimony of the French themselves and of other European nations) fully held its own with France; while in Germany the theatre was as yet but painfully struggling into existence. Not until after the downfall of the Patent theatres did any one think of maintaining that Puritanism, or any other influence, had rendered the English race congenitally incapable of excelling in dramatic art. No such notion ever occurred to Lamb or Hazlitt, to Byron or Scott, even to such men as Dickens or George Henry Lewes, who lived far into the period of decline. The idea is

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simply an outcome of the total disorganisation which followed the abolition, in 1843, of the privileges of the Patent theatres. The monopoly system had been moribund for many years before. It no longer answered to the needs of the time, and it had to go. The mistake lay, not in abolishing the monopoly, but in failing to provide any other form of theatrical organisation whereby the higher drama should be rescued from the deteriorating influences of unmitigated commercialism. That is the mistake we are trying to remedy; and when it is remedied we shall hear no more of Puritanism having strangled the dramatic genius of the Anglo-Saxon race.

It may be asked why "commercialism" should require to be "mitigated" by endowment in the case of the drama, and not in that of literature? The answer is very simple. It lies in the enormously greater capital required for the production of a play than for the production of a book. If the conditions of the publishing trade were such that no publisher would issue a new book, or new edition of an old book, that did not seem likely to find at least 50,000 purchasers in the course of three months from the date of publication, we should certainly have either to endow literature or to see it shrink into nothing but shop-girl romance and vulgar chromo-illustrated editions of some half-dozen popular classics.[1] As a matter of fact, books can be so cheaply produced, and the book-market is so wide, that no work of the slightest merit fails in the long run to find a publisher, and the highest forms of literary art, old and new, freely co-exist with the lowest and vulgarest, each form seeking out its elective affinities. Not so in the commercial theatre. There no play is ever produced (except by mistake) which does not seem likely to find, at the very least, its 50,000 spectators in the course of three months. A play is allowed no time to seek out its elective affinities. If it does not "catch on" in

[1] It is needless to enter here upon the reasons why the stage has not absolutely sunk into this condition. It is the condition towards which, under the long run system, it necessarily *tends*, though the tendency may, at certain points, be intermittently and imperfectly counteracted.

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the course of two or three weeks, its fate is sealed. It cannot, like a novel, bide its time, for its continued existence means continued outlay. Quite apart from the great initial expense of mounting, the sum which it costs a West-End manager to "send his curtain up" every evening is about equal to the whole cost of production of an ordinary novel. If in order to place a novel by Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy before the world, a publisher had to incur an initial outlay of from £1000 to £3000, and then to publish, so to speak, a fresh edition every day at the cost of £100 or so, how many novels of Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy would ever have seen the light? Their works, indeed, would never have been written. They would have despaired from the outset of the hopeless task of reaching the public under such conditions.[1]

"Is endowment, then, to provide the sums necessary for producing dramatic Merediths and Hardys, and playing them to houses sparsely tenanted by 'intellectual' audiences?" Not at all. Endowment is to set in motion a wholly different system—the system which prevails wherever the theatre is in a truly healthy condition—whereby the cost of each individual production is kept within reasonable limits, so that it may be recouped by a reasonable number of performances; whereby a play is not compelled instantly to attain overwhelming

[1] We have here the answer to the objectors who declare that, even under the present system, no play of merit fails to get itself produced. This is not, to begin with, strictly true; but in any case the sterilising influence of the present system must not be measured by the number of good plays which are known actually to exist unacted. In the first place, many of the unacted bad plays are bad because the authors have unsuccessfully tried to meet the oppressive requirements of the long run and actor-manager system. In the second place, many plays remain unwritten, because the authors know that, under present conditions, there is not the slightest chance of their obtaining a hearing. The contemporary drama of Germany is vigorous and prolific in the highest degree; but how many of these plays would ever have been written had the authors known that the primary condition of success was that they should attract full houses for at least one hundred consecutive nights, in a single city? This is a test to which not one—not a single one—of the serious dramas of modern Germany has been subjected.

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popularity, but is given time to seek out its elective affinities, by having its normal life spread out over years, instead of being exhausted in six weeks if it be a failure, in six months if it be a success; and whereby each theatre is enabled to attach to itself, and in some measure to educate, its own public, which takes an intelligent interest and pride in it, instead of merely flocking hither and thither in obedience to unreasoning vogue or blatant advertisement. It cannot be too frequently insisted that endowment does not mean the lavishing of money on unpopular art. Indeed it may be accepted as a principle that, after a few initial seasons, any national or municipal theatre whose outgoings considerably exceed its incomings is not performing its proper function. The theatre is popular or it is nothing. Esoteric forms of drama, appealing only to cliques and coteries, may be (and are) endowed by the coteries and cliques who affect them. Experiments made at coterie-theatres will sometimes influence and stimulate national theatres; but the national theatre is one thing, the coterie-theatre, the outpost stage, another. After the few initial seasons necessary to establish any institution and accustom the public mind to it, the function of endowment would be, not to meet a large annual deficit, but simply to ensure the theatre against the necessity, or even the temptation, of aiming, by injurious devices, at a large annual profit. In other words endowment would simply sanction and enforce an irreducible minimum of artistic (as opposed to profit-hunting) method—and, notably, would bar unbroken runs and the domination of the individual star. It would (quite rightly) be the object of the management to make both ends meet, as nearly as possible. One might almost say, indeed, that the ideal endowed theatre would be one which required no endowment. I mean, of course, no annual subsidy; the endowment would lie simply in the rent-free use of a playhouse belonging to the community, whether built at the public expense, or (as is frequently the case in Germany) erected by the subscriptions of public-spirited citizens on a site allotted by the town.

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If we can but think of it without letting habit dull our perceptions, it must seem well-nigh incredible that any community which professes to care for the intellectual development of its members should neglect to avail itself of so potent an instrument as the theatre. Whether we like it or not, the theatre is a school of manners, good or bad; and it ought also to be a school of poetry, psychology, humour—in a word, of literature. Its direct moral influence may easily be overrated. No competent observer believes much in the theory of "guilty creatures sitting at a play." The human mind has a highly developed faculty for ignoring the personal application of a moral apologue. Nathan, as we know, had to say unto David, "Thou art the man!" before that otherwise intelligent monarch saw the point of his scathing parable. Even if we discern the analogy between the fictitious case and our own, we can always hug to our souls the extenuating circumstances, omitted by the dramatist, which place a wholly different complexion on our conduct. It is quite possible to be high-minded, honest, virtuous, benevolent in the theatre, and mean-spirited, shifty, vicious, and cruel out of it. But if individual parables are of no great effect in individual cases, the diffusive influence of the ideals suggested in a popular play or series of plays can scarcely be exaggerated; and, under present conditions, the influences which make for thoughtlessness and triviality, and often for absolute demoralisation, have a disquieting preponderance.

Can it be doubted, for instance, that "musical comedy," English and American, does more than ten thousand pulpits can undo to glorify and enforce the sporting, gambling, bar-haunting, champagne-drinking, flashy and dissolute ideal of life which dominates that class of production? Do we not see whole regiments of young men modelling themselves in dress, manners, vocabulary, and, as far as possible, in morals, upon this or that popular comedian whose leering inanities they regard as the last word of human wit? Have we not in England and America a shoal of widely circulated papers

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devoted to the dissemination of this ideal, with the aid of innumerable photographic illustrations of so-called "chorus-girls," approaching as near to flagrant indecency as the police will permit.[1] Here, if you like, is a canker of the commonwealth! The very children of our slums and suburbs, nay, of our remotest villages, are brought up on these flagrant and revolting vulgarities, which largely emanate from the popular stage, which advertise it, and which entirely harmonise with its spirit. To us, in London, the evil does not come home so forcibly as it does to observers in the provinces and in the colonies. In London there are, after all, a few theatres that have not succumbed to the contagion of musical farce. It is always possible for people of intelligence and taste to find something, at this theatre or at that, to interest them; though it is depressing to observe how often people of intelligence and taste in all other matters deliberately hold these qualities in abeyance with regard to the theatre, and frequent the tawdriest and vulgarest entertainments. But in provincial and colonial cities it is comparatively seldom that any choice is offered to the playgoer. Musical extravaganza has almost completely swamped the higher forms of drama. It is a political force of no small importance. It draws the whole English-speaking world together in the bonds of a racial vulgarity. The slang of the London music-halls is wafted with incredible rapidity over the bush, the veldt, and the prairie,[2] and with it the ideals which it symbolises. I am far from entirely deploring this. I think we could very ill dispense with the influence of the theatre in maintaining a certain homogeneity of language and sentiment throughout the vast expanse of Anglo-Saxondom. But I do not see why musical farce, and still more debased and

[1] Police censorship is practically powerless to check this evil, for it is precisely by stopping short of actual indecency that these pictures emphasise their indecency of intention. They are the journalistic counterpart of the comedian's leer.

[2] America, of course, exports as well as imports musical farce; but the balance of trade is, in this particular, still in favour of England.

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deleterious melodrama, should be almost the sole medium through which this influence is exerted.

Why has Germany which, in the eighteenth century, looked up to England as a model for imitation in things theatrical, so far outstripped us during the nineteenth century? Simply because during that century every German city of any importance has possessed a theatre, belonging either to the reigning prince or to the municipality, at which it was clearly understood that mere money-making was not the beginning and end of the enterprise, but that a certain standard of artistic dignity was to be kept steadily in view. Many of the municipal theatres received no subsidy; some were not even held rent free by the managers; but all enjoyed certain privileges which gave the community a right to insist that the manager should not think solely of profit-hunting. There have been many disasters in the history of the German stage, and, on the other hand, many gross sacrifices of art to the interests of the treasury have been made even in theatres of high repute. But after all checks, after all backslidings, the ideal of the theatre as a public institution, not a private money-making machine, has always triumphed and pulled things together. The result is that the German theatre of to-day keeps the classics of German literature constantly before the people; treats Shakespeare far more intelligently than we do ourselves; and has produced an extraordinarily rich and varied contemporary drama, vying with that of France, and incomparably more important, in every point of view, than the contemporary drama of England and America.

I suggest, then, that the establishment of a Repertory Theatre, on the lines of the German city theatres, in every considerable town (say, of 150,000 inhabitants and upwards) in the English-speaking world,[1] would be a magnificent national and racial investment, even if each theatre involved a considerable annual outlay. At the same time, I am convinced that no such

[1] The several municipalities of London and Greater New York would, of course, rank as separate cities.

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outlay would in fact be required. The initial expense of setting the new mechanism in motion, and especially of providing theatrical edifices worthy to rank as public institutions and homes of national dramatic art, would, indeed, be far from inconsiderable. But is this an obstacle to deter the two richest nations in the world? Are not millions going a-begging every day in search of objects of public utility on which to employ themselves? And could there be an object of greater public utility than that of rendering the most fascinating and universally popular of the arts a source of intellectual and emotional, as well as of merely sensuous and sensational, pleasure?

The realisation is gradually spreading among us Anglo-Saxons that a well-ordered theatre stands high on the list of institutions indispensable to an enlightened community. When once this idea has found practical expression in some pioneer city (probably, as in Germany, through the co-operation of private munificence with public intelligence), other cities, all the world over, will make haste to follow the luminous example. Think of the time when throughout the British Empire (as now throughout the German Empire) there shall be in every great centre of population at least one spacious and seemly theatre, where—along with much that makes simply for innocent recreation—the noblest achievements of the national genius, and whatever is worthiest in contemporary drama, shall find a permanent home! Surely this is no mere vision of the irresponsible man of letters, but a conception which should appeal to the statesman, the patriot, and all who have at heart the social and intellectual development of the race.

When this system of local repertory theatres is well under way, it will then be time enough, in my estimation, to think of the great central institution, like the Théâtre-Français or the Vienna Burgtheater, which ought to be one of the chief ornaments and attractions of the national capital. One can foresee the day, perhaps not so very far distant, when London and New York shall vie with each other in establishing, beautifying,

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and perfecting each its National Theatre, and thereby vindicating its claim to rank as the metropolis of the English-speaking race. But this central Palace of Art would be, after all, an article of luxury rather than of necessity; whereas the dissemination of all that is at once ennobling and wholesomely recreative in the national dramatic literature, by means of theatres owned by, or held in trust for, the community, is a matter of imperative public policy, no longer to be neglected save at our peril.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

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BAILÉ AND AILLINN[1]

ARGUMENT

Baile and Aillinn were lovers, but Aengus, the Master of Love, wishing them to be happy in his own land among the dead, told to each a story of the other's death, so that their hearts were broken and they died.

I HARDLY hear the curlew cry
Nor the grey rush when wind is high
Before my thoughts begin to run
On the heir of Ulad, Buan's son,
Baile who had the honey mouth,
And that mild woman of the south,
Aillinn, who was King Lugaid's heir.
Their love was never drowned in care

[1] It is better, I think, to explain at once some of the allusions to mythological people and things, instead of breaking up the reader's attention with a series of foot-notes. What the "long wars for the White Horn and the Brown Bull" were, and who "Deirdre the harper's daughter" was, and why Cuchullain was called "the Hound of Ulad," I shall not explain. The reader will find all that he need know about them, and about the story of Baile and Aillinn itself, in Lady Gregory's "Cuchullain of Muirthemne," the most important book that has come out of Ireland in my time. "The great Plain" is the Land of the Dead and of the Happy; it is called also "The Land of the Living Heart," and many beautiful names besides. And Findrias and Falias and Gorias and Murias were the four mysterious cities

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Of this or that thing, or grew cold
Because their bodies had grown old;
Being forbid to marry on earth
They blossomed to immortal mirth.

About the time when Christ was born,
When the long wars for the White Horn
And the Brown Bull had not yet come,
Young Baile Honey Mouth, whom some
Called rather Baile Little Land,
Rode out of Emain, with a band
Of harpers and young men, and they
Imagined, as they struck the way
To many pastured Muirthemne,
That all things fell out happily
And there—for all that fools had said—
Baile and Aillinn would be wed.

They found an old man running there,
He had ragged, long grass-yellow hair;

whence the Tuatha De Danaan, the divine race, came to Ireland, cities of learning out of sight of the world, where they found their four talismans, the spear, the stone, the cauldron, and the sword. The birds that flutter over the head of Aengus are four birds that he made out of his kisses; and when Baile and Aillinn take the shape of swans linked with a golden chain, they take the shape that other enchanted lovers took before them in the old stories. Midhir was a king of the Sidhe, or people of faery, and Etain his wife, when driven away by a jealous woman, took refuge once upon a time with Aengus in a house of glass, and there I have imagined her weaving harp-strings out of Aengus' hair. I have brought the harp-strings into "The Shadowy Waters," where I interpret the myth in my own way.—W. B. Y.

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He had knees that stuck out out of his hose;
He had puddle water in his shoes;
He had half a cloak to keep him dry;
Although he had a squirrel's eye.

O wandering birds and rushy beds
You put such folly in our heads
With all this crying in the wind
No common love is to our mind,
And our poor Kate or Nan is less
Than any whose unhappiness
Awoke the harp strings long ago.
Yet they that know all things but know
That all life has to give us is
A child's laughter, a woman's kiss.
Who was it put so great a scorn
In the grey reeds that night and morn
Are trodden and broken by the herds,
And in the light bodies of birds
That north wind tumbles to and fro
And pinches among hail and snow?

That runner said, "I am from the south;
I run to Baile Honey Mouth
To tell him how the girl Aillinn
Rode from the country of her kin
And old and young men rode with her:
For all that country had been astir

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If anybody half as fair
Had chosen a husband anywhere
But where it could see her every day.
When they had ridden a little way
An old man caught the horse's head
With 'You must home again and wed
With somebody in your own land.'
A young man cried and kissed her hand
'O lady, wed with one of us,'
And when no face grew piteous
For any gentle thing she spake
She fell and died of the heart-break."

Because a lover's heart's worn out
Being tumbled and blown about
By its own blind imagining,
And will believe that anything
That is bad enough to be true, is true,
Baile's heart was broken in two;
And he being laid upon green boughs
Was carried to the goodly house
Where the Hound of Ulad sat before
The brazen pillars of his door.
His face bowed low to weep the end
Of the harper's daughter and her friend;
For although years had passed away
He always wept them on that day,
For on that day they had been betrayed;
And now that Honey Mouth is laid

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Under a cairn of sleepy stone
Before his eyes, he has tears for none,
Although he is carrying stone, but two
For whom the cairn's but heaped anew.

We hold because our memory is
So full of that thing and of this
That out of sight is out of mind.
But the grey rush under the wind
And the grey bird with crooked bill
Have such long memories that they still
Remember Deirdre and her man,
And when we walk with Kate or Nan
About the windy water side
Our heart can hear the voices chide.
How could we be so soon content
Who know the way that Naoise went?
And they have news of Deirdre's eyes
Who being lovely was so wise—
Ah wise, my heart knows well how wise.

Now had that old gaunt crafty one,
Gathering his cloak about him, run
Where Aillinn rode with waiting maids
Who amid leafy lights and shades
Dreamed of the hands that would unlace
Their bodices in some dim place
When they had come to the marriage bed;
And harpers pondering with bowed head

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A music that had thought enough
Of the ebb of all things to make love
Grow gentle without sorrowings;
And leather-coated men with slings
Who peered about on every side;
And amid leafy light he cried,
"He is well out of wind and wave,
They have heaped the stones above his grave
In Muirthemne and over it
In changeless Ogham letters writ
Baile that was of Rury's seed.
But the gods long ago decreed
No waiting maid should ever spread
Baile and Aillinn's marriage bed,
For they should clip and clip again
Where wild bees hive on the Great Plain.
Therefore it is but little news
That put this hurry in my shoes."

And hurrying to the south he came
To that high hill the herdsmen name
The Hill Seat of Leighin, because
Some god or king had made the laws
That held the land together there
In old times among the clouds of the air.

That old man climbed; the day grew dim;
Two swans came flying up to him

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Linked by a gold chain each to each
And with low murmuring laughing speech
Alighted on the windy grass.
They knew him: his changed body was
Tall, proud and ruddy, and light wings
Were hovering over the harp strings
That Etain, Midhir's wife, had wove
In the hid place, being crazed by love.

What shall I call them? fish that swim
Scale rubbling scale where light is dim
By a broad water-lily leaf;
Or mice in the one wheaten sheaf
Forgotten at the threshing place;
Or birds lost in one clear space
Of morning light in a dim sky;
Or, it may be, the eyelids of one eye
Or the door pillars of one house,
Or two sweet blossoming apple boughs
That have one shadow on the ground;
Or the two strings that made one sound
Where that wise harper's fingers ran;
For this young girl and this young man
Have happiness without an end
Because they have made so good a friend.
They know all wonders, for they pass
The towery gates of Gorias
And Findrias and Falias
And long-forgotten Murias,

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Among the giant kings whose hoard—
Cauldron and spear and stone and sword—
Was robbed before Earth gave the wheat;
Wandering from broken street to street
They come where some huge watcher is
And tremble with their love and kiss.

They know undying things, for they
Wander where earth withers away,
Though nothing troubles the great streams
But light from the pale stars and gleams
From the holy orchards, where there is none
But fruit that is of precious stone,
Or apples of the sun and moon.

What were our praise to them: they eat
Quiet's wild heart, like daily meat,
Who when night thickens are afloat
On dappled skins in a glass boat
Far out under a windless sky,
While over them birds of Aengus fly,
And over the tiller and the prow,
And waving white wings to and fro
Awaken wanderings of light air
To stir their coverlet and their hair.

And poets found, old writers say,
A yew tree where his body lay,

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But a wild apple hid the grass
With its sweet blossom where hers was;
And being in good heart, because
A better time had come again
After the deaths of many men,
And that long fighting at the ford,
They wrote on tablets of thin board,
Made of the apple and the yew,
All the love stories that they knew.

Let rush and bird cry out their fill
Of the harper's daughter if they will,
Beloved, I am not afraid of her
She is not wiser nor lovelier,
And you are more high of heart than she
For all her wanderings over-sea;
But I would have bird and rush forget
Those other two, for never yet
Has lover lived but longed to wive
Like them that are no more alive.

W. B. Yeats.

by Google

DANNY

XXX

ON WINDY-HOPE

TWELVE miles away across steep scaurs and sudden cleughs, and many a little sodden moss, rises Windy-hope, a bulwark between the moors and insetting sea.

Half-way up the hill-side stands the stump of an old fir, solitary, moody, desolate, like the deserted throne of some king who has fallen, and in his ruin been deserted of his Court. All about on the hill-side stands this same Court in routed disarray: here a group of age-bowed birches, shaking grey heads; there a stripling rowan malapert, apart; a flight of wind-driven oaks with lifted skirts tailing down the hill-side; and far away beneath, Burnwater serene and pale.

This is that they call the Forest, clothing the hill-side in shreds and patches; and here beside the fir-tree throne two stood and talked.

One was a burly man and brown with a face like the autumn sun, and an Englishman's hogged beard; the other a lank youth with flaming head, pale eyes, and the air of one who is afraid.

Whispering, this one told a tale, his fingers ever at his mouth, his eyes everywhere; while the other huge, frank, open-eyed as heaven, hearkened.

Simon at last made end, and stood looking at the other.

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"What think ye?" he said at last.

The Englishman thought a little, spat a little, and replied briefly.

"It's a dom lie—that's what A think."

"Ye said the same about the otter, Mr. Joliff," replied the lank youth eagerly. "Was I wrong that time?"

The Englishman spat gloomily.

"I put ye on to him fair enough," continued Simon, "and however you came to miss him——"

The Englishman turned on him.

"Shut gab o' thee!" he roared.

Simon retreated out of fist-reach. He had touched on a sore, and he knew it.

A fortnight before Simon had fallen alive into the hands of this same loud Englishman, and had only saved himself by swearing to deliver to Joliff in his place the Arch-Spoiler himself; telling a tale of a certain otter lady who had her hold in the wee lochan on the top of the hill with whom, so Simon affirmed, he of the coat of tarnished silver and lover's eyes had a friendly feud to death.

Joliff, loud-tongued, tempestuous, had mocked.

"Yon lil terrier mix it oop wi' her like!" he had jeered. Yet, Simon persisting, he had lain out at night beside the silver-splashing shallows where the waters of the lochan dimple before falling in laden tresses down the hill-side; and there night after night had beheld the lady otter crossing the sand bar on her going forth to the chase; and there six nights in mist and misery of soft weather had awaited his enemy, the Reiver with the lover's eyes.

As the seventh dawn broke the Englishman rose and went home. In his clothes, as he was, he threw himself down upon his bed and slept; and at high noon was waked from a dream of fit vengeance executed on Simon by a sudden voice, deep, familiar, challenging, swinging over the Forest from afar.

Joliff had snatched his gun, and hurried down the hill towards the sound; had met by happy chance the fool-man,

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his Master, out at exercise with old Maida, and the terrier-pack; had put them on to drive the Reiver, while he, himself, running furiously, had come to that spot whither of old he knew his enemy, when hard pressed, would come, on his way to taking the water and passing over to his island refuge Sillerholm.

He had not to wait long. On the hill-side above him he heard the boom of Maida, as she hit the line, the scream of the terrier-pack in full chase, and his master's ecstatic cheer, and then had come to him not him he awaited, a calm-eyed cavalier in grey, but a lady flying, with scared eyes—his mistress.

What then had happened Simon never rightly knew. He had asked Joliff, and been answered first with violent words and then with a violent blow that had knocked the words clean out of his already riddled mind. This much, however, he did know; that it was here in the clearing, where they now stood, that Maida had lost the scent as completely as though the fugitive had been rapt up to heaven.

. . . . .

"And it was here yo' seyn him?" asked the Englishman, moodily.

"It was so," said Simon, nibbling, nodding.

"What night?" asked the Englishman suddenly.

"Tuesday night," said Simon glibly, "Thursday night again, Sunday——"

The Englishman rounded on him, thundering, and would know by this and that how Simon came in *his* forest then on these or any other nights.

Simon tittered, nibbled his nails, looked at the Englishman's feet, and——

"What's yon?" he asked, pointing suddenly.

"Wheer?"

"Just there," said Simon, pointing beside the fir-tree throne —"whitey."

The Englishman bent, picked up a gossamer-rag, soiled but lady-dainty, and folded it with careful fingers.

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"Her handkercher," he said shortly.

"Whose?"

"Missus's."

"Missie's?" cried Simon fearfully.

"Ay," said the Englishman, "the Missus'. She's all for this figurin' and picturin' and that'n. Gie 'er some bits o' paint, and a splash-brush, and a glass o' watter to slop with, and she's happy as a bairn. There!" he added apologetically, "she's nobbut a lass-like, though," he added, "a lady born."

"Would she be at it here?" asked Simon, pointing to the fir-tree throne.

"Betimes," said the Englishman surlily. "She was figurin' here the time——"

"Will yon be her?" whispered Simon, suddenly.

The Englishman turned and looked up the hill.

On the brow of Windy-hope a girl stood against the sunset, slender, tall, the dying splendour on her hair.

"Ay," he answered shortly..

Simon looked long.

"Hoo!" he said, sucking in his cheeks, "hoo!"

The Englishman looked at him, then came in upon him, savage, huge.

"None o' that'n!" he shouted.

"What?" cried Simon, cowering away.

"Puttin' thy spells and foreign devilments on t' Missus."

"I'm none for spellin' her," whimpered Simon. "See here, Mr. Joliff," and taking his courage in his hand, approached. "Just lend yon here a bit."

"Her handkercher?" cried the Englishman.

"Ay," said Simon, nibbling, nodding.

"That yo' may snuffle on it!" stormed the other, and came on again. "Ma guy! A'll learn thee! A'll bang thee!"

"Na," said Simon, retreating, "na. I'm none for snufflin' on it. I have my sleeve."

The Englishman halted.

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"What's 'ta' want with it then?" he asked, glowering.

"See," said Simon. "So," said Simon; and showed him.

XXXI

THE CRY TO THE WELL-BELOVED

THAT night Simon watched on the brow of Windy-hope.

Beneath him lay the dark hill-side, and at his feet, hemmed about with hills, Burnwater like a lady sleeping in the moon, pale, serene, and for ever unafraid because of those still sentinels that God has set about her to keep her while she slept; and like a swarthy jewel set in her bosom dark Siller-holm.

Long he watched; and the moon lay like a silver tide upon the Forest, hoary-headed in the night, on many a patch of wine-dark heather, tawny bracken-bed, and sombre juniper. At midnight, when the moon was at its height, and all in earth and in heaven save Simon slept, out from the dark island across the moon-wan waters of the lake thrust an arrow with dark tip, making towards the shore with silent, slow inexorable flight, as it might be the Arrow-head of Death.

Simon arose and ran furiously down the hill. At the edge of that clearing, where in the afternoon he had talked with the Englishman, he flung himself down behind a juniper to wait.

The clearing was before him naked in the moon, and in its centre, solitary, moody, forlorn, the fir-tree throne.

About him lay the Forest, wrapped in magic sleep; beneath him, seen through ranks of silent stems, the shining bosom of the lake.

As he lay panting and with pale eyes, he heard the sound of far splashing. Lifting his head, snake-like, he peered. About the fringes of the lake he beheld a stir and flashing as of a school of stars dipping at play; then on the margin of the land, as it were a sudden shower of diamonds flung with lavish hand; followed stillness, save for the tiny rippling wash of stirred waters.

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The snake of the pale eyes cowered beneath the juniper to wait; nor waited long.

Out of the darkness of the Forest into the glamour of the moon there came a lover, rapt in search.

Pausing never, he came across the open glade, treading softly, straight for the fir-tree throne; and the moon was on his eyes, which shone like anxious stars.

So he came to the throne and mounted it, and there with muzzle lifted to the moon, cried out his heart; and his voice was now not that of the challenger swinging as of old over the Forest, crying to a long-loved enemy to come forth and comfort him, but that of the love-lorn knight, pleading to his lady dead to come to him from heaven, to come to him and tell him all there was well.

The water dripping from him, flashed like falling diamonds in the night; and in the anguish of his crying his fore-feet ever lifted as though he strained upwards to throw his voice into the uttermost recesses of the dark.

Long he cried; and at last was still, waiting for the Well-Beloved to reply.

The white owls floated overhead on dream-wings; a far deer bellowed; the wan moon never moved; the Well-Beloved would not hear.

At last he seemed to understand, crept to the edge of the throne, crouched to leap down, and stood at sudden gaze.

Beneath him on the turf, fallen from the stars, a white rose lay. The night wind stirred it; and with it stirred faint echoes of forgotten minstrelsy. He rose and stood with wide nostrils and blind eyes, breathing in deep draughts of the night air, fragrant with familiar memories. Stirred to his soul, he looked again and looked.

He had loved; he had lost; he had sought; and now at last had come to him not she, indeed, his lady dead, but a message from the dark—a Rose of Love, plucked in the Garden of the Stars, tossed to him across the night and yet smelling sweet of the dear fingers that had gathered it.

Google

Crumpled, fragrant, fair, it lay there at his feet, pleading to him to pick it; and to pick it he had but to leap into the long blind alley that leads no whither but to Death.

So much he saw: his Rose, the blind alley leading to it, inviting him to enter with wide mouth, and hedged on either side with gossamer meshes woven from Delilah's hair, impenetrable.

But what cared he? Now he had found his Rose after long search should he refrain from plucking it for fear of the fugitive thorn-prick of Death?

Not blind, nor for a moment wavering, he made his choice; and leaped.

. . . . . .

At that one arose on the edge of the dark, lank, blinking, red-eyed, and came out into the shining of the moon.

He bowed; he laughed; he staggered to and fro, shaking his head as though to shake off some huge clinging joke; and there in the still cold majesty of night under the moon, he danced a drunken reel, flinging his heels and screaming riotously—

> "There's one wee devil who is whinin' to get out,
> Rowtin', shoutin'!
> Cries the old daddy Devil gaily stirrin' him about,
> You *are* out, dearie devil, on an outin'!"

Danny paid no heed; nor struggled. He sat there, the meshes of the purse net about him, nor moved for any mockery of man; for in his mouth was his lady's handkerchief, and in his eyes was peace.

Simon approached.

XXXII

SIMON AND THE ENGLISHMAN

Simon stood at the door of the Englishman's lodge in the dawn.

"Danny will trouble you never more, Mr. Joliff," he smirked.

"Hast' caught him then?" asked the other.

Google

"I have so," said Simon, "and more," and leered.

The Englishman hearkened, grim-mouthed.

"Let's see the body, ma lad," said he. "Seein's believin'. Wheer the body? A'm none o' yer milky-mouth'd 'uns."

"Back in the clearing," said Simon, nibbling.

"The carkiss?"

"Ay," said Simon. "Gie me my penny-fee, and I will be away."

"Plenty time enough to talk o' that, ma lad," said the Englishman. "A bid yo' snare him; A never bid yo' kill him. Think A'd trust the killin' of a Christian beast to your heathen hands?" cried he in scorn. "Likely!" and strode down the hill, Simon, lurcher-like, at his heels.

So they came to the clearing on Windy-hope.

There beside the fir-tree throne one sat, enmeshed; and in his mouth a handkerchief.

The Englishman turned.

"Yon thy carkiss?" he asked, grimly.

"There's the body," said Simon, "and the breath in it, and a'," and tittered.

Burly, sun-bearded, grim, the Englishman strode across the clearing, released his prisoner and held him at arm's length.

Danny hung quite still; in his eyes were dreams, and in his mouth a handkerchief.

"It's a rum 'un," said the Englishman; "it's a rum 'un," and holding his prisoner at arm's length eyed him.

Here was the villain of half the tragedies of Joliff's later life, who had haunted him these several seasons like a guilty conscience. A thousand of his ancient darings crossed the Englishman's slow mind—how the Reiver would cross a ride under his very nose, frankly unafraid; how he would back out of a badger's earth on the hill-side just out of shot, and hearken with demure mirth to the bellowed blasphemies of the outwitted Englishman.

Now that at last he had his enemy in his hand he could not but admire. Long he had known him bold in peril, daring in

Google

plot, flaming in battle; and now in adversity found him strong to endure, and loved him for it, as a brave man loves a gallant enemy; yet there came no thought of pity into his heart.

"A've gotten thee at last, ma lad," said he, and shook him, not unkindly, "yo've had your run, and a rare run too; and now yo' mun pay."

He slanted across Windy-hope.

"Where away?" asked Simon at his heels.

"If yo' follow," said the Englishman, "happen yo'll see," and strode on for the stream that trips and slips and leaps from the wee lochan on the hill-top to the lake below.

Half-way down the hill-side it runs through a birch-ambushed ravine; and here falls in a straight white plume through a throat of rock into a pool—deep, delicious, green-eyed, set in rocks, and screened by birches hanging over it to hide the fairy ladies bathing there from the lewd eyes of the sun.

Here in that lonely hollow, remote from man, silent save for the babble of the stream and cry of a white-breasted water-ouzel beneath, on the rock above the pool, the Englishman stayed.

"What!" cried Simon. "Will ye drown him?"

"Less'n yo' will," said the Englishman, bent over his prisoner and busied himself.

Simon watched, aghast.

Only Danny, sitting on the rock, in his eyes dreams and in his mouth a handkerchief, seemed unmoved.

The Englishman rose.

In his left hand was a stone, in his right hung Danny; and a rope attached the two.

Simon drew near, wide-eyed.

The Englishman strode to the edge of the rock.

Beneath him lay the pool, cat-like, crouching, with green eyes, awaiting its prey.

"Noo, ma lad!" said the Englishman. "Say thy prayers!" and began to swing him.

Google

"Hi!" protested an urgent voice. "Bide a bit."

The Englishman turned.

Simon was standing behind him, the picture of protest.

"Are you for drowning him, Mr. Joliff?" he protested.

"What's that to you?" scowled the Englishman.

Simon shifted, nibbled.

"Ye swore to crucify him," he said, and sniggered.

The Englishman breathed deep.

"Drowning's none good enough, eh?" he asked.

Simon, with sideways head like a coy child, tittered.

"A-well," he said, "may be crucifyin's the more laffable."

"Happen so," mused the Englishman, measuring the distance between Simon and himself.

"And it lasts longer," continued Simon, gathering courage.

"Happen it does," said the Englishman! "Here!" and held out the prisoner.

Simon slipped a yard back.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Kill him," said the Englishman. "And I'll crucify him."

"Kill him!" shrilled Simon, "and where will be the sport in crucifyin' the dead? Na," he cried, "there is little laffableness in that at all that I can see."

The Englishman regarded him.

"Art 'fear'd?" he scoffed.

Simon giggled.

"Minnie bid me not handle him," said he.

"Yo' dursena!" scoffed the Englishman. "A proper mak' o' man surely!" and turned in scorn.

"See here, Mr. Joliff!" urged Simon at his back.

"If you will crucify him as you swore, I will kill him," said Simon, "after just a bit," coaxingly.

The Englishman turned slow-eyed.

"Is that a bargain?" he asked.

Simon nodded.

"Strike hands on that!" said the Englishman, and came to him with huge frank hand stretched forth.

Google

Simon clutched it eagerly.

"Ay," he said, gathering courage, "I will do that for you, Mr. Joliff, and just for love and a'."

"And A'll do that for thee!" said the still Englishman, jerked him into half-arm reach, and smote him like thunder—"Just for love and a'!"

He dropped Danny and fell upon the other like a tempest, smiting hugely.

"Call yo' sen an Englishman!" he bellowed. "Ma guy! ma gosh! A'll learn thee!" (blow) "yo' bloody-minded" (blow) "double-dutch" (blow) "Frenchified" (blow) "Roosian Prooshian" (blow) "made in Gummanee," and felled him.

"Stan' oop!" roared the Englishman. "Stan' oop! A ain't reetly begun on thee yet! Stan' oop, I say!"

"What for?" whined Simon, wriggling.

"That A may fell thee!" roared the Englishman.

"I'd liefer lay," whimpered Simon, "if it's the same to you."

"Get oop!" stormed the other. "Get oop! ma guy! or A'll tread thee," and he began to.

Simon wriggled, rose, and shifty as lightning, slipped out of fist reach.

Then he turned, babbling, blubbering.

"Ye shall hang for this, ye bloody Englisher!" he screamed. "Ye've murdered me past mendin'! Ye've banged me sore! You are not his Honour that you can murder folks when you've the mind!—ye bloody foreign Englisher!"

"Hod awa' wi' thee!" stormed the Englishman, coming on. "Ma guy! ma gosh! If A lay hand to thee, it'll like to be t' end o' thee, yo' miserable, mangy, all mak' o' mongrel!"

"Pay me my penny fee!" screamed Simon, dancing out of reach, "and I will away and tell his Honour I am murdered quite, and he will hang you."

The Englishman thrust his hand into a huge pocket, pulled out a penny, spat on it, and slammed it at Simon's face.

"Tak' it!" he roared. "It's the price o' blood. And may it bring thee the luck o' Judas!"

Google

XXXIII

MA LAD

It was evening. In the dim hall of the shooting-lodge of Altyre two met under the stairs; and the two were conspirators. The loud whispering from the one and the louder "hush-hush!" from the other, the obvious stealth and fearfulness of both were sure signs and not to be mistaken.

One of the plotters, pale-haired, with wisp of pale moustache and nervous wandering eyes, was hearkening; the other, surly, burly, sun-bearded, was speaking in huge hushed voice, twisting his cap between his hands.

"And so," he was saying, "the stone being fast A swung him; and he nowther grat nor grunt nor let on 'twas his last swing and all, though well he knew it; and just as A was for castin', t' young otter from the tarn a top showed head oot o' t' dub[1] anunder us. T' lil chap in my arms seyn him. And, ma guy!" said the Englishman, "ma guy!" and wiped a huge hand across his mouth, "ma guy!" and was dumb.

"Go on," whispered the other nervously. "Go on! what! what!" and glanced behind him.

"He cock'd hissen all of a start!" went on the other, louder ever as he told. "He seemed changed all of a suddint! He cried and cried! He wrastled fit to throw you, and him, lusty as a bull! Yo'd never believe."

"Hush, man! for heaven's sake, hush!" cried the other fearfully.

"So one road and anudder," continued the Englishman, "him wrigglin' and wragglin', and young otter in t' dub, and me havin' heerd tell as how t' lil chap 'd tackle an otter, and me not belivin' it——"

"You slipped him?" snapped the other.

"He slipped hissen," said the Englishman shortly.

"Ha! thought so," sneered the other. "And having

[1] Dub, pool.

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slipped him like a fool, instead of going for the otter, he up and legged it for his life, what!"

"He didna," said the other loudly. "He was in t' watter, and heft on to the otter 'fore ever she could dive. And then" —his hand was to his mouth again—"ma guy!"—he breathed deep—"ma' guy!"

"What!" said the other, nervous, irritable, his eyes over his shoulder, "what! Go on! what happened? what?"

"They fowt," said the slow Englishman, and paused.

"Go on, man! go on! go on!"

"They fowt," said the slow Englishman, "they fowt—and fowt—and they"—he paused and looked round him—"fowt." His tongue came back to him, and his eyes began to glow. "They fowt it oop, and they fowt it down. Such a wranglin' and wrestlin', such a lashin' and splashin', such a snarlie-tarlie-tangle—A niver see! First on land, then in t' watter, then under it! She was all for drowning him," said the Englishman with upraised fist, "but ma lad——"

"The dog, d'ye mean?"

"In t' watter or under, it was nowt to him. He was theer, and theer he meant staying, did ma lad. And she couldna get shut of him! She couldna get shut of him! She couldna get shut of him, try all roads." He paused to breathe.

"At last they coom along under bank, and A lay flat and tailed ma lad. Theer he hung from ma hand by the tail—so!" said the Englishman, and held out an arm shoulder-high, "and she hung from his mouth—all in a string like. And the weight of them at arm's length! Yo'd never believe!" He went off into roars of tempestuous laughter, and was still again, as he caught his master's eye, and went on in hushed voice. "So A cop'd t'otter a bat with ma stick; and that kept her quiet, but ma lad niver let quit his holt, till A grupp'd him by the throat, and nigh throttled him. Then the otter dropp'd. A thowt she'd be dead, but theer's no killin' one o' them! and she was oop and off and into t' dub fore A could settle her."

Google

"And what about the dog?" asked his master.

"He's right enough," said the Englishman surlily.

"What!" cried the other shrilly, "you ain't put him away? What!"

The big man drew his hand across his mouth, sheepish, surly, and was dumb.

His master approached him.

"Ass," he whispered, "ass! understand—ASS—A-S-S!"

The big man said nothing, cowed as a badgered bull.

"Ain't you told me, once you got your paws on him, you'd skin him alive, and no tales told?" continued his master. "And when you do get him, first thing you do is to go on like a bally gal, and next is to come flappin' around to let all the world know all about it."

"Reckon'd happen yo'd like to see him," said Joliff, surly, sheepish. "He's a proper little chap and all."

"I'd like to see his carcase," snapped his master.

"Then it's your orders, sir, I shoots him?"

"You have your orders," said the other shortly.

"To shoot him, sir?" asked the big man doggedly.

"To do your duty," said the master, and turned on his heel.

"Beg pardon, sir!"

The other snapped round.

Joliff was following him, surly, burly, dogged.

"Is it my duty to shoot him, sir?"

His master came back to him.

"Look here you!" he said earnestly. "Either you know your duty or you don't. If you don't, then you ain't the man for me. If you do, then *do it*, and be damned."

He turned again.

"Excuse me, sir," said Joliff at his heels, dogged, respectful, "am I to shoot him, or——"

"Shoot who?" asked a still voice.

Google

XXXIV

PATIENT LADY

The fool-man started round.

In the door of the billiard-room behind him stood one, tall and slim and maidenly.

"Shoot who?" asked this one, looking with large eyes.

"What!" stuttered the fool-man, "what! Joliff'll tell you what!"

"Joliff has gone," said the lady.

"Has he?" said the other—"what? Well, I must be going too," and was withdrawing hastily.

"One minute, Tony," said the lady.

"What?" said Tony testily. "What—what?"

"Don't quack so," reproved the lady. "Just answer nicely. Shoot who?"

"What!" said the other nervously, "shoot—what? Only shoot some rubbish."

"What's Joliff got to do with rubbish?" asked the lady.

"What!" said Tony, "who said he had—what?"

"You did," said the lady.

"Me!" said Tony. "Never!"

"Don't equivocate, Tony," said the lady gravely. "It was Joliff you were talking to. He slank through the swing door when I came."

"Was that Joliff?" said Tony—"what?"

"You know it was," said the lady.

"Well, what about him if it was?" said Tony—"what?"

"What were you talking to him about?" asked the lady.

"What!" said Tony. "Can't tell you; can't reelly!"

"Why not?"

"I've forgotten," said Tony weakly; "my memory's so blame rocky."

She looked at him with large eyes. "Tony," she said, gravely, "don't lie."

Google

"I ain't," said Tony, sullen as a school-boy. "You shouldn't say a feller's lyin' when he ain't. Reelly you shouldn't."

"I don't," said the lady; and went on patiently, "Shoot who?"

"It's no business of yours anyway," snapped Tony. "The shootin's my job—the shootin' and the lush. You see to the maids and the milk and your back hair—that's plenty enough for one little gal," and he ran off up the stairs.

The lady followed across the hall. "You may as well tell me now, Tony," she persisted patiently.

"Why?" halting on a stair.

"Because you know you'll have to in the end."

"O shall I?" snorted the other, hopping up the stairs one at a time.

"Yes," said patient lady at the stair-foot.

"Why?" turning.

"Because I'll make you," said patient lady.

"Make me?" scoffed the other. "I like that! How?"

"Same as usual," said patient lady.

"Ha! she'll nag!" said the other bitterly. "Good old nagster! I know you women. She'll nag."

"I shall be very kind," said patient lady, "and very firm. I know you men."

She stood at the stair-foot, patient, remorseless.

"Shoot who?" she asked.

"What d'you want to know for?" snapped the other.

"Because you won't tell."

"O rats!" said Tony.

"And because you and Joliff looked so sheepy and conspiratory when I caught you. Now, tell me, Tony."

"Won't," said Tony.

"Yes, Tony," said patient lady. "Tony must. Tony be good; there's a Tony."

She stood at the stair-foot, large-eyed, reproving, very fair to see. He hovered, hesitated, he then came slipping down the stairs.

Google

"Don't be a silly little juggins," he said, and put his arm about her. "There's lots o' things little gals like you are best not knowin'! Come! let's do a caper! I'll sing.

"The goat's got in the brandy, O!
The devil's got the dandy, O!
So prance with me
To France with me——"

She put his arm away, took his two wrists in her hands, and looked him gravely in the eyes.

"Shoot who?" she asked.

"O confound!" snapped Tony furiously; and gave in. "It's only some beast of a poaching cur," he said.

"To be shot?" cried the lady.

"What! shot!" stuttered Tony. "What! well! yes, sort o' shot. You see it's sort o' tit for tat. His master sort o' shot a man once, see?"

"No," said the lady, sharp as a shot, "I don't see."

"What," stuttered Tony. "Well you see I thought if I shot his dog back for him, it'd sort o' square up for his shootin this Johnny, see, what?"

"Shot a man?" cried the lady. "Not Mr. Hepburn?" and looked at him with growing eyes. "You—you don't mean—you *can't*—O *Tony—not* Danny?"

"What," stuttered Tony. "Well, ye see, only a precaution——"

"What is?"

"The shootin'."

"Precaution. What against?"

"Against his comin' again," said Tony, and giggled frightened.

She dropped his wrists.

"And you promised!" she cried.

"What! O, I say! My dear little gal——"

"Liar!" panted the lady.

"Don't get in such a tear, what——"

Google

"Is it done, Liar? *Quick!*"

"No," said Tony, beaten and abashed, "it's—well, it's bein' done."

"Where?" cried the lady. "Quick, Liar, quick!"

"Don't know."

"Who does, Liar?"

"Joliff, I suppose."

"And you let him!" she cried, and stabbed him with her eyes. "Wretch!" swept up her skirts and fled.

XXXV

THE KNIGHT AND THE ENGLISHMAN

At the foot of an old black fir on Windy-hope above Burnwater sat a doomed knight; in his eyes were dreams, and in his mouth a handkerchief.

At his feet was a new-dug grave; and round his neck a halter tied to the stem of the fir, ruddy-glowing in the evening.

Across the grave stood Joliff, handling a gun.

The knight sat sedately beside his grave; and was politely bored.

The sun had westered behind dark Windy-hope; and was no more seen. Still he sat, the dreams asleep in his eyes, gazing steadfastly to where, on the brow of a hill, a gap in the Forest made a gate of gold with pillars of dark pine.

Joliff clapped the gun to his shoulder.

Tranquil as the evening sat the little knight, a still small majesty of grey, and ever gazed towards that gate of gold with pillars of dark as though through those fair portals, out of that western wonderland of stars and pale illimitable lakes of gold, should come to him his Well-Beloved from searching of lost suns.

Joliff dropped his barrel. Then he blew his nose rudely, expectorated, swore; withdrew the cartridge, peered down the barrel, blew down it, expectorated, swore; pulled forth another

Google

cartridge, polished the brass end, weighed it, expectorated, swore; and shoved it home.

Then he took another sight.

The doomed knight looked up the muzzle of the gun with eyes of grave interest.

Joliff dropped his barrel; drew his fist across his mouth to wipe away an oath; bent his hands on his great thighs, and said in the other's ear and confidentially:

"Dom thy eyes, lad!"

Danny wagged, and his air was that of the fine lady who smiles to show how bored she is.

Joliff snatched up his gun.

"Dooty's dooty!" he said, "and to be done;" and kneeled, with blind eyes. "Art theer, lad?" he hoarsed, and pressed the muzzle of his gun against the other's heart.

For answer, Danny yawned.

Joliff heard, groaned, and looked.

Danny was licking the gun-barrel.

Joliff clenched his eyelids. "Steady, old lad!" he hoarsed as Danny began to stir. "It's none o' my doin', mind!" His finger on the trigger, "'Twon't be long," and fired.

There was a little startled yelp and not of pain.

"I'd as lief ha' killed a lad," gulped the great man, and opened his eyes to find before him no grey-and-bloody-dabbled corpse, but at his side, at full stretch of the halter, one who had waited long and beheld at last her he had sought.

Joliff, still on his knees, swung about to see.

Over the brow of the hill, through the gate of gold between pillars of dark pine, there came one on white wings; and the gossamers swung across her path to stay her as she sped.

Out of the pure heart of the West she came, the Well-Beloved from searching of lost suns, like Gabriel with eyes for flaming sword, and as she came she cried:

"*You beast!*"

Google

XXXVI

LILY AND OAK

JOLIFF rose from his knees and dusted them.

She stood at his side like a lily in flames.

"*You dared?*" she panted.

Joliff touched his cap, stolid, respectful oak of the Forest.

"Orders, 'M," he said, surly and not at all ashamed.

"*Whose orders?*" passionately.

"And orders bein' orders, 'M," said the oak, who was nothing if not loyal——

"Did the Master order this *murder?*" cried the lily in flames. "*Did* he? *did* he?"

"And that bein' so," continued the oak.

"*No, Joliff! It's no good!* You shall tell me. You *shall!*"

"No, I won't!"

"You shall."

"I mun carry em out," continued the oak, unmoved; and loaded his gun. "Will yo' please to step aside, 'M?" he said, inexorable.

She did not understand, pale still with passion.

"*You-actually-were-going* to——"

"I were, 'M," said the oak, "and I are, 'M," said the oak. "Will yo' please to step aside, 'M?" and began to circle round her.

Then she understood and was dumb.

"If yo' please, 'M," said the oak, circling round.

She stood before him pale as a sword.

"By your leave, 'M." He thrust out an arm like an iron bar to sweep her aside.

Like a lily she bowed to the sweep of his arm, bent beneath it, and sprung erect again.

Then she faced him, snow-cold and still; and Danny in her arms.

"And now!" she said.

Google

XXXVII

LADY AND THE ENGLISHMAN

JOLIFF unloaded gloomily.

"One road or 'tudder," said he, "reck'n A'll lose my place over this 'ere job."

"It will be my fault," panted the lady, Danny in her arms, "if you don't."

"That's wheer it is," said Joliff, gloomy as a thunder-cloud. "It's a rum 'un when Master bids, and Missus forbids."

"Did the Master bid you?" cried the Mistress, flashing on him. "That's what I want to get at. Did he? Did he? Yes or no—did he? No! Yes *or* no—did he?"

"Orders is orders, 'M," said Joliff, and touched his hat.

"Then what of my orders?" passionately.

"Excuse me 'M, but Master's orders for men, 'M," said Joliff, touching his hat. "Missus' orders for maids."

She faced him, flaming.

"Then the Master *did* order it?"

"A niver said he did," said Joliff, surly as loyal.

"Then how *dared* you?" cried the lady. "How you *dared!*"

"It's nowt to do with me, 'M," said Joliff, doggedly; and touched his hat.

"But you've just said you had no orders!"

"Nor I had, 'M," said Joliff, hopelessly, "like."

"Then how *dared* you?" she cried; "how *dared* you? And when I'd forbidden you positively. How—how—*dared* you?"

Joliff looked up and down and on every side.

"Dooty's dooty," he said, sullen, cowed, "and to be done."

"And is it one of your duties to do what you're not told to do by the Master, and forbidden to do by the Mistress? Is it? Answer me, Joliff. Yes or no—Answer me."

"Seems not," grunted Joliff, quite cowed.

Google

The lady regarded him, surly loyal oak of the Forest. She recalled that dark conspiracy of two under the stairs; and divined something of the truth.

"I'm exceedingly angry with you, Joliff," she said, beginning to relent, "*exceedingly*—d'you see?"

"You're welcome, 'M," said the mighty man, resignedly, and hugely sighed.

"And now you can go," said the lady, cold as a March sun. "And I shall never think quite the same of you again, Joliff," and turned her back on him, "never again."

Joliff touched his hat, nor moved to go.

She stood with her back to him and waited.

"Beg pardon, 'M."

She turned. He had not moved, but stood surly, sheepish, the gun in the hollow of his arm.

"Well!" coldly.

Joliff fidgeted.

"Masters a despart particular gentleman," said he at length, playing with the lock of his gun. "And A'm well suited; and if so be I give satisfaction——"

"You don't," said the lady remorselessly.

"To Master, 'M," said Joliff. "Excuse me, 'M," and touching his hat.

"O him!" snorted the lady.

"And seeing as 'ow he give satisfaction to me, 'M, so to say," continued the keeper, "and my missus but poorly, as yo' know, 'M, and four children," said he, "not to say five——"

"I don't want to hear about that now, Joliff," quickly.

"Or six," continued Joliff, "as yo' might say, if so be it was twins," said Joliff gloomily, "which it most is," he said, "with my missus, them takin' after their mother, which was one herself."

The lady began to giggle.

"And that bein' so," continued Joliff, "if it's all the same to you, 'M, excuse me, 'M, A'd liefer not lose my place, 'M. And that's wheer it is."

Google

Lady stood with her back to him, Danny in her arms, and said after a pause and coldly:

"Perhaps, I'll see what I'll say," and added, kitten like, "perhaps not."

Joliff touched his cap.

"Thank you, 'M," he said, "but it ain't that. Excuse me, 'M, but A don't 'eed what yo' say, beggin' your pardon, 'M. It's Master."

"What about him?" coldly.

"What'll A say to him when he asks me?"

She swept round on him.

"Asks you what?"

"If it's a-done!"

"What's done?" sharp as a sword.

Joliff licked his lips.

"Ma dooty," said he.

"Well, you can say yes—if it's true," said the lady. "If it's not—well, you'd better say whatever comes into your head."

The keeper shook his head.

"He'll ha' heard 't shot," he said. "He'll ask——"

"What?" sword sharp.

"If A've shot owt?" said Joliff, drawing his hand across his mouth.

"Well," said the lady, with high nose, "tell him you haven't. Tell him you had a little dog tied to the end of a string and were practising at it—and you missed."

Joliff shook his head.

"A couldna tell him that, 'M."

"Then, I'll tell him for you," said the lady brightly.

"He'll say, 'If yo' canna hit a dog at t' end o' string yo're none the man for me,' he'll say."

"Then," said the lady and looked at him with straight eyes, "you'll just say you had no orders to shoot a dog at the end of a string or otherwise."

"Then he'll just say, 'Yo' can take your month,' he'll say."

"Then you'll say, 'What for?'"

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"Then he'll say, 'Because I'm none satisfied with thee.'"

"Then you'll just say, "Why not?'"

Joliff licked his lips.

"Then he'll say, 'Because, ma lad, yo' ain't done your duty.' And then what'll I do?"

"Then," said the lady, cold as a star, "you'll refer him to me."

The gloom on the big man's face broke up. He grinned like a pleased mastiff.

"Thank you kindly, 'M," he said, touched his hat and turned.

She stood where she was in the hush and holiness of the falling evening, Danny in her arms, hearkening to the noise of mighty feet tramping through crisp bracken.

Then the noise ceased.

"Beg pardon, 'M," came a far voice.

She half turned.

On the brow of Windy-hope, in the gate of gold between pillars of dark pine, stood the Englishman, big and black and burly, against the perfect West.

"A was none for it, 'M," he said, touched his hat, and was gone the way of the lost sun.

XXXVIII

DANNY DOUBTS

"O, MY *dear* Danny!" said lady, and sat down beside the grave. "May Lady never have to live through *that* again!" and sat then awhile under the dark-browed fir panting like a hind late-escaped from the snare of the hunter.

Then with tender fingers she loosed the cord from the neck of the prisoner, kissed him on the eye-lids, crooning over him, set him free, and rose.

"Good-bye, Danny!" kissing her hand to him. "Hie away home! and if you love Lady *ever* so little don't—*don't* —*don't* come again."

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Danny shook himself. Then he came in upon her with lowered tail and sniffed the hem of her garments.

She watched him, wondering.

"What is it, little man?" she asked, mother-tender.

At the sound of her voice he lifted a grey face, and looked at her with troubled eyes.

Night was falling all about her now. A horror that among these trees and silent creeping shadows her husband might be lurking seized her.

"Home!" she cried, and waved to him urgently. "Home to your ogre!" turned and flitted away, and turned again to see.

He stood beneath the dark-browed fir, looking after her; with eyes as stars.

"Home!" she cried, peremptorily. "Hepburn! home! Home to your murderer!" turned and sped away, and again looked round.

He was following her at fifty yards. As she turned, he made halt with lifted head and tail that drooped; and his soul was in his eyes.

"O *Danny!*" she cried, "I'm not your murderer! home! home! home to him;" picked up a little stone and flung it at him.

It struck him in the flank; he started, looked, then crept to her feet guiltily and lay there.

"So sorry, Danny?" she cried, remorsefully. "Did it hurt? Lady didn't mean. *Won't* you go? . . . Then this way, silly," and led him to the height of Windy-hope whence across Burnwater and miles of mist-wrapt moors she showed him old Lammer-more large-looming underneath the night.

Standing beneath the peeping stars she pointed.

In vain. His eyes were on hers and not upon that white, imperious hand.

"O *you!*" she cried; and then in the growing darkness fell upon her knees beside him in the heather, took his face between her hands, set his face for home and held it there.

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"Look!" she ordered. "*Will* you look!" But he would not, bent on caressing her wrists with tender tongue.

"O I shall loose off soon!" she cried, and shook him. "I really shall. Home! Hepburn! home to your Laird! Murder-man Laird! Keep-his-kirks Laird! Over there—see! No, you *must*, Danny. . . . It's no good slobbering me. I mean it. You must. Now—are you ready? One-two-go!"

She thrust him violently down the hill, arose and fled swiftly; and at her feet, with eyes like stars, fled Danny.

She stopped.

"Now really!" she cried, near to tears. "It's too bad. . . . Naughty, Danny! E-r-r-r!" plucked a sprig of heather and threatened him with it. "Do what Lady tells. Lady very cross. E-r-r-r!"

He sat on a mound a little way apart and eyed her anxiously with side-ways head.

She went back to him and begged upon her knees.

"Now, Danny! Now do—to please kind Lady! O oo might! Oo must! There's a pet-a! . . . Lady saved Danny's life. . . . Danny oblige Lady!"

He crept in to her and lay at her feet with upward eyes.

"O!" she groaned, "you *are!* you *really are!*" snatched him up desperately, and fled down the hill, through the dew-laden garden heavy with the scent of honeysuckle in the night, in at the side door, up the back stairs, with scared eyes, and so to her own white room; and locked the door.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

AUGUST 1902

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

In Dame Europa's School — Page 1

Country Conversations: An Acknowledgment — 10

On the Line — 12

THE WEDDING OF THE OCEANS——BENJAMIN TAYLOR — 26

RUSSIA'S LATEST VENTURE IN CENTRAL ASIA——R. E. C. LONG — 43

THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE——HON. R. H. BRAND — 56

LORD BEACONSFIELD——ALGERNON CECIL — 73

THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEER—II——CARLYON BELLAIRS — 92

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN—II (*Illustrated*)——ARTHUR MORRISON — 105

THE "MONTHLY REVIEW" IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY——GEORGE PASTON — 123

KHARTOUM (*Illustrated*)——JOHN WARD, F.S.A. — 138

DECORATIVE ART AT TURIN——H. HAMILTON FYFE — 150

THE KING OF ENGLAND——HENRY NEWBOLT — 161

DANNY—XXXIX-XLIX——ALFRED OLLIVANT — 163

No. 23. VIII. 2.—Aug. 1902

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CONTENTS FOR JULY

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

Trade and the New World

The One and the Many

On the Line

NEW ZEALAND AND THE EMPIRE—A. R. ATKINSON
(*Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives*)

THE TRUE STORY OF SPION KOP (*with Map*)—W. BASIL WORSFOLD

PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA—M. J. FARRELLY, LL.D.
(*Formerly Legal Adviser to the Transvaal Government*)

OUR ANTI-NATIONAL PARTY IN THE GREAT WAR—J. HOLLAND ROSE

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN: I (*Illustrated*)—ARTHUR MORRISON

SI JEUNESSE VOULAIT—MRS. HUGH BELL

THE CASE FOR NATIONAL THEATRES—WILLIAM ARCHER

BAILE AND AILLINN—W. B. YEATS

DANNY, XXX–XXXVIII—ALFRED OLLIVANT

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

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IN DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL

THERE has been a noticeable commotion going on for some time past in the school kept by our old friend Dame Europa. Not that any two of the scholars have been having it out with fists in the old-fashioned way; on the contrary, there has been much talk of a new plan for settling all disputes by a show of hands, which only failed when it became evident that every disputant was secretly resolved to hit out when he was ready, and to take a vote only when he was sure of the popular voice. Of late no one has felt ready; the school has been working hard, and even those who seem to be in the best training physically are reluctant to waste their pocket-money in paying the heavy fines now in force against fighting. The result has been a prolonged period of snarling and backbiting and intriguing in corners which has made many regret the days when accounts were settled honourably and without hatred on either side, and the weaker took his licking like a man.

The present trouble is rather a long story. The boys in Dame Europa's school have been growing; they are bigger and stronger than they were, and have larger appetites: moreover, the old exclusiveness of the place has been to some extent broken down, and besides several new boarders there are now admitted—as non-residents, for tuition only—a cousin of England's, a promising scholar and athlete of Japanese origin, and the whole nursery-full of England's younger

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brothers, from Canada downwards. While these changes have been taking place, it happens that England has been away for some time. The cause of this absence is, for our present purpose, unimportant: England has been engaged in a "foreign match"—playing a single at racquets, let us say—and even those who know least about it have now given up muttering "Pot-hunter" and "Walk-over," and cheering hoarsely for the other side. The point for us is that England has now come back, and has come back to a very different Europe from that of three years ago. The position of Captain of the School is no longer undisputed: the German boy is twice the weight he was; he has been using his brains; he has taken lessons in swimming and shooting; he is getting high marks for science and languages; he lets no day pass without proclaiming his intention to challenge the supremacy. Then there is the American, now grown out of all knowledge, and nearly a head taller than the cousin he used to look up to: he, too, is emulous, and would scorn to answer to his old name of "England Minor." His difficulty, like Wilhelm's, is that his manners are unpopular; but, like Wilhelm's, his ability and determination are most formidable. We have fallen into the habit of regarding this interesting relation as less of a rival than a "second string" in our own team; one whose victory can hardly be said to involve our own defeat. A much less pleasing reflection is that which is now forced upon us, that even if we and our younger brothers, or our American kinsmen, or all of us together, succeed in keeping the family name in its old place at the head of the list, it will not be, as things stand at present, with the willing assent of the rest; and yet it is that willing assent which we must desire and deserve before all things.

The Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons: how long ago it seems since M. Demolins argued so persuasively from that axiom. It must have been, in more than one sense, somewhere in the last century. The phrase was never a very happy one; the best that can be said for it is that it was "made in

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France," and no invention of our own ; and that perhaps makes it a little unfair that it should be thrown in our faces in its new form, "The Pretended Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons." It cannot, however, be denied that the book and its idea had a success amongst us which even its gifted author could hardly have attained on any other line ; we purred contentedly with so comfortable a fire upon the hearth, and perhaps did more blinking than thinking over the subject. Now, however, that the days of comfort and fireside are over, now that the once weary Titan has renewed his youth and is going forth to another day's work more wideawake than ever, it will do him no harm, and cost him no pain worth considering, to hear what his fellows are saying about him. We are not, of course, thinking of our home-grown little sect of Peculiar Anti-Nationalists ; their accusations have disgraced only themselves, their temper has thrown doubts upon their sanity, and history will probably treat their views on the origin of the South African War with as much contempt as their prophecies of its conclusion and results. Anglophobes abroad must be left out of account for the same reasons, but for this one too, that they are among our best natural allies, and we ought not, for our own sake, to do anything to disturb their good work. If we are to have—as it seems we must for the present—enemies in Germany, let them all be as blind, as ignorant, and as wilful in their self-deception as Herr Tesla Meyer ; the attack will be delivered the sooner and defeated the more conclusively.

But there are worthier critics to be found than these, and among them we have read with pleasure M. Novicow, a candid friend from Russia. However firmly we may contest his facts or his deductions—and we are far from contesting them all—no one could deny a hearing to a professor who states the purpose of his course in so mild a voice as this :

> The dogma of the physical and mental superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race once done away with, England will find it an easier matter to live in complete harmony with the nations around her. I agree that England is a great nation ; I agree that on many occasions her conduct has been noble and just. I do not

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wish in any way to dispute the real merits of the English people. That is far from being my intention. As I have said above, when I try to show that the Anglo-Saxons are not superior to the other European races, it is solely with the object of bringing about as quickly as possible the establishment of that justice between nations which alone can ensure the maximum of welfare for the human race.[1]

We have learned by the experience of the last three years to detect even the smoothest tones of malice with great certainty; we find not the least sound of it here. We may proceed then in the frame of mind proper for edification, remembering always that if we catch the lecturer tracing his facts to false or non-existent causes, it does not follow that they are any the less facts. To begin then: M. Novicow believes that the Transvaal War will have one result of extreme importance.

It will free Europe from the hypnotic influence of the Anglo-Saxon. This influence is a most fatal one. Until quite recently the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race over all others was admitted as an indisputable dogma. This amounted to a recognition that different races are of unequal value. It was, in fact, a declaration that there are higher or "noble" races and lower or "common" ones, and that only the former are capable of attaining the loftiest point of intellectual and moral development. The rest are condemned to vegetate in a state of mediocrity, for ever incapable of raising themselves to the highest planes of science, art, religion or philosophy. Naturally, the moment it is recognised that different races are of unequal value from the physical or mental point of view, the more perfect ones must have the right and the duty of commanding, and the less perfect lose all rights but the right to obey. It was but a step further to look upon the employment of brute force as the height of wisdom, to set up injustice as a recognised method of government, and to establish despotism as the natural condition of human society. The step was soon taken, and the immediate result was international anarchy, with all its train of intolerable evils.

So long as England stood single-handed for the principles of justice and freedom, in a world given up to brutality and violence, she remained a star of the first magnitude, a peerless nation towards whom the eyes of the oppressed were turned as towards a lighthouse flashing through the darkness. Then the whole world could admit without dispute the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons. But the moment she followed in Bismarck's track, laid down that might is right,

[1] We translate from an article in *La Revue* (ancienne *Revue des Revues*).

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and adopted the methods of the most pitiless of conquerors, England fell back into the same rank with the other nations of Europe, her equals in brutality and contempt of justice. From this moment the pretended superiority of the Anglo-Saxons appeared in its true light, that is, as one of the most astounding errors that ever obscured the intellect of cultivated men.

We must not allow ourselves to be led away at this point by a natural desire to set the Transvaal War too in its true light, the light of that same old beacon of justice and freedom. When M. Novicow discovers that to spend twenty thousand lives and two hundred millions of treasure in proving that might is not right, even when Mr. Kruger asserts it, is not to relapse into brutality, he will be a happier man, but he will say truly that it makes no difference to his argument, which is pursued as follows:

Two facts have contributed to place the Anglo-Saxon race upon a pedestal higher than the rest and to produce the hypnotic influence of which I have spoken: the political freedom of England and the vast extent of the British Empire.

Neither in philosophy nor in religion, science, or art, had England held an exceptional position. Undoubtedly her place was among the most honourable: far be it from me to seek to lower her. All I wish to say is that, from the point of view of intellect, England is *una inter pares*, on the same level with France, Italy, and Germany, to say nothing of ancient Greece. But from the point of view of political freedom and extent of empire, she leaves the other nations behind in a manner which is absolutely crushing. Of course, in saying this I include in the Anglo-Saxon race the people of the United States. I may say then that the economic development of this great federation rises far beyond anything ever accomplished by other nations in the same branch of human activity.

But now that we have recovered the use of our sober reason, now that we are no longer hypnotised, let us inquire whether this freedom of the English, this economic development of the United States, this wide-spreading British Empire are, in fact, the product of a physical and mental superiority in the race, or rather the result of a fortunate combination of circumstances.

A good deal of space is then taken up in an attempt to prove this latter alternative to be the true one. The method chosen is the historical; but here again a serious fallacy has crept into each part of the argument. The resistance provoked by William the Conqueror's despotic power, the inability of

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George I. to preside over a Cabinet deliberating in English, and the fact that our greatest monarch was a Queen and not a King—these may have been circumstances favourable to the growth of English liberties. But they do not, as M. Novicow seems to believe, in any appreciable degree account for it; other peoples have had such opportunities, none such desire for freedom. So, too, in the case of America, it is simply illogical to count among the "fortunate accidents" which favoured the Anglo-Saxon the fact that, while Spanish-America was founded by ruffianly adventurers, "the colonists of the United States were the pick of all mankind, noble and high-minded men flying from their own country to gain the right of worshipping God in their own fashion." Again, it may be true that the United States enjoy greater natural advantages than Canada, but the point should be proved by better evidence than a statement that while the Americans have in a century multiplied from 5½ to 76 millions (*i.e.*, 14½ times), the Canadians have only increased from 230,000 to 5½ millions, or 22½ times their original numbers!

But M. Novicow has better shots than these in his locker. Whether or no the Anglo-Saxons have made their own material success, they have not a monopoly of all the virtues.

We must make one important point clear. All men have not the same faculties: so that the superiority of a given individual in any one department does not imply his superiority in others. Beethoven showed an extraordinary aptitude for music, but none at all for astronomy. Because Beethoven was a greater musician than Laplace, it does not follow that he came of a superior race. It is precisely the same with communities as with individuals. Because the Americans have shown an extraordinary genius for mechanical inventions and for the organisation of industrial and financial enterprises, it does not follow that they come of a race superior to the French or Germans; for both these nations have exhibited, in other departments, faculties superior to those of the Americans. And even if it were demonstrated that the English of to-day have the highest aptitude for governing, and have in this respect inherited direct from the Romans, still that would not prove the absolute superiority of the Anglo-Saxons over all other races, for political genius is only one of the faculties which a nation may possess.

Whatever may be thought of our science and philosophy,

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the inferiority of the Anglo-Saxons is plain, says M. Novicow, when the arts are considered. The English suffer from a deficiency of the æsthetic sense: in music, painting, sculpture, they cannot compare with their Continental rivals; London is hideous, Paris holds the sceptre of the arts. Without admitting that our painting, our poetry, or our architecture must all count for nothing, we may confess at once that a world without the art and literature of France and Italy, a world given up to the Anglo-Saxon entirely, and governed by the artistic canons of the Royal Academy, the Censor of Plays, and the speculative builder, would be a place to be shunned as the Cities of the Plain.

Having established this point, our instructor returns to his politics, and again risks an interruption by speaking of "the loss of England's military prestige." Let us once more allow him to beg this question, and see what he builds upon his opinion, right or wrong. This loss of England's is, he says, a most fortunate event for Europe. Order and justice can only reign when the citizens of a state, or the individual states in a group of nations, enjoy equal rights. Whenever some are stronger than others, order and justice are displaced by despotism and finally by anarchy.

> Great Britain had certainly become one of the most anarchical Powers in Europe. Believing herself unassailable in her island, she had made a principle of never taking into consideration the needs of her neighbours, and of making her conduct conform only to the dictates of her own good pleasure. As the result of a succession of easy and unbroken successes gained during the nineteenth century over savage tribes or uncivilised nations, the English had acquired the belief that they were a great military Power. On all occasions, and wherever they found themselves, they adopted a haughty and arrogant tone, which stood in the way of any cordial understanding, and lent colour to the fatal belief that civilised nations are naturally hostile to one another, and must remain so to the end of time.

True or not, palatable or not, these words have the accent of sincerity and humanity. They are not like the utterances of underbred or venal journalism, a bid for popularity at England's expense; on the contrary, the speaker knows well that of all

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the pupils in Dame Europa's class-room there is hardly one that will hear them with any real sympathy. They bear hardest upon the conscript nations whose hatred of each other never sleeps: "*mutato nomine de me*" thinks each one, and the Englishman is probably the least galled, being the least guilty, of all. Still he is both pained and astonished; he means so well, and is so conscious of well meaning, and behold! when the glass is held up to him, what a brute he looks! There must be some mistake; and no doubt to some extent there is a mistake on both sides. The foreigner sees our manners and infers from them our motives—ugly children they must be, of such ugly parents; we, on the other hand, hug our saying, "Handsome is as handsome does," and go on our ungracious way, convinced that, as our intentions are right, any behaviour must be good enough. But there is more in it than this: there are points in M. Novicow's argument which involve no mistake, to which we have no answer but an admission of the fault and a plea that a nation must not be condemned for the lower elements in its character until it has been shown that these are being allowed to dominate the higher.

It is certainly the fact, and both Englishmen and Americans are generally ready enough to recognise it, that the Anglo-Saxon temperament is comparatively inartistic. What they are less conscious of is that it is not justifiable, though, of course, it is natural enough in the circumstances, for them to lay it down as a principle of international intercourse that artistic capacity is less valuable, and above all less meritorious, than political or commercial ability. Man does not live by trade alone, and if the Anglo-Saxon too often tries to do so, that gives him no claim to despise the followers of a more spiritual creed, or those who contribute elements not less indispensable to our common civilisation. Closely connected with this fault, but an even graver matter for lovers of freedom to reflect upon, is the Englishman's unwarrantable desire to govern everybody within his reach, because he feels sure he can do it better than they can themselves. He has little or no desire for

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dominion for its own sake; but, as M. Carrère remarked on that genial voyage for the exploration of South Africa, "En Pleine Epopée," he cannot pass an island or a headland of non-British territory without murmuring, "Ah! that ought to be ours, and no doubt it will be some day." His motto is, "What-e'er is best administered is best," and he is ready to appoint himself Universal Committee (in Lunacy) for a world of "blacks" and "foreigners." Yet if the Chinese, for example, came in upon us with a far older civilisation and the self-imposed duty of "The Yellow Man's Burden," the Englishman would be the first to cry that more ancient watchword, "A poor thing, sir, but mine own."

We shall not be misunderstood here; we have again and again expressed our belief that nations, like individuals, hold their faculties in trust for the use of their fellow men, and that in the ordering of the world a great share has been committed to us for organisation and good government. We plead only against arrogance and aggression, which, hateful as they are to the best part of the nation, do exist, and still more seem to exist, among us. Our penalty is this, that the most just and inevitable war ever thrust upon us is said, and perhaps thought, by the rest of Europe to have sprung from our disregard of the rights of others. From such ironies of misfortune history will in due time relieve us if we take care to deserve relief: if we take pains to practise a more and more liberal Imperialism; to mend our manners, to mind our own business, and to respect our neighbour as ourselves.

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COUNTRY CONVERSATIONS: AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

WE had the pleasure of publishing in the May number of this REVIEW an article by Mr. E. V. Lucas, which bore the title of "An Unknown Humorist." Mr. Lucas's audience is always an appreciative one, but we doubt if it was ever more delighted than on this occasion; for not only did he handle his material with his accustomed skill and even more than his usual modesty, but that material was itself of such a kind as is rarely garnered by the literary husbandman. The article was widely read, and was quoted in the Press with the generosity which in Journalism, as elsewhere, is the borrower's saving grace. It was, in short, a success, and author and editor congratulated themselves. It was not long, however, before it was brought to the knowledge of both that they had been not only reaping where they had not sown, but had, however innocently, been actually carrying home a harvest which had other owners. It is this fact which seems to call for some explanation from us, and we are fortunate in being enabled to choose our own way of giving it.

The subject of the article in question was a book bearing on its title-page the name "Country Conversations," and the date 1886. The preface is, however, dated March 1881, and we learn from other sources that the authoress was a lady named Miss Tollet, who died in 1883. This is not the time to dwell upon the high qualities shown in every one of these Conver-

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sations—the observation and convincing truth, the humour, the insight, and the skill of presentment—which have delighted so many readers, and made the book, we are told, a source of keen and continual pleasure to Mr. Gladstone during the last years of his life. We only refer to them in justice to Mr. Lucas, who had, in our opinion, ample reason for thinking that where such treasures were to be seen, the less the showman put himself forward the better. The discoverer of pure gold is hardly to blame if he spends little time in gilding it. Unfortunately, however, the gold belonged to others: the book had never been published, but was printed for private circulation only; and both Mr. Lucas and ourselves were mistaken in supposing—as we did suppose, in circumstances we need not now relate—that we had any right to deal with such material as if it were public property. The book is still in the eye of the law an unpublished work, and the copyright, if it should be published, would naturally belong to the representatives of the late Miss Tollet. It is to them that both Mr. Lucas and we are really indebted for our article, and the generosity with which they have condoned our error is the more gracious and the more gratefully acknowledged because, as we have shown, it has been extended at a time when we were no longer in a position to ask for it.

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ON THE LINE

Five Stuart Princesses. Edited by Robert S. Rait. (Constable. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—The lives of princesses are better reading than those of princes. These are often no more than chapters of contemporary history, the personal interest in which does not count for much. Kings, great or small, stand out in the page of history; but unless he is a soldier or a sailor, the principal occupation of a king's brother or son is to amuse himself and quarrel with his nearest relations. A princess is, in the first place, her husband's wife, and must either fit in to his angles or fashion him to hers, or else make out her own separate existence as comfortably as she may. State reasons and reasons of ceremony debar her from devoting herself to her children. Her relations with the court and family into which she has married are rarely harmonious. Etiquette is their Bible, and she has been used to a different etiquette. She is a foreigner, and is equally misconstrued whether she remembers or forgets her own country. If she is of a romantic turn, the circumstances which surround her are unfavourable to romance. Though sacks and bowstrings are unknown in Western Europe, and erring princesses seldom meet with so tragic a fate as Sophie Dorothée, decorum is vigilant, and *peccare nefas*. To love a princess is a dangerous game, unless she is a dowager, like Anne of Austria and the terrible Catherine; Chastelard, Rizzio, Königsmark, Essex, are among the landmarks. Cut off from romance, princesses have generally been as honest wives as princes have been bad husbands. Friendship remains, and royal friendships are not

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rare. There is also, for those who can use it, the weapon of influence, wielded so admirably by Queen Caroline and so disastrously by Henrietta Maria. But for most royal ladies life is a round of festivity and *ennui*. Happy the princess who has a friend like Leibnitz, Walpole, or Melbourne. Yet even so, the friends they choose will be called "favourites," and calumny will blacken them and their royal mistresses.

There is no name so romantic as that of Stuart. Nowadays even, when we survey the history of that unhappy family, the flame of romance is easily kindled. The quality which inspired such loyalty must have been an early heritage of the race. James I. and James IV. have it, and in good and bad alike it appears from generation to generation. Here are five of them together. The common attributes are love of pleasure, quick sensibility, royal bearing, courage—above all in adversity—and the indefinable thing called charm. To this may be added the royal right of conquest, the sense of superiority to all other mortals, so serene and unassuming in its assertion of universal sovereignty that one would as soon call a goddess arrogant as a Stuart princess. Charles I., whose manner was often abrupt and sometimes unfeeling, doubtless had this distinction; so had his sister Elizabeth and her son Robert, and his own children Charles, Mary, and Henrietta. There is no other family in whose honour people to this day go masquerading and anachronising about London once a year. The Bonaparte legend rests on one great name. No one cares passionately for Bourbons and Hapsburgs—the Wittelsbachs, it is true, have a touch of romance—and the graces have not been developed in the Hohenzollerns.

The sympathetic reader will feel this family quality in all the ladies whose portraits are sketched here. Margaret, wife of the Dauphin who was afterwards Lewis XI., only comes within the scope of these essays as having been a Stuart with the Stuart inheritance of high impulse, beauty, grace, and misfortune; "a deserted and injured lady of imaginative temperament." She was the victim of a slander upon her good

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fame. The details are obscure, but her innocence is clear. She has no place in history, but is a pathetic figure of a romantic and impulsive woman "done to death by slanderous tongues." Her last words have been often quoted: "Fy de la vie de ce monde, n'en parlez plus." [1]

Five generations separate the Dauphiness Margaret from Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, the Winter Queen, the Rose of Bohemia, Sir Henry Wotton's "incomparable mistress," "that most resplendent queen, even in the darkness of fortune." It must have been some irresistible power of graciousness that inspired Bernhard of Weimar, Christian of Brunswick, Count Thurn, Sir Ralph Hopton, the noblest of the Cavaliers, and Sir Henry Wotton with such chivalrous devotion to her, rather than any more solid qualities. She was beautiful, a queen, high-spirited, unfortunate. But she was frivolous, foolishly and fatally ambitious, extravagant and thoughtless, a careless mother and a ruinous friend. Yet she had high virtues. She bore adversity better than good fortune. Her flight from Prague on a pillion behind Sir R. Hopton was like one of Queen Mary's adventures, and endured with the same courage and "merry" spirit. "I confess," wrote Nethersole, the English agent, "I am rapt with the greatness of her Majesty's spirit, and I am not alone in it." "Elizabeth, a queen without a kingdom, a queen even without a nightgown, was now as earlier a queen 'by virtue,' and was beginning her reign as the 'Queen of Hearts.'"

Want of space forbids us to touch upon the troublesome history of the Thirty Years' War. Elizabeth went to her doom with too light a heart, dazzled by the empty shine of a titular crown, and woman-like "fired another Troy:" but not too much of the responsibility for the war must be charged on her and her husband. The war from one occasion or another could not have been avoided, and a greater man than John George of Saxony might have tried in vain "to put the fire out."

Mary, the daughter of Charles I., like her aunt Elizabeth,

[1] They are also attributed to Elizabeth of Bohemia.

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"Goody Palsgrave," married below her rank. The house of Orange-Nassau, though of "even birth," was not royal; the position of a Stadtholder[1] was both bourgeois and insecure; and the Stuart etiquette at the Hague, as before at Heidelberg, insisted on precedence, and was the occasion of endless family jars. Mary was a faithful and affectionate wife, if a troublesome daughter-in-law. The position of Holland was precarious. The Dutch (Mr. Cecil thinks) would have done well to make friends with Spain and bid for the trade of the world. But, like Cromwell, they could not separate the Spaniard from the Pope and the devil; they chose to try conclusions with England, first as friends and then as enemies, and were nearly swallowed up in the glories of Lewis XIV. England, Spain, and Holland united could have held the balance against France. But Cromwell's policy was carried on by Charles II., and the balance had to be redressed by Marlborough. Family feeling as well as dynastic ambition impelled the Stadtholder William to aim at a crown, and the fate of his father-in-law did not deter him from attempting to secure into his hand "the power of the militia." He was engaged in dangerous designs of war with Spain, the restoration of Charles II., and no doubt his own elevation from the republican chair in which he sat so uneasily to a real throne, when death put an end to his intrigues in November 1650. Mary did not lose courage. "To secure the Stadtholdership for her son, afterwards William III. of England, to aid his brother to regain 'his own,' became the object of her existence." It was a domestic, not a patriotic ambition, but it gives her a claim to respect. Mary was not a wise woman, but clever, capable, and tenacious of resolution. She so conducted affairs for ten years that the French alliance carried the day, and the Estates made friends with England and its ungrateful sovereign Charles II., whose restoration bettered the prospects of the young prince who was afterwards

[1] We retain this mongrel and misleading word, neither Dutch, German, nor English, as having taken root in our language. "Stadhouder" or "Stateholder" would be better.

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to sit upon the throne of his two uncles. His mother visited her brother Charles at Whitehall soon after his triumphal entry in 1660. Three months after, she died of small-pox, aggravated by the foolishness of court physicians.

Her sister, "the beautiful, graceful, and intelligent Henrietta of Orleans," has a name in literature from the praises of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette and Bossuet; and in history as having been the agent between the English and French courts in the secret history of the Treaty of Dover in 1670. Her life, meant for gaiety and happiness, was spoilt by the malignity of her husband, the Duke of Orleans, who lost no opportunity of mortifying and insulting her. There is no reason to suspect him of poisoning her. Those were the days of the Brinvilliers and the Tofana, and great personages seldom died without suspicion of poison. Though Monsieur was as jealous of his wife as if he had loved her, her intimacy with the Comte de Guiche was an innocent intrigue, and no other scandal attacked her. "Henrietta was foolish, injudicious, fond of being admired, eager to please . . . and scorned to pay a scrupulous regard to appearances. Her indiscretion was part of her success. '*On dirait qu'elle demande le cœur*—voilà le secret de Madame.'"

The Electress Sophia, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia, is a more substantial and less poetical figure. If her cousins played their parts on a stage too large for them, hers was not worthy of her powers. Too much of her life was spent upon the miserable domestic intrigues of her husband's unlovely family. She was ambitious, worldly, somewhat cynical, but the kind of character which commands respect and liking in any family; straightforward, good-humoured, shrewd, but kindly; too well settled in her *grande dame* dignity to make her inferiors uncomfortable; a good friend and a good mother; and, in spite of the curious arrangement by which she was transferred from the elder brother to the younger, a good wife. "I am the miracle of this age," she wrote to her brother Charles Lewis; "I love my husband." Had she been Queen of England instead of her cousin Anne, she would have

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been the admiration of her age. As it was, she had to be content within narrower limits, and make up for the smallness of the world at Herrenhausen by glimpses into philosophy with Leibnitz, and some distant share of the larger political problems of the time in the gradual approach of her son George Lewis to the inheritance of her ancestors, the succession to which she herself missed by a few weeks.

These essays do not add much to what is known of the events on which they touch; but they are written in an agreeable style, and the passages treating of the Thirty Years War and of the politics of Holland after the peace of Westphalia are worthy of more attention than is generally given to a book of Memoirs.

The Sphinx-like quality is not the least in fascination among the attributes of genius. We know little of the author of *Hamlet*, except that he made atrocious puns and had a decided preference for eyes "grey as glass." We seem to know everything about Goethe. He took such pains to inform the world as to the kind of turnip that he liked best for dinner. Yet in the end he remains a riddle unanswered, as deep a problem as the riddle we call Shakespeare. We can never pluck the heart out of his mystery. The open secret remains unfathomed. "If they could judge me," said he, speaking of his enemies, "I should not be the man I am." He might as well have included his friends, for it would take another Goethe to understand Goethe. Lewes, in his living "Life," came as near it as any mere man could; and we cannot say that Frances Gerard has taken us any farther. If, instead of a new book, she had brought out an illustrated edition of Lewes, omitting all her own reflections and adding, in the form of an Appendix, such letters and such facts as are of interest, she would have done good service. The illustrations are by far the best part of **A Grand Duchess and Her Court.** (Hutchinson. 16*s.*) They are of high value to the student, more especially to any one who has never seen Weimar. The excellent heads of Goethe, Wieland, and

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Herder are a possession in themselves; and there are others—familiar sketches of the Grand Duke, of the gatherings at the Duchess's Round Table (which, by the way, was square), and so on. If there were but a portrait of Frau von Stein, the circle would be complete. Anna Amalia was a spirited woman, worthy to be the niece of Frederick the Great. Left a widow at nineteen, she set to work to make the duchy of her little son famous. Never lived there so enterprising a dame. In spite of all her economy she could not save more than £60 a year, but on this modest sum she began a collection of pictures, books, and statues. She did better still; she collected men. Bach was her first *Kapellmeister*. Herder was sent to the Gymnasium, where, after thirty-one years of study, the Professors had not yet got through the New Testament. Wieland became tutor to her boy, who was, said the Great Frederick, the most hopeful Prince he had seen of his age. Following in his mother's footsteps, Karl August, as soon as he came to manhood, formed a close friendship with Goethe, and attached him for life to the Court. It was a strange alliance. The Duke and the poet danced at rustic fairs and made love to the girls of the village. They stood for hours in the market-place cracking sledge-whips for a wager, and Goethe nearly put out one of his eyes at this amusement. They rode steeple-chase "over hedges, ditches, and graves, through rivers, up mountains, down hills, all day long in the saddle, and at night camping out in the woods under the canopy of heaven. . . . We were often as near death as men could be, and the death I least desire." Wherever the Duke went the poet had to go, too. When the Duke became a soldier, Goethe also went on campaign, but he dwelt in his tent "like a hermit," and busied himself with flowers and stones. War songs were not his *métier*.

> I have only composed love-songs when I have loved; and could I write songs of hatred without hating?

The Duke was always for progress. "When anything failed he dismissed it from his mind," says Goethe. He had

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good ideas, but "Will he ever learn that fireworks at midday produce no effect?" Convention he abhorred.

> The Court at Coburg was so full of crawling, servile creatures, clad in velvet and silk, that I grew sick and dizzy.

He himself dressed *à la Werther*, though the world of fashion thought those people indecent who wore boots in the presence of a lady. His mother was equally careless of public opinion. One day, when she was out driving with seven of her friends in a hay-cart, a storm came on, and she borrowed Wieland's great-coat and wore it without the least concern. She was a merry soul, and truthful. That rocky *précieuse*, "the Stein," had no charm for her. She would not have subscribed to Goethe's opinion, written (before he had seen her) under a portrait of the lady:

> What a glorious poem it would be to see how the world mirrors itself in this soul! She sees the world as it is, and yet withal sees it through a medium of love; hence sweetness is the dominant expression.

We quote from Lewes, for Miss Gerard's translations differ from his—and not to their advantage. "We are not worse, and, please God, not better than when he last saw us," she makes Goethe say. An obscure sentiment; on turning to Lewes, it runs: "We are no worse; and with God's help will be better than what he has seen us." And in Jean Paul's account of his introduction to "the god," Knebel says, according to one version, "The French are drawing towards Paris;" according to the other: "Tell him that the French have just entered Rome." The reply is the same in both. "'Hum!' said the god."

The spell that "the god" cast over every one as he first flashed upon Weimar, animates Wieland's description of his own intense rapture when this glorious young man, happening for once to be "in a condition of receptivity," condescended to listen to his poems. A few days later Goethe confessed (was it in self-defence?) that the mood might not recur for three years. But Wieland is nothing if not enthusiastic. On another occasion he tells Anna Amalia that he valued one of her letters

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"more that all the epistles in the world, from those of Phalaris to those of St. Paul inclusive." This is courtier-like with a vengeance; but it is clear that she did charm people as women can who enjoy themselves, and are themselves the cause of enjoyment. She shared the fever of longing for Italy that inspired *Kennst du das Land*. When, later in life, she was at last able to go thither, they had hard work to woo her back to Weimar. It was the same with the gay little hunch-backed maid-of-honour, Fräulein von Göchhausen.

In Italy we learn what the originals of the sun and moon are like; in Germany we have only copies.

It was the same with Herder. To him as to the rest Angelica Kaufmann appeared to be the embodiment of Italy. He made Platonic love to her, as they all did, but rather more fervently, and his poor little wife, Caroline Flachsland (what a domestic name!) laments, on his return, that nothing will ever compensate him for the loss of that angel. As for Goethe, so great was the emotion with which he regarded the orange-blossom country that he dared not speak of it, dared not even open a book written in Latin for months before he went; and the subject was avoided by mutual consent after his return. This reticence, this utter silence, is very characteristic. He was open as the day about thoughts and feelings which most men prefer to keep to themselves. There was no secrecy about any of his relations with women. But he would not speak of Italy; nor, in his later years, would he ever speak of death, "the eternal fairy-tale" as he called it. He honoured the only thing that he loved—the only thing that he feared—in depths of speechlessness. And after all, did he love? Did he fear? Again we are face to face with the Sphinx.

Ten Thousand Miles in Persia. A Record of Eight Years Constant Travel in Eastern and Southern Iran. By Major Percy Molesworth Sykes. (Murray. 25*s.* net.) It requires a good deal of courage, and, let us say, also of experience and learning, to write a book on Persia after the exhaustive publication of Lord Curzon on this topic. Major Sykes has had

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the courage to do it, and considering the vast information he has gathered during the eight years he has spent in Persia, and the literary skill with which he has accomplished his task, I[1] must say at once that his work is by no means a superfluous addition to our fairly considerable literature about Persia. He has filled many gaps in the geographical, ethnical, and historical descriptions of the country of the Shah, and the record of travel of "Ten Thousand Miles in Persia" will be indispensable to anybody who is anxious to know the future field of contest between three great Powers of Europe. In viewing the list of recent publications concerning Persia, it is certainly most gratifying to find that English travellers are the foremost in enriching our geographical and ethnographical knowledge of Western Asia, and notably of old Iran, and in following the same good method which was adopted by the classical Ouseley. Apart from the standard work of Lord Curzon, we have seen of late the books of Earl Percy, of Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, of "Odysseus," of Lieut.-Col. C. E. Yate, of Professor E. G. Browne, and last, but not least, the book now before us, of which I can say without exaggeration that hardly any of Major Sykes's predecessors have had such a favourable opportunity as he had, of investigating and describing new ground and rectifying previous mistakes. This refers particularly to Eastern and Southern Persia, which have been the object of exploration on the part of able travellers like Pottinger, Goldsmid, O. St. John, Thomas Holdich, Dr. Blandford, and others, and where, nevertheless, many deficiencies had to be replaced by accurate data, now supplied by the painstaking love of science of our author. The travels of Major Sykes extend over the period from 1893 to 1901, and as the most important part of his work during this time I would cite his minute description of the Lut desert and of Persian Baluchistan, where he has frequently trodden quite new ground, and where his long sojourn and his intimate relations with the natives have been turned by him to the best advantage. Our knowledge of the Hinterland of the Persian

[1] This unsolicited testimonial comes from a high authority—Professor Arminius Vambéry, of Buda-Pesth, the well-known traveller and Orientalist.

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Gulf was very imperfect hitherto. Of political centres, like Fahoadj, Fanoch, Geh, and Bampur we know very little; in fact, this district of Persia has been looked upon even by the Persians themselves as a region to be dreaded, and during my sojourn in Shiraz I heard more horrible accounts of the Baluch robbers than of the manstealing Turkomans in the North. It is difficult to decide whether the geographical side of the exploration of this district is more valuable or the ethnographical. As to the former, Major Sykes has spared no trouble to climb hitherto inaccessible mountains, he has investigated the course of the rivers, and has bestowed sufficient care upon the geological formation of the soil; and as the country is now fairly mapped, later travellers will have no difficulty in crossing this hitherto forsaken corner of Persia. Not less favourable is my judgment concerning the picture our author has drawn of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, a very mixed race of Baluch, Arab, and Persian extraction, and it is only with reference to the Brahui, whom he designates as relatives of the Dravidians, that I would make an objection. No doubt this nook of the dominion of the Shah must soon gain more importance than it enjoyed in the past. I am not afraid of the grandiloquent schemes of Russian railway connection with Bundar Abbas or with Chahbár, for the *nervus rerum gerendarum*, the main condition of Russian aggression in the South of Persia, is not too abundant in the state coffers on the Neva, nor do I dread the not less big-talking Germans, who have thrown an eye upon Kuweit, and who fancy they have already got their fingers fixed upon the throat of the British Lion—no! things are not so critical, but South-Eastern Persia must, and will, come to the front, and the sooner the British public turns its attention towards this part of Asia the better for the healthy solution of the great problem before us.

Returning to Major Sykes's book, the merit I should like particularly to bring clearly into view, is his scholarly treatment of certain questions connected with the ancient geographical records, such as the identification of Marco Polo's travels in South-Eastern Persia, and of the route taken by

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Alexander the Great in his march from the Indus to the Karun. In both chapters Major Sykes exhibits an amount of learning and of archæological knowledge which does honour to the military profession, for, as a rule, soldiers are not on so good a footing with their Latin and Greek. An exception must perhaps be made in favour of the English votaries of Mars, from whose midst many distinguished men of science have gone forth. Besides his acquaintance with antiquity our author shows a fair proficiency in the language and literature of Persia, and his quotations from Saadi, Hafiz, and the Shahnameh are advantages not to be found with every traveller in this part of Asia. It is chiefly owing to this linguistic acquirement that he got a deeper insight into the political, social, and economical relations of the country than many of his predecessors, for without this the excellent picture of Kerman, of the Persian Gulf, and of other parts of the book, could have hardly come into existence. I could dwell at any length on the great advantages the book before me has over recent publications of Asiatic travels, but I shall conclude with the Oriental proverb: "Only the jeweller knows the true value of the gem." Only those who have seen the country of the Rising Sun, and who have studied the life and the history of its inhabitants, will fully appreciate the merits of Major Sykes's book.

Siam in the Twentieth Century. By J. G. D. Campbell (16*s.* net).—Fashion does not concern itself merely with what Carlyle termed the external wrappages of man. It deals with continents as well as corsets, and with peoples not less than with picture hats. Books upon Africa are as the sand upon the sea-shore for multitude, and we are all ready with a pronouncement upon the future of Uganda. Now Japan and China in the East and the vast impending development of America hold the stage, and the public of a nation already "come" are avid of books treating of the nations that are "coming." But there are many countries which are not the mode, and with few travellers to penetrate their mysteries and

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still fewer to give them to the world at large, they remain disproportionately unknown in an age when facilities for travel have rendered almost the whole surface of the globe easy of access. Siam is one of these. One may meet half a dozen men who have traversed the Dark Continent for one who has been to Bangkok, and Mr. Campbell, alive to the fact, has made a praiseworthy and successful endeavour to lighten the mental darkness of the ordinary individual in the volume before us—the outcome of two years service as Educational Adviser to the Siamese Government.

It may be said at once that this is no light travel-sketch wherewith to fritter away an idle hour. Mr. Campbell embarks with all seriousness upon his task, and goes *droit au but* with no dalliance by the way. Beginning with the geography and commerce of the country and a backward glance at its history, he treats of its civilisation and religion, its government, its educational methods—for the non-professional reader a somewhat arid path in which to wander—and, more attractive, the manners and customs of its people. But, as in the case of the school-boy's letter, it is the postscript which holds the pith and marrow of things, and it is to the author's discussion of international questions, the growing invasion of the Chinaman, and the designs of France and Germany, which conclude the volume, that the reader will mainly direct his attention.

Even in Siam, unhackneyed though it be from the tourist point of view, the whirligig of time has brought about its changes. Electric trams pervade the capital, the ladies of the Court dash along on their bicycles behind the Queen's carriage as she goes for her evening drive, and—in sorrow be it said—natives have even been heard to speak slightingly of the sanctity of the white elephants. Yet, in spite of these evidences of progress, the author cherishes no false hopes of a potential Eastern Utopia. "The East," he is careful to impress upon his readers, "is not the west with a few centuries of leeway to make up, but it is something totally different," a prose rendering of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." But for all his grasp

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of the situation, Mr. Campbell's professional instincts are, at times, too strong for him, and he cannot help wondering why the Siamese are such unpromising subjects for education. It irks him that they are so idle, though he is ready enough to find the explanation in latitude, and to admit that they have at least the *qualités de leurs défauts*, a courtesy of manner, a gentleness, and a tenderness to children which might well serve as an example to ourselves. But nevertheless he deplores their "incorrigible indolence" and their "incurable levity."

The Franco-Siamese question, and the crisis which came to a head in the fight at Paknam are dealt with at some length. The capital, we learn, is full of French intrigue, but the removal of their neighbours' landmarks in 1893 has not bettered the French position. The Mekong is of very little value as a trade-route, and the fact that the Menam is, so to speak, the Nile of the country is now fully realised. English influence and English trade are still to the front, but signs are not wanting of the waning of the latter. The North German Lloyd has absorbed both the Holt line of steamers and the "Scottish Oriental," and now promises to become the predominant steamship company of the Far East. Then, too, there is the ever-present "Yellow peril" to deal with, and it must be confessed that the Celestials are altogether too numerous and too pushing to be disregarded. They are said, indeed, to form one-quarter of the entire population, and there are probably not less than 100,000 in Bangkok alone. Mr. Campbell does not seem to have great faith in the much-talked of "enormous mineral wealth" of the country, neither does he look upon the Kra Isthmus Canal as at present likely to come into the region of practical politics. Possibly he may live to see both, but then he neither claims to be mineralogist nor engineer. Meanwhile we have to thank him for an excellent description of the country which, if somewhat serious in tone for the ordinary reader, has the undeniable merit of expressing the opinions of an expert with a sound knowledge of the country.

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THE WEDDING OF THE OCEANS

THE Shipping Combine lends additional significance to the great design which is now maturing in America. The nineteenth century witnessed the junction of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Will the twentieth century witness the wedding of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans? There is every reason to believe so. Yet the project has slumbered or simmered for at least three and a half centuries. As long ago as 1550 the Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvão, wrote a monograph on the isthmus and suggested four different lines for cutting it by canal. One of these was through Lake Nicaragua, and another was across Panama. We might go further back than Galvão, however, for the germ of the idea of an isthmian canal, possibly even to

> Stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each with a wild surmise
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

It was really Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, however, who was the first European to cast eyes on the Pacific from the east, and that was in 1513. And it was Balboa who anticipated the Panama Railway by dragging material across the isthmus wherewith to build ships on the Pacific side, three hundred and eighty-seven years ago. Truly, the idea of a waterway has taken a long time to "materialise," as the Americans say.

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One cannot very well characterise as rash or hasty or ill-considered a project which has been discussed for over three centuries. It is said that, in 1520, Charles V. of Spain ordered that the Isthmus of Panama should be surveyed for the purpose of cutting a canal. It is also related that his son and successor, Philip II., of gloomy memory, would have cut the canal (or tried to do so) had it not been pointed out to him by a saintly, and perhaps penurious, ecclesiastic, that had the Almighty intended to have the oceans united He would not have placed the isthmian barrier between them. This view of the subject did not trouble Sir Thomas Browne who discoursing, *more suo*, on the proverb *Isthmum perfodere*, contended that, "Islands were not from the beginning; that many have been made since by art; that some Isthmes have been cut through by the sea and others cut by the spade; and if policie would permit, that of Panama in America were most worthy the attempt: it being but a few miles over and would open a shorter cut into the East Indies and China." Albeit, good Sir Thomas reminds us that when the Cnidians proposed to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, they were "deterred by the peremptory disswasion of Apollo, plainly commanding them to desist, for if God had thought it fit He would have made the country an island at first." So that, after all, the Archbishop of Madrid was probably more of a scholar than an original thinker. However this may be, we may fairly assume that had Paterson's Darien Colony of 1698 been a success, the isthmus would probably have been pierced many years ago, not by Spaniards, or Frenchmen, or Americans, but by Scotchmen. We must add to the long list of the might-have-beens a Scottish inter-oceanic canal, providing a competitive route to the East to tap the preserves of John Company. In that case, it were an interesting speculation whether the Suez Canal would have been built even now.

This is assuming, of course, that a practicable waterway can be cut across Panama—a fact which Ferdinand de Lesseps spent sixty millions sterling in failing to demonstrate. It is

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not, however, the purpose of the present article to follow the history of the long controversy of Nicaragua *versus* Panama, full of interest as it is, nor to discuss the pros and cons of the mechanical features and engineering possibilities of either route. We propose to consider briefly the rival schemes now before Congress, passing over the years between the French failure and the American departure. In March 1899, the Congress of the United States by special Act authorised the President to appoint a Commission "to make full and complete investigation of the Isthmus of Panama, with a view to the construction of a canal by the United States across the same to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans," and to "make investigation of any and all practicable routes for a canal across said Isthmus of Panama," and particularly "to investigate the two routes known respectively as the Nicaraguan route and the Panama route, with a view to determining the most practicable and feasible route for such a canal, together with the proximate and probable cost of constructing a canal at each of two or more routes."

After two and a half years' work on the isthmus and in Europe and America, the Commission sent in a voluminous report dated November 16, 1901. Prior to the consideration of that report by Congress, the new Pauncefote-Hay Treaty was concluded and ratified—a Convention whereby the old obstacle presented by the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty is removed and under which Great Britain consents to the construction, administration and policing of the Central American Canal by the United States. As the terms of the Treaty have been published we may presume that they are familiar to everybody.

In his speech in support of the new Pauncefote-Hay Treaty, Senator Lodge urged that the omission of the words "in time of war as in time of peace," which existed in the old treaty, between the words "open" and "to vessels" in Article III. of the present treaty, which reads, "that the canal shall be free and open to vessels of commerce and war of all nations," had the effect of practically leaving the United States to do with the

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canal in time of war according to its own good pleasure. Mr. Lodge referred to the fact that Rule 7 in the Suez Canal Convention, which had been embodied in the original Pauncefote-Hay Treaty, had been omitted in the new treaty. This rule provides that no fortification shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent, &c., and Mr. Lodge argued that this omission practically left the United States free to fortify the canal, in case it was considered desirable, and was in harmony with the omission of the restriction keeping the canal open in time of war. Practically, Great Britain agreed (he contended) to turn the entire management of the canal over to the United States, not only in time of peace but also in time of war, and the assumption was that in case of hostilities the United States would construe the omission of the clause as Mr. Lodge suggested. Article VIII. of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, establishing the general principle of neutralisation, is not retained in the new agreement, but Mr. Lodge contended that, while there was a declaration to the effect that the general principle of neutralisation established by that Article was still to be kept alive, the whole tenor of the new treaty was to neutralise and cancel the old agreement.

This is rather a novel view of the treaty—as a document to neutralise an agreement for neutralisation. It has been asserted that, in the event of a war with Great Britain or any other Power, the treaty would be suspended under the law which governs nations until the war was concluded, when it would be revived and again brought into force. While it retained the doctrine of neutralisation the provision involving this retention applied to all nations alike, but to none any longer than they observed the regulations prescribed by the United States. Should they fail in such observance the United States could close the canal. Under the terms of the treaty all nations would be treated on terms of fairness and equality, the United States allowing all to use the canal in time of peace, and shutting out all in time of war, should it be found desirable, and it was maintained that there is no provision in the new

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Convention which interferes with the rights of the United States as a nation to close the waterway to any belligerent Power: that the provision with regard to the policing of the canal applies only to its control in times of peace, and not in time of war: and that the United States as owner of the canal under the terms of the law, could control it either with police or with troops for the protection of the Government and its property. But some Americans object that, like the original Pauncefote-Hay Treaty, the new treaty does not furnish a sufficient guarantee of American control of the Isthmian Canal.

Nevertheless it was ratified, and our position is neither better nor worse, save in how we may benefit or otherwise by the actual construction of the waterway. And although the treaty was negotiated primarily with regard to the Nicaragua project it will have equal reference to Panama. For in the preamble it is expressly declared that the high contracting parties were "desirous to facilitate the construction of a ship canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans *by whatever route may be considered expedient*." And the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which the new Convention replaces by Article VIII. extended the provisions drafted specially with reference to the Nicaragua project—"to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America," and by special mention to "the way of Tehuantepec or Panama." As to the position of the canal in time of war between maritime Powers access to it will be controlled by the Power best able to control the ocean approaches.

In this connection it is to be noted that the report of the Walker Commission says that the ability of the United States to hold the Caribbean Sea and the Western approaches to the canal against all comers depends upon the future development of its naval resources, and is, for the present at least, questionable. There are several Powers in the world any one of which might dispute the command of the approaches, and combinations of two or more Powers might effect the same object. So say the Walker Commission, and they argue that

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to defend it by fortifications on land would be a costly, difficult, and uncertain undertaking, and, by absorbing resources which could be better employed elsewhere, would be a source of weakness. They contend that a much more certain and easy method of securing the use of the canal to America, while closing it to her enemies, is to remove it from the operations of war by making it neutral. And it is the opinion of the Commission that a neutral canal, operated and controlled by American citizens, would materially add to the military strength of the United States; that a canal, whether neutral or not, controlled by foreigners, would be a source of weakness to the United States rather than of strength; and that a canal not neutral, to be defended by the United States, would also be a source of weakness.

The most important feature of the new Convention really is that it is a treaty of amity between the two countries, such as could not be ratified a year previously because of the prevalence in America of an anti-British feeling that has now disappeared, if not altogether, at least to a very large extent.

The first report of the Isthmian Canal Commission, sent to Congress at the opening of the session, favoured the Nicaragua route, and estimated the cost by that route at $189,864,062. The estimated cost of a canal by the Panama route was $144,233,858, but it was reported that it would cost $109,141,000 to obtain the concession for that canal. The report valued the work already done at $40,000,000. The Panama project was considered the more feasible, as the canal would be level with the sea. The Nicaragua project would involve the construction of locks, but Lake Nicaragua would furnish an inexhaustible supply of water. The Nicaragua route has no natural harbours at either end, but satisfactory harbours might be constructed. There are already harbours at each end of the Panama route, but considerable work would have to be done at the entrance to the harbour on the Atlantic side. A Nicaragua canal might be completed in six years, exclusive of two years for preparation, whereas it is estimated that it would take ten years to

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complete the Panama Canal. The total length of the Nicaragua route is 183·66 miles, and that of the Panama route 40·09 miles. It is estimated that the cost of working and maintaining a Nicaragua canal would be annually $1,350,000 greater than that of working and maintaining a Panama canal. It is also estimated that the time it would take vessels of deep draught to pass through the Panama Canal would be twelve hours, while by the Nicaragua route it would take thirty-three hours. The Nicaragua route was characterised as more advantageous to commerce except for that originating from the west coast of South America, and as the better one for sailing-vessels on account of the favourable winds. The hygienic conditions were also considered more favourable in Nicaragua. The first report recommended that the United States should acquire control of a strip in Nicaragua ten miles wide from sea to sea through which to build a canal. The report concluded that, after considering all the facts brought forth by the investigations and the actual situation of affairs, and having in view the terms offered by the New Panama Canal Company, the Commission was of opinion that "the most practicable and feasible route" for a canal under the control, management, and ownership of the United States is that known as the Nicaragua route.

Such is the substance of a document covering some 260 printed pages.

Following upon this report a Bill was introduced into the Senate by Senator Morgan providing for the construction of a canal by the Nicaragua route and for an aggregate appropriation for that purpose of $180,000,000, of which $5,000,000 were to be immediately available. The control of the canal and of the canal belt was to be vested in a board of eight members, and the Bill authorised the establishment of a regiment from the regular army on the canal belt to guard it properly. A protocol was signed between the United States and Nicaragua, whereby the latter leased to the former a strip of land for the canal route.

But like the reports of several preceding Commissions, the

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first report of the Walker Commission is not likely to be acted on after all. The French Panama Company, alarmed at the prospect of the total loss of the fruits of their labour, re-opened negotiations with such result that a provisional agreement was effected in January last, and the Commission sent in a second report to Congress recommending the Panama route.

The New Panama Canal Company has been, since 1894, desirous to transfer its rights and property to the United States with only such limitations to these rights as were involved in the engagements of the Company towards the Colombian Government. The Act of Congress of March 1899, placed difficulties in the way by tracing for the Government a programme of direct intervention, whereas the Colombian concession absolutely forbade the transfer of the concession to any foreign Government. Later on, however, when the Minister of Colombia in Washington declared that his Government would permit the transfer to the United States of the concession of the Panama Canal, the Company opened negotiations for the transfer and drew up a rough sketch of conditions which the Commission adjusted. They then drew up a second report which President Roosevelt in January last sent to the Senate. This report was unanimously in favour of accepting the Company's offer to sell for £8,000,000 all its rights and property. Everything will be conveyed, if the offer is accepted, and the Colombian Government assents. The transfer includes 80,000 acres, or nearly all the land needed for the canal, and 2481 buildings, a lot of machinery, launches, dredgers, locomotives, cranes, surveying instruments and other supplies.

One of the greatest natural difficulties to be encountered in the construction of a ship canal on the Panama route is still affirmed to be in the control of the Chagres River. That stream is about 145 miles long and has a drainage area above Bohio of about 875 square miles. Above Obispo it is said to be in general a clear water stream flowing over a bed of coarse gravel; though sand, clay, and silt in moderate quantities appear in the lower portions of its course. It flows through a

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mountainous country, in which the average annual rainfall is stated at 130 inches. A maximum rainfall has been noted of over six inches in twelve hours. In December 1890 it rose at Gamboa 23 feet in sixteen hours, its discharge, which was about 9000 cubic feet per second at the beginning of the rise, increasing in the same time to six or seven times that volume. The admission of a stream of this character to the canal would necessarily create conditions intolerable to navigation, unless means be provided to reduce the current to an unobjectionable velocity. Therefore the Commission argue that if a sea-level canal be constructed, either the canal itself must be made of such dimensions that maximum floods, modified to some extent by a reservoir in the Upper Chagres, could pass down its channel without injury, or independent channels must be provided to carry off these floods. As the canal lies in the lowest part of the valley, the construction of such channels would be a matter of serious difficulty, and the simplest solution would be to make the canal prism large enough to take the full discharge itself. This would have the advantage, it is claimed, of furnishing a very large channel, in which navigation under ordinary circumstances would be exceptionally easy. It would involve a cross-section from Obispo to the Atlantic having an area of at least 15,000 square feet below the water-line, which would give a bottom width of about 400 feet. The quantity of excavation required for such a canal has been roughly computed at about 266,228,000 cubic yards. The cost of such a waterway, including a dam at Alhajuela and a tide-lock at the Pacific end, is estimated at not less than $240,000,000. Its construction would probably take at least twenty years. The Commission, after full consideration, concurred with the various French Commissions, since the failure of the old company, in rejecting the sea-level plan. While such a plan may be physically practicable, and might be adopted if no other solution were available, the difficulties of all kinds, and especially those of time and cost, would be so great that a canal with a summit-level reached by locks is to be preferred. And it is in favour of such a lock

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canal that the second report decided. The objection offered to it in the Senate appears to have been solely on political, not on mechanical or financial grounds. The political difficulty relates to the power of the French company to transfer to another nation concessions granted by the Government of Colombia. But this difficulty is got rid of by a direct agreement between the United States and Colombia, the terms of which have been recently announced. Under that agreement Colombia will give the United States a perpetual lease of a canal route six miles wide and will authorise the French company to transfer all its rights and property to the United States. As soon as the treaty is ratified, the United States will pay to Colombia a sum of $7,000,000 in lieu of rental and other revenues for fourteen years; after which a rental will be fixed, either to be paid annually or in a lump sum.

A table has been issued illustrating the comparative cost of operating the Nicaragua and the Panama Canals. In this the length of each, the number of locks and the curvature are taken into consideration, and the cost of operation of certain tonnages calculated by obtaining the average per ton-mile from other canals, their dimensions and the number of locks being made equal to each of the Isthmian waterways. It is thus demonstrated that 2,000,000 tons could be transported through the Nicaragua route for $1,104,000, 6,000,000 tons for $3,312,000, and 8,000,000 tons for $4,416,000. The same tonnages could be carried through the Panama Canal for $376,000, $828,000 and $1,504,000 respectively. This shows a difference in favour of the Panama Canal of $·364 per ton. The actual cost, therefore, of operating the Panama would be about one-third that of the Nicaragua Canal, and a ton of freight could be shipped through it actually $·364 lower than through the Nicaragua.

In computing the probable cost of working an Isthmian Canal, comparison is made with the Manchester, Suez, Kiel and Sault Ste. Marie Canals. The tonnage carried by these waterways in 1900 was:—Manchester, 3,061,000; Suez, 9,788,000; Kiel, 3,489,000; and Sault Ste. Marie, 22,316,000;

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and the cost of maintenance was respectively :—$1,004,000, $1,743,000, $540,000 and $79,000. On the average of three years the cost per ton-mile of operating the Manchester Canal is $·0093, of the Suez $·0022, of the Kiel $·0025, and of the Sault Ste. Marie $·0022—a mean for the four of $·0041. The locks and curvatures of the canals are all taken into consideration, and it is shown that the expense of working is largely increased by the radius of a curve. The greater expense of operating the Manchester Canal is attributed to the fact that the radius of its sharpest curve is 1980 feet, while that of the Kiel Canal is nearly double, or 3280 feet. It is, therefore, necessary to use more steam power in the form of auxiliary tugs for moving steamships through the Manchester Canal than through other waterways. This does not apply to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, which is only 1·6 miles in length and is practically straight. In the Panama and Nicaragua Canals the curve in each case is much more gradual than in either the Manchester or Kiel waterways. The Sault Canal has but one lock, while the Manchester has five locks, or one to every seven miles. In the plans of the Nicaragua Canal one lock is calculated to an average of fifteen miles, and one to every nine for the Panama Canal. The percentage of curvature is, however, so much greater in the Nicaragua than in the Panama—the radius of the sharpest curve being 4000 feet, as compared with 6284 feet—that the Panama Canal is not at a disadvantage in this respect. The Panama route, then, now holds the field, and merely awaits the *imprimatur* of Congress and of the shareholders of the French company.

The piercing of the American Isthmus by whichever route is undoubtedly the most important engineering problem now before the world, and the wedding of the oceans will be the most important mechanical and commercial achievement of the first quarter, perhaps of the first half, of the twentieth century. That the most suitable route should be chosen for the construction of the best canal is a matter of the greatest importance, not only to the United States but also to Great Britain and the

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other maritime Powers. It is, doubtless, a good thing for the world that both America and the French company should have deemed second thoughts best, and should have struck a bargain under which the work that De Lesseps found impossible may be achieved within a few years. The change of front of the Walker Commission in favour of the Panama route is not remarkable when we remember that the Nicaragua Canal would be one hundred and thirty-five miles longer, would have a higher summit-level, would have more locks and curvatures, would require twenty-one hours more time of transit, would cost £9,000,000 more to complete, and £270,000 per annum more to maintain, than the Panama Canal.

It is fourteen years since the Panama Bubble burst; it is eight years since the *Compagnie Nouvelle du Canal de Panama* was organised, with a capital of sixty-five million francs, to devise ways and means of securing something out of the wreckage at the isthmus. It has not done much in actual constructional work, for its main object was to investigate thoroughly all the elements of the problem involved in the construction of the best possible canal, and to locate and measure the further excavations that will be necessary. Both at Panama and at Nicaragua too much attention has been directed to the problem of construction, or, perhaps, it would be better to say that too little attention has been directed to the not less important problems of operation and maintenance. The amount of traffic to be drawn to the canal depends not so much on the form of construction as on the method and cost of operation and on the duration and risks of transit. And the risks of transit pertain not only to the vessel, but also, and perhaps more, to the cargo confined in the climatic conditions of Central America.

The American frontier has vanished and the American Union has developed a land hunger that may or may not be a proof of vigorous nationality, but which certainly promises to alter the political map of the world. With Hawaii and the Philippines, America has now stretched a hand beyond her own

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Pacific Slopes that she cannot draw back, even if she would. The nation is growing rapidly and, refusing to be crowded, is sending forth outshoots. The next outstretch of these will doubtless be to the South. The canal is desired not only as a commercial pathway, but still more as a strategic line of defence and progress. The acquisition by Great Britain of a controlling interest in the stock of the Suez Canal has not been lost upon American statesmen. They bided their time at Panama while De Lesseps blundered and squandered there. And now they will for an old song buy out French rights and efface French ambitions. It is no controlling interest, but absolute control, they will have secured over the isthmian waterway to be constructed.

Do we yet realise what this means? Hitherto Britain has commanded the eastern highway from Europe to the Pacific. From Gibraltar onwards we have strategic points marking the route through the Mediterranean, through Egypt and the Suez Canal, at Aden and Perim, and at Somaliland, in the Red Sea. From there we have a series of marks preserving our course—in the Islands of the Indian Ocean, in Ceylon, India and its dependencies, and in the Straits. In the China Seas we have Hong Kong, and in wide Oceania we have Australia, New Zealand, Borneo, and a string of connections stretching farther north and south and east. With the American Republic the advance has been ever towards the west, since, indeed, the settlement of New England. "Westward the course of empire takes its way" still, but no longer across a barren and apparently illimitable wilderness. To continue and maintain that progress westward a waterway is needed on the south, which will not only connect two oceans, but will cement, while severing, the two continents. And then it has an additional charm for Americans in achieving what few Britons, perhaps, have perceived. While Britain has completed her chain to the Pacific by the east, she has also stretched out to the Pacific by the west. In the north she has Canada, and to the south and south-west Bermuda, Jamaica, and a string of islands in the Caribbean Seas, while British Honduras and British Guiana

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flank, as it were, the Atlantic entrance to the Canal. By acquiring the canal, America, as she thinks, will prevent the line of British supremacy from encircling the globe both east and west.

The canal will doubtless be of more strategical value to the United States than of commercial value to any of the nations; but it will also be of more commercial value to the United States than to any other nation. Whether it will be of any great commercial value to Great Britain, or whether we shall derive any benefit at all from it except in the general enlargement of the world's commerce, may be open to doubt. In its commercial aspects a canal across Central America, at any point, is strongly differentiated from the one across Suez. The Suez waterway connects two vast and thickly populated land areas; the Panama Canal will connect two wide oceans. East of Suez are the teeming millions of Asia, waiting with their produce for the markets of Europe; west of Suez are the workshops of the world. East of Panama is the broad Atlantic, separating the canal from the workshops and markets of Europe; west of it are 6000 miles of ocean, sprinkled with a few unconsidered insular trifles. Those who attempt to deduce from the experience of Suez a forecast of the future of Panama cannot fail to get far astray. There is no basis for comparison, even with a canal through Nicaragua, which would have passed through a region capable of development and of furnishing some local traffic.

But in the case of the American Canal, if, instead of looking east and west, we look north and south, a different prospect presents itself. The waterway will connect the busy workshops of the Eastern States of North America with the hobbledehoyish, but potentially industrious, Republics of the western side of South America. It will also connect the Pacific States of North America with the Eastern Republics of South America, though it is doubtful if much interchange of traffic will result. California and Argentina are competing wheat and meat producers, and neither country has much else that the other wants. The main point is that the commercial wants of the

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western side of South America are at present almost exclusively supplied from Europe; in future they will probably be supplied from the United States, when the canal brings them a few thousand miles nearer together. Again, it is expected, and with some show of reason, that when the canal is completed every pound of cotton required by the growing industries of Japan will be supplied from the Southern States of the American Union. And there can be little doubt that the coal of West Virginia and the iron of the Southern States will have opened up to them wide markets from which they are at present shut out. The Danish West Indies have not been desired by the United States, at a cost of £900,000, because they are intrinsically worth that money. As a matter of fact, the islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. John are actually and potentially so poor that they have not returned to Denmark enough revenue to cover the cost of administration. But they constitute the "strategic key of the Caribbean," they have convenient harbours, and they may become invaluable coaling stations for American vessels using the canal route.

The extent, as we say, to which British trade will benefit by the canal is very problematic. For Europe generally the gain will be a nearer route to the Pacific shores of North and South America, to the South Sea Islands, and to New Zealand. To Canada the canal will ultimately be of first-rate importance when she is more industrially developed. At present, however, her exports are mainly agricultural, and find their market almost entirely in the United Kingdom or the United States.

The reduction in distances is all in favour of the United States; but the change in many instances produces a complete reversal of the advantage which British trade at present enjoys. By the Suez Canal England is closer than the United States to Australia, China, and Japan by about 2700 miles. When the American Canal is built, the cities of the Atlantic seaboard of North America will be only 1000 miles farther than this country from Hong Kong and Central China; and they will be upwards of 1200 miles nearer the northern ports

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of China, Korea, and Japan, 2700 miles nearer to the western ports of South America, 1300 miles nearer to Melbourne, and more than 3000 miles nearer to New Zealand. The Atlantic termini of the Nicaragua and Panama Canals are about 300 miles apart, but are about the same distance from New York. For certain ports each route is shorter than the other, but for the traffic as a whole the difference in sailing distances is unimportant.

Although it is not too much to predict that the whole world will benefit by the opening of the canal, the present writer adheres to the opinion he has before expressed, that the commercial value of such a waterway has been exaggerated. The report of the Walker Commission admits that the conclusions as to the industrial effects of the canal are based on premises which are disputed. It is broadly asserted that the canal will assist a wide range of industries—agricultural, mineral, timbering and manufacturing. We have already seen some of the directions in which development may take place to the advantage of the United States. Whether the waterway will do very much to extend the connections of the Northern and Central States with Australia and the Orient is not clear; at the same time it is well to note that at present the greater part of the trade between the United States and China is conducted *via* New York and the Suez Canal, and that America has a good seventh of the foreign trade of China. The future market there for iron and steel manufactures and textiles is illimitable; but as regards the general speculations of the enthusiastic supporters of the scheme, these are largely founded on the belief that the traffic at present following all the avenues of commerce that might converge on the isthmus will necessarily use the canal. That will not happen. It is extremely unlikely, for instance, that all the wheat and nitrate and guano that at present finds its way from Pacific America to Europe round the Horn will come by the canal. A large portion of this commerce is conducted by sailing-ships which will not use the canal, and which it is a popular error to suppose will ever

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be driven altogether off the face of the ocean by the steam tramp. The Nicaragua Canal Construction Company in 1894 estimated an annual traffic of 9,933,000 tons. The Walker Commission added up all the European and American tonnage crossing the oceans in 1899 that might have used the canal, had there been one, and could not bring out a larger total than 6,702,540 tons. The tonnage of the vessels carrying that traffic was estimated at 4,574,852 tons, net register. This is not a very large total on which to levy transit tolls, but they estimated that by natural increase and development the total will reach 6,500,000 tons in 1914, and may reach 11,375,000 tons in 1924. The increase will, of course, depend very much on the amount of the tolls levied, and the amount of the tolls will depend on the ultimate cost of the waterway, which we may take for granted will greatly exceed the estimates placed before Congress. It is improbable that, even at lower transit dues than Suez, the American Canal will ever attract much of our trade with India, China, and Australia, but it will bring these markets, as we have seen, 1000 to 3000 miles nearer to the Atlantic ports of America. But the published estimates of probable traffic are of little value, because they are based on the entrances and clearance at the Pacific ports, and vessels calling at several ports are included in the tonnage of each of these ports. If these figures were corrected, it is probable that the actual tonnage of 1899, which forms the basis of the estimates, would be found to be not more than half that accepted by the Commission.

In facilitating the commercial interchanges of the world, however, the American Canal must benefit more or less all the nations, whether it pays the owners of it a commercial profit or not.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

P.S.—Since this article was written, Congress has passed a Bill authorising the President to conclude the purchase of the Panama works if the titles are secure.

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RUSSIA'S LATEST VENTURE IN CENTRAL ASIA

IT is a commonplace to say that democracies never think of more than one thing at a time. That, if its truth be admitted, is about the severest judgment that could be passed upon the fitness of free peoples to manage their own affairs, for the criticism must, of necessity, be extended to their appointed rulers, who seldom trouble their heads about any questions excepting those which, very often owing to purely accidental causes, occupy the popular mind. For the last two and a half years we have had the South African War, and, allowing for the months of preliminary excitement, it is practically three years since the British democracy has thought of anything except South Africa. The brief interregnum of Chinese excitement was about the only disturbance of the South African pre-occupation; and had it not been for that temporary distraction we might have arrived at a transcendental state of permanent forgetfulness that there were British interests of importance in any other part of the world. Yet even during the Chinese interregnum we can trace our democratic tendency to think of only one thing at a time. Russia then appeared to menace our interests, and we applied our mind with democratic diligence to the study of Russia's new position in Northern Asia. In that position the Siberian railway was the most important factor. A mania set in for describing, interpreting, praising and condemning that railway,

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as if it were a sort of conquest of China and assimilation of all Asia compressed into two narrow ridges of steel. Acres of information were supplied to the British public upon the subject, and the crop, while it fed the hungry, only served to increase their appetites. This was an opportunity for making us remember that there were railways in being, and in project, in other parts of the world, and that there were Anglo-Russian relations, and even Anglo-Russian relations in Asia which might be affected by such railways. But our devotion to Russia on the north of China left us no time to think of that older and still more important question—Russia on the north of India. If we had already possessed China, and Russia had just constructed a Siberian railway, making it possible for her to concentrate hundreds of thousands of armed men within a few miles of our northern frontier, we should have been rightly alarmed, and the fuss about the railway would have been justified. Yet that is exactly what Russia is now doing, and will have done in a couple of years, in regard to our southern China, as we might describe India. With this difference, that India, with a population little smaller than that of China—India, which we already rule and where we have already consolidated our interests, is much more important to us than a dozen Chinas, where we have only small commercial and only potential political interests. But owing to the fact—which in this light is a misfortune—that we have no revolt in India, and no besieged population crying for aid, we hear nothing about the matter at all.

We know nothing of what is passing in the minds of the rulers of India, but, as far as published reports go, there is no reason to suppose that the Indian Government, any more than the English people at home and their indifferent Ministers, are conscious of the shifting of political power in Central Asia, now imminent as the result of the railway which Russia is constructing between Orenburg and Tashkent. Yet it is assuredly a fact worthy of general attention that for the first time in history the geographical barriers which have always

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made a European advance overland to India a hazardous enterprise, are being permanently overcome. The exact way in which this feat is now being accomplished was foreshadowed by De Lesseps more than a quarter of a century ago when he urged the Russian Government to make the town of Orenburg, the natural gateway of Central Asia, the starting-point of a railway through the steppes. The advantages of this scheme were even then obvious; and it would certainly have been carried out long ago had not Russia been compelled to build the Transcaspian line for the immediate purpose of completing her conquest of the Turkoman tribes on the north of Persia and Afghanistan. Yet, though the Transcaspian line was amply justified by its success, it never solved the problem of direct communication between Europe and Central Asia. Though it was built as a military railway, and was and is invaluable for military purposes, its success was greater in commerce than in strategy; and its value as a lever in Indo-Afghan crises is limited severely by political and geographical considerations. The present project, on the other hand, is nominally a commercial railway. But it is only necessary to look at the map of Asia to see its strategical importance.

It is only a little more than a year since the Russian Government decided to build this railway in its present form. When three years ago the question was being vehemently discussed in the Russian Press, it seemed more probable that the line would be built between the Caspian Sea and Lake Aral, starting from Saratov on the Volga and running in a direct line across the Caspian depression and the Ust-Yurt Plateau to Kungrad and Khiva, and thence following the general direction of the Oxus as far as Chardjui, which lies upon the existing Transcaspian line. This railway, which would have been about 1700 versts in length, and would have cost, including a bridge across the Volga, some 90,000,000 roubles, would have solved the problem of intercommunication between Russia and Central Asia as well as the present line; and it had the advantage of being for most purposes slightly

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shorter. It was abandoned only in 1900, in spite of much advocacy from the Riazan-Ural Railway Company which controls the approaches, and would have reaped much of the profits if its proposals had been adopted. The motives which led the Russian Government to adopt the Orenburg-Tashkent route are probably explained by the fact that the approaches are formed by State railways, and that the line will pass through a country already inhabited by a considerable Russian population, whereas on 1200 versts of the Saratov route, from the Emba to Chardjui there is not a single Russian village. The advantages of the route, however, do not lie so much in the country traversed as in the terminal districts. Orenburg, in spite of its decline since the construction of the Transcaspian line, is still a town of considerable importance, and the natural outlet of a vast grain-growing district. It is, moreover, nearer to the Siberian main line, the junction being at Samara, whereas a long circuit through Penza is necessary to reach Saratov. The Orenburg scheme also presents none of those difficulties in regard to water-supply and protection from sand which proved so formidable in the building of the Transcaspian, and would prove hardly less formidable in the desert to the south-east of Saratov. The southern terminus, on the other hand, is in the centre of the most fertile district in Central Asia, Ferghana alone supplying 72 per cent. of the cotton sent to European Russia. These considerations seem to have determined the Russian Government in favour of the Orenburg route as opposed to the somewhat shorter Saratov project.

The new railway follows the natural and historic path of advance in Central Asia, keeping closely almost for its whole length to the still-existing track which before the opening of the Transcaspian line was the main artery of trade. The only considerable engineering difficulty met with is the bridging of the Ural River at the beginning of the line. From Orenburg the line runs east to Orsk, and there turns to the south, running between two outlying spurs of the Urals, through the Kirghiz country to Irghiz. At Irghiz is crossed

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a branch of the Turgai River, and thence the railway runs south along the road to Kazalinsk on the Sir Daria, actually touching the north-east coast of the Sea of Aral. At Perovsk the line diverges eastward from the road, touching it again by a southward bend at Fort Julek, after which it runs straight to the town of Turkestan. According to the original project the railway was to have followed the track to Chimkent, and run thence to Tashkent, whither the Transcaspian line was only extended in 1900. Chimkent is now left to the east, and the railway runs almost in a straight line from Turkestan to Tashkent. No part of the country traversed, except the last part, is very fertile. But the railway will not only bring supplies both to and from the districts through which it lies, but it will also tap the whole fertile valley of the Oxus, goods sent from the Oxus valley being put upon the railway where the line touches the north-eastern coast of the Sea of Aral. The railway will, therefore, facilitate communication with Khiva and the Oxus valley as well as with the Sir Daria valley and Ferghana.

But perhaps the greatest commercial advantage of the new line lies in the fact that it will provide, although not by a very direct route, that intercommunication between Central Asia and Siberia, which many years ago it was proposed to create by means of a railway between Omsk and Tashkent. By that means a very old Russian economic ideal will be accomplished. At the present time it is practically impossible to transport the surplus Siberian products—grain, dairy produce, and timber—into Central Asia. Siberian products must first be sent several thousand miles by railway to Samara, after which follow a second journey of a thousand miles down the Volga, a sea voyage across the Caspian Sea, and a fourth journey of a thousand miles along the Transcaspian railway. The Russian ambition of sending surplus grain into Central Asia, and thus setting free land now devoted to raising cereals for the culture of the more valuable cotton meets, therefore, with considerable difficulty. When the new line is completed Russian grain will

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be sent direct into the Khanates; while the journey for Siberian products will be reduced by half, goods being sent along the main line to Samara, and thence direct, *viâ* Orenburg, to Central Asia. The culture of cotton in Central Asia within recent years, and particularly since the introduction of the American plant, has attained enormous dimensions. During the last sixteen years the area devoted to cotton has increased from 1200 to 875,000 acres, and in 1900 Russia received from her own possessions 7,500,000 bales, or nearly half the amount required for the home manufactures. This increase has been effected chiefly by irrigation; but irrigated land is precious, and so long as part of the cultivable land of Central Asia is used for raising grain for home consumption, owing to the want of good communications by which food can be imported, the country is being developed economically at a loss. The cotton plantations of Central Asia pay dividends of as much as 50 per cent. when well managed, and as the duty on imported raw cotton was raised in 1900 (by 1 rouble per pood) the plantations are likely to become still more valuable in future years. Cotton, moreover, is one of the few manufactures in which Russia is likely to compete with Western Europe in foreign markets, and an increase in the quantity of cheap material available would probably result in such a development of the manufactures as would drive all competition out of China and Persia. It is plain, therefore, that the improvement in communications, by enabling the cotton-growing area to be increased, will prove, at least indirectly, very profitable.

In this, perhaps, lies the chief commercial hope of Russia's new undertaking. As to its cultural influence upon the country through which it passes, it is hardly possible to expect very much. The Turgai steppe is chiefly valuable for its stock, but it is not likely that Russian immigrants will be drawn there in numbers sufficient to develop the district economically. But the new railway will probably prove to be only a beginning, and with the great problem of direct communication between Central Russia and Central Asia once solved, it is

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probable that branch lines will be constructed running through more fertile country. An extension into Eastern Turkestan and Western China will probably be the first developments.

The English commercial interest in the railway will, however, only begin when the inevitable connection with the Indian railways is accomplished. It is hardly to be expected that the Indian authorities will continue for ever to suffer from the blind panic which prevents them from welcoming a measure approved of by nearly every authority who has not been blinded by Russophobist dread. The Channel Tunnel (in essence a very similar project, since it would have joined by rail a military with a non-military nation) was killed by insular panic; but it is safe to say that, had any other nation been concerned, Englishmen would have been the first to turn into ridicule such a dog-in-the-manger policy. The French, after 1870, had a much greater cause for fearing German invasion than we have ever to fear from the Russians. But they did not therefore take the heroic step of destroying all their railways within fifty miles of the German frontier. They knew by instinct that even a considerable risk of temporary evil is better than the permanent loss of all the advantages deriving from free communication. It is obvious also, that if the Russians are intent upon attacking us in India, their plans must be upon such a vast scale that the contemporaneous laying of a military railway will be but a detail. Indeed, the only plausible project for invading India published in Russia within the last twenty years [1] recognises this, and projects a gradual advance, lasting for years, and the contemporaneous laying of a military railway from the present terminus of the Transcaspian line at Kushk.

It is impossible also to ignore the fact that the connection of the Russian and Indian railways is primarily an Afghan question. The late Ameer may, or may not, have acted upon sure instinct when he directed his son not to discuss the question of

[1] "Towards India: a Military-Statistical and Strategical Sketch." A Plan of Future Invasion. By V. T. Lebedeff. St. Petersburg: 1899.

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railways with English officials. But we know nothing definite about the wishes and ambitions of his successor. There is nothing in our loose suzerainty over Afghanistan to prevent the present Ameer laying down as many railways as he likes, and even importing material over the Russian lines in case we refuse to co-operate. Our attitude towards such a development ought surely to be moulded by broad considerations of policy, and not by the mere panic fear of Russian aggression. The unity and peace of Afghanistan is the centre of our Central-Asian policy. If the unity and peace of Afghanistan can be perpetuated by the methods adopted long ago by all progressive rulers, why should we oppose a policy so natural? Nothing could better promote unity and subordination in Afghanistan than the construction of a railway and telegraph system. But a railway in Afghanistan is inconceivable if it is not connected with the Indian lines on the south and the Russian lines on the north.

If some such unifying measure is not taken it is an absolute certainty that Afghanistan, sooner or later, will break into its traditional disorder, not merely because disorder is traditional in that country, but because disruption is the inevitable fate of all large states which neglect the railway and the telegraph, as the essential unifiers of Empire. Now the danger of Afghanistan breaking into pieces is much more serious for us than the mere risk of Russia using a railway to our disadvantage. We have therefore to choose between two perils, one great, the other very small. The lesser danger is that Russia may use the railway for aggressive purposes against India. The greater peril is obviously that Afghanistan may break up owing to her loosely bound organisation, and that that very break-up may precipitate a Russian advance.

If such an event should take place, the railway now being constructed by Russia will not be the less dangerous merely because it comes to an end abruptly at the Afghan frontier. Its strategical importance is entirely independent of whether it is or is not connected with India. The value of the railway

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for military purposes depends upon its western and not upon its eastern connections. In this respect Russia has made an advance with which none of her other recent railway extensions can be compared. Twelve years ago, Annenkoff's much-trumpeted construction of the Transcaspian line was regarded both in Russia and in England as the solution of the immemorial problem of joining Asia and Europe by land. The security of India, it was believed, was threatened. Time has proved that both Russian hopes and British fears were exaggerated. The railway indeed made it possible for Russia to send a few thousand men from the Caucasus to Kuskh, or even to the northern slopes of the Thian Shan. But Central Russia, and all the great outlying districts which can be reached only through Central Russia, with their reserves of men, horses, and food, were still cut off from Asia by an impossible journey over a defective, partly desert, line. Only a year ago experiment proved that it took three weeks to send a few thousand men from Moscow to Merv. From Moscow to Baku or Petrovsk alone is more than 2500 versts (that is, longer than the whole of the new railway), after which follows the passage of the Caspian Sea and an interminable journey over a waterless desert. The Transcaspian line, in fact, established communication merely between the Caucasus and Central Asia, and only in a very limited sense formed a route from Russia proper. But the new line will bring the European frontier within three days, and Moscow within five days slow travelling of Merv and Kushk. It will constitute exactly that line of communication between Russia proper and Central Asia which the Transcaspian line failed to supply. No part of Russia now connected by rail with Moscow will be much more than a week's journey away from the point of danger on the Afghan frontier; and less than three days will suffice for the concentration in Central Asia of troops and munitions of war from Samara and the adjacent eastern governments. The Transcaspian line will still have its uses, and will retain its importance as a means of communication with the Caucasus and South-eastern Russia. But as a line of advance

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into Central Asia the Orenburg-Tashkent line will supersede it altogether.

The strategical importance of the new line is, however, by no means confined to the saving of time. From a political point of view the present line of Russian communications is full of points of danger. In time of war there has always been a danger of the fanatical Moslem races of the Caucasus rising against their rulers, and in that case the destruction of the railway which feeds the Transcaspian by joining Russia with the Caspian ports would probably be one of their first acts. In summer time this would not have very serious results, as troops could still be sent down the Volga; in winter, however, the destruction of the Caucasus lines would mean the cessation of all communication with the troops in Central Asia. On the other hand, the Asiatic section of the present railway is subjected to still greater danger. For the whole of its course it runs through territory peopled by hardly subdued Turkomans, and at no point is it very far from the Persian frontier. A revolt among the Turkoman tribes, or a flank attack by Persia, would ruin Russia's chances of success, if it did not even result in the destruction of her army. The new railway will have neither of these disadvantages. It runs through a country almost as Russian as Moscow, for the Kirghiz nomads have practically no national sentiment or religious fanaticism, and their geographical position places them beyond the range of foreign incitement or bribery. Supplies for military purposes of cattle and horses are abundant all along the line; and even the defeat and driving back of a Russian attack, and the capture of their advanced depôts, would not, as under present conditions, involve the destruction of the invaders.

It would be interesting to know whether the Indian Government has determined upon the new policy which is imperative as the result of this impending change in the balance of power in Central and Southern Asia. To demand an impossible increase of the Indian army is the natural refuge of

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the alarmist. But this, it should be observed, is just the one measure which would do least to meet the impending changes. For the Russians, as far as they have ever seriously dreamed of invading India, have never been in the least concerned by the number of opponents they would have to face.[1] Their problem has been not how to get a large enough number of men to the Afghan or Indian frontiers, but how to feed and supply them once they are there. The direct railway connection now being established with Moscow will solve this difficulty; and the problem which we have to face is, therefore, not that Russia has increased her potential strength in Central Asia, but that she has made its employment feasible. A change of policy seems the natural solution of the problem. But here we are brought face to face with the eternal problem, whether Russia has or has not any designs upon India, and whether, if she has, these designs are an aim in themselves, or merely an instrument for bringing pressure to bear in quarters where success would prove more fruitful than in the acquisition of a poverty-stricken Empire.

It is argued as a factor which would control our Russian policy that Russians regard dominion in India as their future destiny. Generalisations so comprehensive as this are of course impossible to refute—all political generalisations indeed obtain their plausibility from the circumstance that it is impossible to bring them within the focus of facts, whether for or against. All that we really know of Russia's ultimate aims in India might be summed up by saying that some Russians certainly have dreamed of conquering India. Men as mad as the Czar Paul, and as brilliant as Skobeleff, have planned invasion, and men, as obscure as Mr. A. Sapozhnikoff apparently,

[1] General L. N. Soboleff, Chief of the Staff of the Moscow Military District, in a pamphlet published in Moscow last year, entitled *L'Invasion russe dans les Indes est-elle possible?* argues that to ensure safety under present conditions the Anglo-Indian army would have to be increased to 500,000 men, which, as he says, "entraînerait un déficit annuel de 300,000,000 de roubles dans les finances de l'Empire des Indes."

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still plan it, for I find that the Archimandrit Vladimir, Russia's senior ecclesiastical censor, has affixed his superscription to a pamphlet [1] by that gentleman which proves conclusively out of Holy Writ that Russia is the predestined stomach in which the whole world is fated to be digested and christianised. Mr. Sapozhnikoff does not hesitate to declare that now or never is the time for war with England, by affirming that "although we are not ready in all respects, England is still less prepared." (It is amusing to see how fanatics and alarmists everywhere cut with the same old saws, for is it not an article of British faith that Russia is the friend of peace only because she is not yet ready for war?) Aspirations, however, are not acts, and Destiny, which is best defined as what happens after the event, is not to be seduced by the *beaux yeux* of Slavonic megalomaniacs. Our relations with Russia depend not upon any imagined destiny, but upon future individual acts which they and we can control; and according as the individual act of each tips the balance the resultant measures of the other must be determined. Whether Russia will or can attack us in India is therefore just as much an open question as whether she will attack Germany, overrun Austria or even raid London. In this play of circumstances the new Central Asian Railway is undoubtedly the most important immediate factor; and it is ominous that a public which continually seizes upon unimportant things as vital, should have averted its eyes from a really significant factor in our Russian relations.

It is worth noting in conclusion that the railway now approaching completion is the work of the Russian industrial party, that is, of men who have hitherto opposed undue expansion, and grudged every penny of outlay for military purposes. That, of course, will not prevent the railway being used against us if difficulties should arise, any more than it prevented our peaceful liners being transformed at a moment's notice into transports for carrying men and horses to the Cape. By this potentiality the balance of power in Central Asia is

[1] "The Historic Destiny of Russia." By A. Sapozhnikoff. Moscow, 1901.

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undoubtedly shifted heavily to the Russian side. Our immediate interest lies in realising that, and in shaping our policy accordingly. If the new policy results in bringing about good relations with Russia all the better. Friendly relations based upon an equilibrium between Russian interests and British interests are much more likely to be permanent than friendly relations based upon the enmity of either to a third Power. The movement recently on foot for improving relations with Russia has not been well received by the Russians merely because they have been sharp enough to see that enmity to Germany, not love of themselves, has been the inspiration of its advocates. The same good people who clamour for friendship with Russia to-day would return at once to their natural Russophobism if the German Press and people were to be suddenly converted from their present state of Boerophilism. Friendship with Russia can be established and confirmed only on the basis of an adjustment of the mutual relations of the two Powers, without regard to the shifting play of hatred and amity which goes on all over the rest of Europe. The creation of the railway from Central Russia to the Afghan and Indian frontiers is a factor in these mutual relations which needs adjustment; and whether it means bad relations springing from apprehension or good relations based upon an understanding, depends upon ourselves alone.

R. E. C. Long.

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THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE

A REPLY TO MR. KERSHAW

THERE can be little doubt in the minds of intelligent observers that this country is once more approaching a critical period in its financial policy. Protection clearly is only scotched, not killed, and is once more raising its head under the guise of a preferential tariff. The growth of Imperial sentiment has led to a confused idea that something must be done to strengthen the bonds of Imperial unity. It is suggested that a preferential tariff would draw closer the ties between the mother country and the Colonies, and this suggestion is eagerly adopted by many who do not stop to consider the ulterior effects of such a policy. This growing interest in economic affairs has led to an outburst of Protectionist literature from writers who expatiate on the disadvantages, economic and political, of our present system. These attacks have hitherto been generally ignored, since a return to our cast-off fiscal system appeared outside the range of practical politics. But now that a system of disguised protection has unfortunately become almost identified with the advancement of Imperial federation, the need has grown greater that the disastrous consequences likely to arise on the re-adoption of such a policy should be clearly realised. With the purpose of furthering in however slight a degree a juster conception of our economic

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position and of the policy best calculated to improve and sustain it I propose to offer some criticisms on an article from the pen of Mr. Kershaw in the MONTHLY REVIEW for June on "the Promotion of Trade Within the Empire." This will most conveniently be done by adopting Mr. Kershaw's own arrangement of the subject, and by considering in turn the three subjects, firstly, of the *Present Position of England as an Exporting Country*, secondly, of *the Preferential Tariff System*, and thirdly, of *a Reciprocity System*.

But our present commercial position, in no less degree than our political position, can only be understood by a reference to the past, and a brief historical sketch is indispensable in order that a due sense of proportion may not be lost, and that we may be saved from the mistake of imagining that the ruin of British trade is a necessary corollary of the growth of German and American prosperity. Such a view is entirely fallacious. It is to adopt Bismarck's statement that "trade between nations is to the advantage of one nation over another" rather than the true conception that the prosperity of all is bound up with the prosperity of each. The advantages of foreign trade, no less than the internal trade, are mutual, and are shared by both parties. So long then as it can be shown that British trade is not in that decline, which the pessimistic daily deplore, so long we need not fear for the future.

The wealth of England, and the vastness and prosperity of her commerce, have long been a byword among the nations of the earth. In her case the policy of Free Trade had been triumphantly vindicated. Her foreign trade increased "by leaps and bounds," and in proportion as her articles of commerce were freed from the shackles of Protective duties, so did the national wealth and the national revenue continually expand. For many years after the Crimean War this country enjoyed peace, broken only by small frontier wars and expeditions, too insignificant even to raise a ripple to disturb the national tranquillity. The other great nations of the world were not so fortunate. America, convulsed in the throes of

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her gigantic struggle for union had no spare energy to devote to trade. The union of Germany was hardly consummated, and France was paralysed by the disaster of 1870. England stood, therefore, without a rival in the world of commerce. Not only did her exports of manufactures assume unparalleled proportions, but her merchant ships covered the seas, and she became the universal carrier. But this position of unrivalled and undisputed supremacy was not founded solely on natural causes, but was due rather to the misfortunes of other nations. The resources of the United Kingdom were not greater or even as great as those of the American continent, nor were her workmen endowed with more ingenuity and manufacturing capacity than those of the German Empire. It was merely a question of time when her supremacy would be fiercely assailed, and when those portions of her trade, which owed their growth to the momentary weakness of her rivals, might have to be relinquished. That time has now come. Germany and America are both making their strength felt in the world's markets, a strength which is legitimate and natural, being founded on their material resources and on the skill and energy of their populations.

Meanwhile the people of England have been filled with a feeling almost akin to despair at the growing strength of their commercial rivals. Without caring to verify their opinions, Press writers have taken for granted the decay of British trade, and have searched for some cause to account for this phenomenon. That cause has been discovered in the economic policy of our rivals. It is alleged, in Mr. Kershaw's words, that "Protection as a system of fiscal policy has triumphed," while Free Trade is branded as "antiquated and absurd," a species of argument that is two-edged. For Protection, as a fiscal system, is more antiquated by centuries than Free Trade, and has been an "old shibboleth" since the time of Colbert.

The growth of this Protectionist feeling has been immensely furthered by the South African War, and the resulting necessity of new taxation. The shoe has begun to pinch. There is a

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vague feeling that a preferential tariff will operate to lighten the burden of taxation, and a resolute and tenacious statesman is in power, ready to take advantage of this growing discontent.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that a true perception of England's present position in trade should be obtained, and of the effect likely to be produced on it by the introduction of a system of preferential duties.

I.—*The Present Position of the United Kingdom as an Exporting Country.*

The difficulty of using statistics correctly has been pointed out so admirably by Sir Robert Giffen, that I may perhaps be allowed to quote his own words. "No table," he insists, "can be used without qualification and discretion. The moment we perceive that figures are used without qualifications, and without anxiety to use them in their right meaning, and to support no greater conclusion than they can be made to bear, we may be sure that there is something wrong." No injustice is done in applying these words to the use made by Mr. Kershaw of the statistics he gives in order to demonstrate the decline of our trade.

His figures, it is true, give some colour to the view that our export trade is not increasing at quite so rapid a rate as that of America and Germany, which is due mainly to the fact that their expansion began at a much later date. But not content with this, Mr. Kershaw, from premises quite insufficient for the purpose, unjustifiably concludes that our export trade is in a state of rapid decline.

In the first place, he gives us a diagram illustrating the relative increase in English, German, and American exports, which demonstrates, as might reasonably be expected, that in the last few years the two latter countries have gained slightly on the United Kingdom in the matter of exports. England gained at the outset by having a long lead, but at any rate since 1894 Germany and America have been making up for lost time.

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The following figures show roughly the progress made by the three countries:

TABLE I.

Exports.

	1894.	1900.	Increase.
	£	£	£
Germany . . .	148,000,000	235,000,000	87,000,000
United States . .	181,000,000	284,000,000	103,000,000
United Kingdom . .	216,000,000	283,000,000	67,000,000

The qualification must be made that a considerable portion of the increase in exports from the United Kingdom is due to one item, coal; but, on the other hand, Germany also exports large amounts of raw material and food-stuffs.

A still more important qualification must be made in the case of the American figures, which on the surface seem to present so formidable a danger to our manufacturing supremacy.

The following quotation is made from "The Consular Report of the Trade of the United States for the year ending June 30, 1901:"

> The total exports were valued at 1,460,000,000 dollars but these figures are not so satisfactory for American manufacturers as they appear to be. Deducting from the total amount the value of agricultural produce 944,000,000 dollars, mining 89,000,000 dollars, forests 54,000,000 dollars, fisheries 7,000,000 dollars, we have representing manufactured goods 410,000,000 dollars.
>
> This is 5¼ per cent. decrease from 1900.

Though, therefore, we may regret that England's export trade does not show that power of expansion which we might desire, no sufficient reason for despondency exists.

Mr. Kershaw's next table of statistics, showing that the growth of exports has not increased in the same proportion as that of population, seems to me no more successful in proving his thesis. Such a method of calculation is unsound for two main reasons.

In the first place, the amount of a country's exports

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depends mainly not on its population, but on its material resources. If our exports have been expanding at a fair rate, there is no reason for alarm because their growth does not keep pace with that of the population.

And in the second place, though it may be true that "our chief rivals can show an actual gain in the value of exports per head of the population," yet the leeway they have to make up is too great to render such a comparison a fair one. For while British exports per head amount to £6·21 German exports amount only to £4·19, and American to £3·78 per head.

A just idea of our commercial situation is not to be gained by dividing off the export trade for separate consideration but by the survey of the figures of our whole trade for several years past, which are given in Table II. obtained from "The Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom for 1901."

TABLE II.

Value of Total Imports and Exports of Merchandise into and from the United Kingdom (000,000*s omitted*).

Years.	Imports.	Exports.			Total of Imports and Exports.	
	Total Value.	British Produce.	Foreign and Colonial Produce.	Total Value.	Total Value.	Proportion per Head of Population.
	£	£	£	£	£	£ s. d.
1888	387	234	64	298	686	18 12 2
1889	427	248	66	315	743	19 19 10
1890	420	263	64	328	748	19 19 7
1891	435	247	61	309	744	19 14 0
1892	423	227	64	291	715	18 15 6
1893	404	218	58	277	681	17 14 10
1894	408	216	57	273	682	17 11 10
1895	416	226	59	285	702	17 19 3
1896	441	240	56	296	738	18 14 1
1897	451	234	59	294	745	18 14 3
1898	470	233	60	294	764	19 0 6
1899	485	264[1]	65	329	814	20 1 8
1900	523	291[1]	63	354	877	21 9 0

[1] From British exports for 1899 should be deducted £9,000,000, the value of ships (new) included for first time; and for 1900, £8,500,000.

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From this table it is perfectly clear that, unless as alarmists would have us believe, we are living on our capital and importing more than we can really pay for, our trade is in a flourishing condition and shows no signs of ruin or decay. Yet with such figures before him Mr. Kershaw is bold enough to say that

> the study of the figures of our foreign trade for the last thirty years emphasises the need for improving our trade relations with our Colonies and with other countries willing to consider the advantages of reciprocal trade,

and that

> *this falling off in our export trade, if it continues,* will have most disastrous consequences for the credit and prosperity of the mother country. Several of our staple industries are already seriously undermined, and the continuance of the present system of so-called Free Trade is likely to bring about their final ruin.

It is a pity Mr. Kershaw withholds from us the interesting knowledge, presumably possessed by him, as to specific industries which are in so lamentable a condition. To one who considers impartially the figures in Table II., the words just quoted must appear somewhat figurative.

Mr. Kershaw makes a further observation that "many consider that we might now with every justification copy the Protective policy of our rivals." If this means that we should be morally justified in creating a high tariff wall, no one would deny it. But we do not order our financial goings on such grounds. Justification on economic grounds has yet to be proved. For any small or conjectural gain to take the momentous step of abandoning Free Trade, of throwing down the ladder by which we have risen, would be absurd.

Free Traders are far from denying the reality of the fierce competition we meet in every quarter of the world, or the necessity of straining every nerve in the race. It is only too true that we are falling behind in education and adaptability. Protection as a remedy for that would merely exaggerate the disease. But, even when this allowance is made, a study of our official figures seems to me to necessitate a conclusion the reverse of that drawn by Mr. Kershaw.

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Our exports are *not* decreasing, but increasing. Our trade, without exaggeration, can be said to be in a perfectly sound and healthy condition. It is true that the excess of imports over exports, amounting in 1900 to £169,000,000, is apt to create alarm in some minds, but this excess is accounted for by freights, interest on foreign loans, and commissions on international banking.

It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to compare fully our trade with that of our rivals, and for my purpose it would be unprofitable. It is sufficient to demonstrate its prosperity. It is for the opponents of our present fiscal policy to show that another system would have led to still better results.

Keeping in mind the figures of our foreign trade, shown in Table II., we are now in a better position to deal with the proposals Mr. Kershaw brings forward "to relieve us from our present difficulties," the first of which is that we should adopt a system of preferential duties.

II.—*A Preferential Tariff System for the Empire and its probable Influence on British Trade.*

Mr. Kershaw appears somewhat perplexed as to the relative merits of Protection and Free Trade. It is true he says that "Protection as a system of fiscal policy has triumphed," but on the other hand, he "prefers to regard a preferential tariff system as a step towards that world-wide Free Trade which all desire to see inaugurated." The "triumph" of Protection must appear of a somewhat doubtful character to one so anxious to see its abolition. Such inconsistencies, however, are of small moment. It is sufficient to note that Mr. Kershaw is in favour of a preferential tariff as a means of introducing Free Trade within the Empire, and of checking the imaginary decline in our exports. A discussion of this policy is apt to introduce confusion owing to the common mistake of not clearly distinguishing between the economic and the political results of such a measure. It is absolutely

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necessary that a clear line of division should be drawn between them.

The economic aspect is the most important for our purpose, though Protectionists are apt rather to rely on political considerations. In the first place, it is clear that by no possible means can the trade of the United Kingdom reap any benefit from a system of preferential duties. A brief survey of our trade statistics and of the elements that go to make up our commercial prosperity are sufficient to prove it.

Compare our trade with the Colonies with the rest of our foreign trade. The latest figures are those for 1901. The value of our total imports and exports was £869,000,000. Of that our foreign trade amounted to £650,000,000, our trade with British Possessions to £219,000,000.

The great fact to be borne in mind is that we should be sacrificing the greater for the less. No one supposes that there would be a total loss of our trade with foreign countries, but Mr. Kershaw's statement "that this could be faced with equanimity" is a proposition of more doubtful value. It would be many years before we could build up an equivalent trade with our colonies.

A closer examination of the probable results of this policy discloses further disadvantages. The country has lately been informed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that whatever arrangements are come to with the Colonies, the Government has no intention of deserting the policy of Free Trade. If this is so, we cannot hope to make any concession to the Colonies which will be acceptable to them.

At the present moment our indirect revenue is obtained for the most part from taxes on tea, sugar, tobacco, spirits and corn. If India is left out of consideration—and her exceptional position renders this justifiable—the tax on corn is the only means of giving any preference to colonial imports. And that tax is at present too small to be of much good for the purpose. Further duties must therefore be imposed on imports from foreign countries which come into competition with

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colonial exports. These latter are composed mostly of foodstuffs or raw materials.

Let us suppose that the duty on corn is raised to give Canada a preference. It will certainly be impossible to stop there. Australia and South Africa will clamour for a duty on wool, New Zealand for one on frozen mutton, and then, perhaps, Canada again for one on cheese, timber, and apples. And so the game will go on, raising envyings and jealousies among the different colonies, and disillusionment at home.

Mr. Kershaw gives an ingenious table showing that we can find a sufficient market for our exports within the Empire. But he fails to point out the disastrous effects on those very exports of preferential duties. Our manufacturers in these days of cheap labour and material complain of stringent competition. The lowering of the standard of efficiency, which will be caused by the high price of food and bad housing, due to the increase in the price of timber, added to increased cost of raw material, is hardly likely to better their position.

The prosperity of British trade is dependent on the free and unrestricted entry of cheap food and cheap raw materials, which together make up practically the whole of our imports. In the year 1901 our imports amounted to £522,000,000. If the value of imported manufactured articles amounting to £98,000,000 is subtracted, the remainder consists almost altogether of articles of food and raw materials. So long as they are imported in abundance, we can rely on the skill and energy of our people to compete with foreigners.

But a preferential tariff strikes directly at both. For a rise in prices is essential to the benefit the Colonies are to draw from such a system. A sanguine estimate of the capabilities of our colonies is needed, if we are to believe in their ability to supply us with all the food we need, at a moment's notice. Last year 52,000,000 cwts. of wheat were imported from foreign countries, and only 16,000,000 from British Possessions. It is impossible to doubt that Canada and Australia possess large potentialities for wheat-growing. But years must elapse

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before the country could be properly opened out, and meanwhile the well-being of the mass of our people would be sacrificed for the benefit of a small number of Canadian and Australian squatters.

While the economic disadvantages accompanying a preferential tariff are undoubted, the advantages seem more problematical. Its advocates point to the great momentum it would give to our colonial trade, alleging that the gain in this direction would outbalance any other loss. Such a view necessitates the assumption of an immediate and striking increase in the wealth of the Colonies. But this is unlikely. In proportion to their population both Canada and Australia are rich and prosperous under the present *régime*. In neither colony does the population show much sign of increase, and consequently no startling growth in their foreign trade is to be expected. If this assumption is made, it is difficult to discover how a preferential tariff would better our present position. For, with the exception of Canada, we hold undisputed possession of the field. In India we sweep the board, and the following figures show our position elsewhere. The imports (including bullion and specie) from the United Kingdom into Australasia, Natal and Cape of Good Hope amounted in 1900 to £38,400,000, from Germany into the same countries, £3,500,000, and from the United States, £8,800,000.

Canada is the only colony in which our position is not favourable.

The imports from the United Kingdom into Canada amounted to £9,000,000, from Germany £1,700,000, from the United States £22,000,000.

By the introduction of an absolutely prohibitive tariff against the United States and at the cost of great injury to Canada herself, it might be possible to increase our trade in that direction.

Turning to our colonies, we may assume that they would gain largely from preferential duties on their chief exports, but they would have to submit to an increased cost for imported

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manufactures. It is often argued with reason that Protection is serviceable under certain conditions to be found in new countries. The "infant industries" are unable to compete with their adult rivals, and state aid is necessary to tide over the period of growth. It is probable that both Canada and Australia would find this form of Protection preferable to any other. But in this respect a preferential tariff will be of no avail. English manufactures would be let in duty free to compete with the infant colonial industries, while those agricultural interests which need no aid are to be protected against foreign competitors in the British market.

Circumstances may sometimes arise which compel a nation for the sake of some great political advantage to undergo a certain amount of economic loss. The British Empire, according to the adherents of a system of preferential duties, is now in a position to reap such incalculable political benefits from this scheme that it will be able to face with equanimity the loss of a little wealth.

Commercial federation, it is alleged, must precede political federation; such a system would create a strong and healthy agricultural population in our colonies, would provide an adequate market in the United Kingdom for surplus agricultural and dairy produce, and would supply us with food and men in time of war.

The federation of the Empire is the dream of every British citizen, but a reasonable doubt may be expressed whether a scheme, bound to result in economic loss, is likely to lead to its fulfilment. One result, no doubt, of an increase in the price of corn would be its increased growth in Canada and Australia. It is more doubtful, whether as a further result, there would spring up a healthy agricultural population. Land in the Colonies is, to a great extent, in the hands of large owners. Machinery would be extensively used, and an agricultural life is too lonely and monotonous to be agreeable.

Great stress is usually laid on what may be termed the "food in time of war" argument. It is realised that this

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island cannot, under any circumstances, feed its entire population. The remedy is proposed that we should draw all our supplies from within the Empire. Such a solution of a well-recognised danger would be entirely inadequate. In time of war, vessels of neutral Powers would have a much better chance of escape from commerce-destroying cruisers, while every British and Colonial vessel would be lawful prey. The greater the number of countries from which we draw our food supply, the more security we possess. For it becomes less likely that we shall be at war with all at one and the same time.

The introduction of Free Trade throughout the Empire would be worth many sacrifices. But at present political exigencies prohibit the consummation of this ideal. The necessity of raising revenue sufficient for their needs forces on the Colonies a policy of Protection. The only result of a preferential tariff would be the enrolment of England in the ranks of Protectionist countries, an extremely circuitous method of bringing about universal Free Trade.

For one who is in entire agreement with Mr. Kershaw's statement that "the commerce of the United Kingdom far outweighs in value and importance that of the Colonies and dependencies of the Empire," and who finds that the economic loss to that trade would be large and would not be counterbalanced by any great political advantage, there can be no other conclusion than that a preferential tariff would be a step not towards the federation, but towards the disintegration of the British Empire.

III.—*An International Tariff System based on Reciprocity.*

A short criticism is all that is necessary for this, the second proposal of Mr. Kershaw's to improve the condition of our foreign trade. For, unlike a preferential tariff, it is not a question of immediate importance, and is unlikely to come within the range of practical politics.

No one will be found to deny that the tariff walls, which

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foreign nations have erected to keep out British goods, have worked great harm to our trade, or to cavil at any reasonable means which might be adopted in the hope of obtaining their reduction. And at first sight it seems extremely reasonable that we should retaliate on our enemies—give blow for blow; and in proportion as they raise their duties raise ours too.

If, in this commercial war, it were certain that we should exhaust our rivals' resources, and induce them to lower their tariffs by sheer necessity, the means taken would be justified by the result. But the existing examples do not encourage us to adopt such a method as a solution of our difficulties. America and Canada have practised the game of mutual retaliation since 1860, with the result that the tariff walls have been increased rather than reduced in height.

From an economic point of view, this theory of reciprocity and retaliation has not a leg to stand on. It would be a foolish policy to injure ourselves on the chance of doing still greater harm to our competitors.

Consider the consequences of such a policy in the case of England. As a Free-Trading country, we can offer no advantage to foreign countries as a return for the reduction of their Protective duties. Our first step must needs be to impose duties on all foreign imported goods equal to those imposed on our exports. It will then be in our power to make equal offers of reciprocity, but not before. So radical a change in our policy, and one calculated to inflict so much damage, is hardly justified by the end in view. Our plight would be unenviable if our retaliatory measures failed in their intended effect. It would be reasonable to suppose that an advocate of reciprocity would indicate clearly how this system is to be carried out, and would point out some advantage inherent in it. Mr. Kershaw merely tells us that foreign nations "are slowly strangling certain of our home and foreign industries" without vouchsafing us further specific information. He considers that the advantages of trade ought to be more equally shared, and indulges in a pious hope that the imposition of reciprocal

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duties by this country "would lead to the reduction in height of many of the tariff barriers which now hinder development." In other words, in order to assist development we are to add one more to the already long list of tariffs which hinder development.

All this sounds extremely satisfactory. But the difficulties inherent in any such scheme and the damage it would inflict on our trade are passed over in silence. Mr. Kershaw's reasons for considering a change in our fiscal policy imperatively necessary merit attention. We are informed that close on £100,000,000 of manufactured goods were last year imported into this country. Mr. Kershaw is horror-struck at this revelation. "There is reason to believe," he says, "that the British Empire forms a 'dumping-ground' for a very large quantity of foreign manufactures, and the United Kingdom especially is inundated with goods of this character," which are "offered below the actual cost of production," a fact which leads one to conclude that the outlook for the British consumer at any rate is not so very black. If Mr. Kershaw is right in his statement that the German ironmasters, while making their own compatriots pay high prices for their own steel and iron, are complacent enough to suffer loss in order to get rid of their surplus product in this country, this can only be a matter of sincere congratulation.

Mr. Kershaw in fact seems to labour under a complete delusion as to the real benefits accruing from foreign trade, which exists not in order to be a source of gain for the manufacturer, but as a means of more completely satisfying the wants of the whole community, and of raising its standard of life and efficiency.

From this point of view there is no harm in the import of manufactures if they can be so obtained more cheaply. Nor is it true that these imported manufactures compete always or even generally with our industries. Mr. Kershaw lays special stress on the import of continental iron and steel, and electrical plant from the United States. The truth is that our steel industries

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cannot wholly supply the internal demand which is satisfied by the import of steel and iron from abroad. The following is a statement to that effect made by Sir John Glover in the *Statistical Journal* of March 1902. "Our domestic need of iron and steel in 1900 was much greater than in 1890. *Indeed much steel had to be imported from the United States and Germany.*" If a Protective policy enables such countries to supply us with goods at less cost than they would otherwise have been able to do, so much the better for us. This is not to deny that in some cases goods have been imported which should have been manufactured at home. The electrical industry is a case in point. Our negligence and lack of training is responsible for our failure here. Protection would merely exaggerate our defects. And in another way it is absurd to look on the import of the manufactures as disadvantageous. A certain proportion consists of half-manufactured goods. Such as some kinds of leather which are worked up in this country into finished goods and re-exported. Duties imposed on them would merely inflict damage on our own export trade.

It is unreasonable to suppose that the imposition of reciprocal duties on so small a fraction of our trade as imported manufactures would lead foreign countries to revolutionise their fiscal policy. For instance, the harm done to the United States would be comparatively small. In order to make them mend their ways, we should be compelled to impose further duties on other American exports of raw materials and foodstuffs. On the disadvantages of such a course enough has been said. The profits of American trade are so great that that country might agree to bear some part of the duty. But the variations of supply and demand would cause its incidence to fall on buyer and seller alike, and this country could not hope to escape its share of the burden.

No better warning of the disillusionment resulting from a policy of Protection and State aid could be found than that afforded by the German sugar industry, on which bounties

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have for many years been lavished, with the satisfactory result that the German Chancellor has lately stated his opinion thus: "That the abolition of bounties is in itself desirable from the economic point of view as well as from that of financial and commercial policy will not be denied in any quarter." At the same sitting of the Reichstag it was shown that as a result of the bounty system the consumption of sugar per head in England was 37 kilogrammes, in the United States 29 kilogrammes, and in Germany 18 kilogrammes.

So much for the triumph of Protection. In fact, from whatever standpoint the question is approached, the dangerous policy of a departure from our settled system of Free Trade is apparent.

A financial blunder has once already led to the Empire's disruption. No such crime can be laid at the door of Free Trade.

Much good may be gained by a free discussion with our Colonies of Imperial problems, but it should be clearly recognised that the United Kingdom is the Empire's heart, and that on its prosperity depends the Empire's welfare.

R. H. Brand.

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LORD BEACONSFIELD

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which with my sword I'll open."

SO runs the motto with which the young Disraeli launched "Vivian Grey" upon the world. And the lines furnish a not unsuitable introduction to the sketch of a political career like Lord Beaconsfield's, which was achieved in spite of so many and so considerable disadvantages. How complete was the achievement is, perhaps, only apparent now, when the disciples of Mill grow yearly fewer and Disraeli's philosophy, dictated by an historical insight not to be found in Mill, commends itself in its broad outlines to most men, who do not find a dry utilitarianism either stimulating to themselves or powerful to influence others. At the least a review of Lord Beaconsfield's life and theories can scarcely be less than curious at the present time. This, however, is not the place to revive the striking incidents of his early days, nor to introduce any special pleading to prove that his ill-advised application for office was something else than it appears. Till 1846, when he was forty-two, Disraeli can hardly be taken seriously, and therefore this essay, which aims rather at presenting him in his political than in his personal aspect, may safely neglect him until his political theories have been evolved, and he has found an opportunity to assert his claims to a place in the front rank of parliamentary debaters.

The opportunity offered, as every one knows, when Peel

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apostatised over the corn laws. The Member for Shrewsbury proclaimed the dumb sufferings of his fellow Tories in invective of perhaps unequalled bitterness, and Peel and Peel's narrow Conservatism fell together, and finally. As for Disraeli, though he afterwards accepted the *fait accompli* of free trade, it does not appear that his opposition to it at this epoch was either foolish or dishonest. From the point of view of theoretical economics he must have seen, like all intelligent men, that the free-traders were clearly invulnerable. But it was from another quarter altogether that he delivered his attack. What in "Coningsby" he most sets store upon is national character. It is unhappily no idle sentiment which regards agriculture as a better governess than industrialism. Protection (and it is well to remember that Protection may mean bounties as well as duties) is not so costly a price to pay for healthy minds and sturdy frames, in a word "for morale," and cosmopolitan principles of production are a dear commodity if England is to be a kind of apotheosis of shopkeeping. Plenty, in short, is not so certainly a good exchange for power. But to revive these considerations would now be little better than an idle task if it were not that they admit of an extended usage. That side of the national life, which must in England tend more and more to disappear, is just that which may be abundantly developed in the self-governing colonial provinces of Britain. Though nothing ought more to be deprecated than an ill-considered dislocation of trade, nothing is more true than that strong empires are the outcome of self-sufficiency. In a speech (to be quoted later) delivered during his great Ministry, Disraeli, by expressing himself in favour of an imperial tariff, seems to concur in this view.

The repeal of the corn laws left the Conservative Party a disorganised remnant, but Disraeli was a made man. Two men only stood between him and the leadership. One was Lord George Bentinck, a Tory squire of rather more than the average amount of brain-power, but of course a mere tool in the hands of the clever Jew. The other was Lord Derby, still

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perhaps a Rupert in his tactics, but slow in strategy and unstable in opinion as Rupert never was. Disraeli's ultimate triumph was assured. It is time to examine his political creed.

To this the two novels which he published in 1844 and 1845—"Coningsby" and "Sybil"—are the best guide. In the former he discusses the condition of English parties. A denunciation of the time-serving mediocrity of Lord Liverpool and his following is illustrated by Lord Monmouth, Coningsby's grandfather, in whom no reader of Thackeray will have any difficulty in recognising the immortal patron of Becky Sharp. Coningsby comes under the influence of Sidonia, an admirable Crichton of cold heart and Jewish nationality. The conversations of Sidonia are the channels for Disraeli's political sentiments.

You will observe one curious trait in the history of this country [he says]. The depository of power is always unpopular: all combine against it; it always falls. . . . As we see that the Barons, the Church, the King, have in turn devoured each other, and that the Parliament, the last devourer, remains, it is impossible to resist the impression that this body also is doomed to be destroyed; and he is a sagacious statesman who may detect in what form and in what quarter the great consumer will arise. Where, then, asks Coningsby, would you look for hope? In what is more powerful than laws or institutions, and without which the best laws and the most skilful institutions may be a dead letter or the very means of tyranny—in the national character. It is not in the increased feebleness of its institutions that I see the peril of England: it is in the decline of its character as a community.

In this country [continues Sidonia] since the peace there has been an attempt to advocate the reconstruction of society on a purely rational basis. The principle of utility has been powerfully developed. . . . There has been an attempt to reconstruct society on a basis of material motives and calculations. It has failed.

Why? Because, as he goes on to show,

We are not indebted to the reason of man for any of the great achievements which are the landmarks of human action and human progress. It was not Reason that besieged Troy; it was not Reason that sent forth the Saracen from the desert to conquer the world, that inspired the Crusades, that instituted the monastic orders; it was not Reason that produced the Jesuits;

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above all it was not Reason that created the French Revolution. Man is only truly great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination. Even Mormon counts more votaries than Bentham.

And you think then [asks Coningsby] that as Imagination once subdued the State, Imagination may now serve it?

Man [replies Sidonia] is made to adore and to obey; but if you will not command him, if you give him nothing to worship, he will fashion his own divinities, and find a chieftain in his own passions.

Here then we have the basis of Disraeli's philosophy. It was a protest against the prevalent utilitarianism; it avowedly appealed to the emotions; it preferred the passions of religion and loyalty to the lifeless rule of conduct which is furnished by unillumined reason. The main purpose of "Coningsby," the writer tells us, was to vindicate the just claims of the Tory Party to be the popular political confederation of the country.

The aims and methods of the Conservatives after the '32 Reform Bill are mercilessly satirised in Tadpole and Taper, the greatest creatures of Disraeli's pen:

"That we should ever live to see a Tory Government again. We have reason to be very thankful," said Mr. Taper.

"Hush!" said Mr. Tadpole, "the time has gone by for Tory Governments; what the country requires is a sound Conservative Government."

"A sound Conservative Government," said Taper, musingly. "I understand: Tory men and Whig measures."

For such as these, and for the self-seeking parasites who are represented by Nicholas Rigby, Lord Monmouth's unscrupulous toady, Disraeli has nothing but contempt. From them he appeals to the new generation. Coningsby gets into Parliament as the candidate of the people, irrespective of their political creeds, against Rigby, the nominee of the Conservative oligarch of the district.

Coningsby is the champion of the much-abused creed of Tory democracy, or, as I should prefer to call it, Tory socialism. The root-idea of Disraeli's political theory is the same as that of the democratic Empire, "confidence coming

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from below, power from above." In its full growth it shows perfect social solidarity. Each man is to do his duty in his allotted sphere of life and to desire nothing more. "Man is born to obey and to adore." The impracticable ideals of the Radical are to be abandoned, and the social problem is to be solved by the development of the old national institutions. These, Disraeli holds, are as necessary to the healthy growth of the national spirit as is a sound body to the growth of a temperate mind. The Crown, the Church, the Peerage, the Commons, have each their separate function, and are to be revivified so as to perform it.

> In the selfish strife of factions [he says in "Sybil"] two great existences have been blotted out of the history of England, the Monarch and the Multitude; as the power of the Crown has diminished, the privileges of the people have disappeared; till at length the sceptre has become a pageant, and its subject has degenerated again into a serf.

The notion of restoring the power of the Crown was a favourite part of his creed and deserves especial attention. Speaking in 1866, he said:

> I hold our constitution to be a monarchy limited by the co-ordinate authority of bodies of the subjects which are invested with privileges and with duties, for their own defence and for the common good—the so-called Estates of the Realm.

And in his review of Parliamentary history in "Sybil," he applauds George III.'s attempt to make himself a real king, and singles out Bolingbroke, Carteret, Shelburne, and Shelburne's pupil, Pitt, as the true Tory statesmen. All these Ministers, he shows, were hostile to the Whig oligarchy, and hoped to overcome its selfish neglect of the people by a restoration of a limited royal prerogative. Tory democracy was, in fact, to be a standing protest against the self-seeking of capitalists, whether their capital was invested in land or commerce. For propagating the new creed Disraeli looked to the Church for strenuous support. He protested against her enslavement by the State; wrote strongly in favour of a revival of Convocation; even seemed to hope that he might find an ally in Dr. Newman.

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The other agent of Tory democracy was to be the new generation—a band of generous aristocrats who were to surround and embellish the real throne. In the House of Commons the old theory of the constitution was to be revived and maintained. "The Commons," he reminded their modern successors, "consisted of the proprietors of the land after the barons, the citizens and burgesses, and the skilled artisans." He declared that he wished to preserve this arrangement. "The elements of the Estate of the Commons must be numerous and they must be ample in an age like this, but they must be choice. Our constituent body should be numerous enough to be independent and select enough to be responsible."

The practical aspect of the new creed was well set forth at a later date in "Lothair."

> To change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne; to infuse life and vigour into the Church, as the trainer of the nation by the revival of Convocation, then dumb, on a wide basis and not as has since been done in the shape of a priestly section; to establish a commercial code on the principles successfully negotiated by Lord Bolingbroke at Utrecht, and which, though baffled at the time by a Whig Parliament, were subsequently and triumphantly vindicated by his political pupil and heir, Mr. Pitt; to govern Ireland according to the policy of Charles I. and not of Oliver Cromwell; to emancipate the political constituency of 1832 from its sectarian bondage and contracted sympathies; to elevate the physical as well as the moral condition of the people, by establishing that labour required regulation as much as property; and all this rather by the use of ancient forms and the restoration of the past than by political revolutions founded on abstract ideas, appeared to be the course which the circumstances of this country required, and which, practically speaking, could only, with all their faults and backslidings, be undertaken and accomplished by a reconstructed Tory Party.

Of the success of the new creed Disraeli had good hopes in 1845.

> There is a whisper rising in this country that Loyalty is not a phrase, Faith not a delusion, and Popular Liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profane exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

We, in 1902, who can contemplate the Crown and the Church after they have passed through the crucible of Popular Liberty,

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are not likely to think that Disraeli's hearing was faulty. If all his expectations have not been realised, his own conduct in 1867 has not a little to say to it.

We left Disraeli just as he was attaining the Parliamentary leadership of his party. For six years he remained in Opposition. Then, in 1852, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's short-lived administration. Of this the great feature was Disraeli's budget, ingeniously devised so as to satisfy the farmers without reverting to protectionist principles. The Ministry fell before one of those coalitions, which Disraeli asserted England did not love, and Lord Aberdeen came into office at the end of 1852 at the head of a mixed Government of Whigs and Peelites. After the Crimean fiasco Lord Derby, much to Disraeli's annoyance, refused to form a Cabinet, but the Tories came in again in 1858, and in 1859 a Reform Bill, which marked a turning-point in Disraeli's career, was rejected. In this abortive measure there was nothing inconsistent with his earlier declarations. He had never professed himself satisfied with the Act of 1832, and it had probably always been his intention to revise that arrangement when the occasion offered. The Bill proposed to extend the occupation franchise of £10 in the boroughs (created in 1832) to the counties, and further to abolish the old forty-shilling freeholder franchise in the form in which it then survived. There were also suggested a number of fancy franchises—academical, legal, medical, and so on.

> We have sought [said Disraeli in introducing the Bill] to offer to the country, in the hope that it will meet with its calm and serious approval, what we believe to be a just and, I will not say a final, but conclusive settlement. Finality, sir, is not the language of politics. But it is our duty to propose an arrangement which so far as the circumstances of the age in which we live can influence our opinion, will be a conclusive settlement.

The fancy franchises and the abolition of the forty-shilling franchise ruined the Bill. Lord Derby appealed to the country, but the answer was hostile and Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister.

The Palmerston Ministry introduced a Franchise Bill which

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is chiefly important for our present purpose because it drew from Disraeli a speech which constitutes, perhaps, the highest testimony to his political sagacity. It is impossible to quote adequately, but room must be found for this passage:

> So you extend the franchise again, and you may go to manhood or universal suffrage; but you will not advance your case. You will have a Parliament then that will entirely lose its command over the executive, and it will meet with less consideration and possess less influence, because the moment you have universal suffrage it always happens that the man who elects despises the elected. He says, "I am as good as he is, and although I sent him to Parliament I have not a better opinion of him than I have of myself." Then when the House of Commons is entirely without command over the executive, it will fall into the case of those continental popular assemblies which we have seen rise up and disappear in our own days. There will be no charm of tradition; no prescriptive spell; no families of historic lineage; none of those great estates round which men rally when liberty is assailed; no statesmanship, no eloquence, no learning, no genius. Instead of these, you will have a horde of selfish and obscure mediocrities, incapable of anything but mischief, and that mischief devised and regulated by the raging demagogue of the hour.

Here we take a fitting leave of the earlier Disraeli. When we next find him in power he wisely keeps the public eye fixed as far as possible on matters outside England; and this, it is but fair to remember, because the household franchise surrender had to be lived down as well by the party as by the leaders. The *volte-face* of 1867 has, of course, been defended. What apostasy has not? But of all such defences this, it may safely be said, is the least convincing—less convincing than Strafford's, or Peel's, or even Gladstone's. This is not, however, the place to insert the venerable, but never, alas! superfluous, arguments in favour of political consistency.

We must hasten on. The third Derby administration which saw Disraeli pilot his Reform Bill through the House of Commons with unsurpassed dexterity, though with no small sacrifice of cargo (the educational franchise and the compound householder clauses were thrown overboard), lasted long enough to convince Lord Derby that he was no longer fit

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to support the toils of office. On his retirement Disraeli "climbed to the top of the greasy pole" (as he phrased it) and became Prime Minister, but only to fall before Gladstone's brilliant campaigning on behalf of the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Conservative defeat was overwhelming, and for the next six years Disraeli was in Opposition. After all the conjurer had been dished instead of his intended victims.

During this period Disraeli published, what is thought by Froude to be his greatest novel, "Lothair." This is no place to speak of its merits as literature. What should be noticed here is the light it throws on the working of Disraeli's mind. The duke, St. Aldegonde, and Lothair himself are all portraits of the English aristocracy as Disraeli saw it through the glasses of mature wisdom. In earlier days he had dreamed of reviving the loyalty and faith of the multitude, rallying the people round the throne and the gentlemen of England, and with these forces of culture vanquishing the selfish Philistine energy of the middle classes. Old age had taught him his mistake, and "Lothair" is the acknowledgment of it—the novel of his disillusionment. All his aristocrats are amiable and well-meaning. The duke is painfully conscious of what he owes to his family and his position—"every day when he looked into the glass, and gave the last touch to his consummate toilette, he offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family were not unworthy of him." St. Aldegonde is versatile and attractive, but is in perpetual fear of being bored, and accomplishes nothing. Lothair, after projecting the revival of religious enthusiasm by raising a Roman cathedral, and then in another mood fighting for the cause of Italian nationality, ends by prosaically marrying the duke's daughter, Lady Corisande, and settling down presumably to the idle life of a large landed proprietor. The book is, perhaps, Disraeli's apologia for the opportunist surrender to pure democracy in 1867.

The Gladstone Ministry of 1868 was pregnant with measures, of most of which it was safely delivered. But its

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children proved elfish and misshapen, and their parent presently showed signs of approaching dissolution. This was hastened by the blasphemies of the enemy.

> The right honourable gentleman [sneered D.] persuaded the people of England that with regard to Irish politics he was in possession of the philosopher's stone. Well, sir, he has been returned to this House with an immense majority, with the object of securing the tranquillity of Ireland. Has anything been grudged him—time, labour, devotion? Whatever has been proposed has been carried. Under his influence and at his instance we have legalised confiscation, we have consecrated sacrilege, we have condoned treason, we have destroyed churches, we have shaken property to its very foundations, and we have emptied gaols; and now he cannot govern one county without coming to a Parliamentary Committee. The right honourable gentleman after all his heroic exploits and at the head of his great majority is making government ridiculous.

The year 1874 produced a clear Conservative victory. Disraeli had not expected it, but the credit for it was admittedly his, for he it was who, during the period of Conservative Opposition, had established the permanent caucus-system that is now the property of both parties. Disraeli came into office with a good working majority behind him. He might possibly have used it to redress the constitutional balance in favour of the landed gentry. Or, again, he might have used it to deal with the social problems he had set forth in "Sybil." But he was hardly the man to undertake the revision of what had been done in 1867; and social reforms too often yield little else but posthumous honours. Disraeli wanted immediate recognition. All his life he had coveted a great reputation. The applause of his fellow men, the cheers of the mob, a world-wide acknowledgment of his abilities—these things he longed for. The young author had sworn to open the world-oyster; the vow was not yet fully accomplished; the old statesman determined to fulfil it.

Tory democracy was no longer easy to distinguish from Liberalism. Disraeli cast his eye about and found a weapon which suited himself and his party better. Something, indeed, he did for the working classes by passing an Artisans' Dwellings

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Act, and he was driven to do something to settle the angry controversy that was raging in the Church. But the former measure is almost forgotten and the Public Worship Regulation Act is only cited for abuse. Thus that by which his administration—his only administration in any real sense—is remembered is its Imperialism.

There is a common notion that in the garden of Empire Disraeli planted and Mr. Chamberlain waters. How far this is true I propose briefly to examine in bringing to a conclusion this review of Disraeli's career. To begin with, Disraeli was the first prominent statesman to declare for an imperial policy. After admitting the truth of the Liberal doctrine that colonies are a bad financial speculation he pointed out that colonial self-government was granted under the influence of these ideas.

> Not that I for one object to self-government. I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, in my opinion, when it was conceded, ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied with an imperial tariff, by securities for the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the Colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the Colonies into constant and continuous relations with the home Government. All this, however, was omitted because those who advised that policy—and I believe their convictions were sincere—looked upon the colonies of England, looked even upon our connection with India, as a burden on this country, viewing everything in a financial aspect, and totally passing by those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone men are distinguished from animals.

"Those moral and political considerations which make nations great." Here is the true imperial motive. It needs to be distinguished—never perhaps more than at the present time—from the commercialist motive, which exercised a very considerable fascination over a South African statesman who

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was also a great force in this country, and which cannot be said to be entirely without its charm for Disraeli's supposed successor. Difficult as it is to draw at all times a clear distinction between the true and the false in the conduct of empire, there can be no such difficulty in its creed. To look upon the empire as a vast piece of landed property to be acquired and held in the hope of obtaining a rich return of material wealth is at least as culpable as the theory of the doctrinaire Liberal statesmen in Disraeli's day that the Empire ought to be dismembered because it was a bad investment. The Empire is valuable to us primarily for what it enables us to be, not for what it enables us to have. National character, not national wealth, is what we ought chiefly to require of it. Disraeli pushed his tenets to their logical conclusion. He says of those whose policy he is deriding, that they "looked upon the colonies of England, looked *even* upon our connection with India, as a burden." From the point of view, which is now under consideration, it would scarcely be excessive to say that India is worth all the Colonies put together. For it is precisely in India (and we may add Egypt) that the weight of moral responsibility is heaviest, and that we are most certainly called upon to fulfil our imperial destiny. How far the Colonies are being allowed to oust India from our minds at the present day is a question which every one must answer for himself. All that the present writer desires to establish is, that if Disraeli's imperialism was large enough (as it certainly was) to embrace the Colonies, it was to India that he gave the place next his heart.

The practical measures which Lord Beaconsfield (failing health made him a peer in 1876) took to advance the Imperial cause are easily enumerated, but they can scarcely be said to fulfil the rich promise of his declaration. He made his Sovereign Empress of India, a title which was valuable not merely as showing our intention to retain the dependency, but also as recognising that its people were an incorporated nation, not a conquered race. Further, in the crisis of the Russo-

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Turkish imbroglio he garrisoned Malta with Indian troops, a measure dictated by a courage and insight to which justice has not been done. He annexed the Transvaal, not, as need scarcely be said, at the price of bloodshed, but without any real opposition. His object was to free its inhabitants from the hostile pressure of the Zulus, and had he followed up annexation by an immediate grant of self-government (as had been intended by both parties to the arrangement) the Boers might now be as loyal as the French Canadians. Unfortunately, European complications diverted his attention and his mind never seems to have recurred to the subject until he was out of office. A similar negligence on his part permitted the Zulus to be crushed at Ulundi: and this indirectly contributed to make the party in the Transvaal, which desired independence, a very strong one. There was another war under the Conservative administration. The Afghans, after receiving a Russian envoy, declined to do as much for Great Britain. A British force was therefore despatched to Cabul to vindicate British prestige. But, in spite of these hostilities, Lord Beaconsfield was able to show his dislike of Jingoism by avoiding the European war which nearly arose, as usual, out of Turkish misgovernment. Whether he was right to re-invigorate once more the fast decaying power of the Porte is a question too large to be discussed here. What concerns us more is that he showed himself an exceptionally strong man by his resistance to the outcries of religious fanaticism, which had been roused as only Mr. Gladstone knew how to rouse it, and eventually proved himself at Berlin the equal of the assembled diplomatists of Europe. It is sometimes maintained that the Congress of 1878 produced no substantial results, that everything of importance had already been determined by the Anglo-Russian Convention. This is not quite just. Though the notion of a big Bulgaria had been given up, there yet remained the question of the garrisoning of the Balkan passes, and it was here that Disraeli's firmness scored a diplomatic victory for England. Thus "peace with honour" was not a mere

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phrase. Peace he certainly brought back and, if there was little glory to be won by the defence of Turkey, England, at any rate, had gained her point—the Turks were still at Constantinople with the Balkans for a barrier and an unbroken line of communication between their European possessions. If Russia had extended her influence to the Ægean the value of the acquisition of the Suez Canal shares and Cyprus might have had to be largely discounted.

To the England of 1878 Lord Beaconsfield appeared to be the greatest man of his time. His return from Berlin was a triumph such as no other English Minister has, perhaps, ever achieved. It has been compared to the home-coming of the Iron Duke after Waterloo. The nation, to use an old phrase, went wild with enthusiasm. But the new dictator, even if he allowed himself for a moment to participate in the national intoxication, must in his sober senses have known the value of the applause he received. Ever since he entered public life he had sided with those who have—in spite of occasional professions to the contrary—no faith in majorities or popular verdicts. And now he had an opportunity of gauging his wisdom. An immediate appeal to the country would perhaps have returned him to power. He waited, and in the interval the fickle mob transferred its allegiance, so that he, who had seemed omnipotent and the idol of the people, found himself two years later the broken leader of a shattered party.

There was no hope of reorganisation and return. He was seventy when he came into power in 1874, and six years of office at that age teaches a man to number his days. It only remained for him to finish the drama becomingly and take his leave. None was more fitted for the task than he. All his life long he had acted, from the time when he posed as the *dilettante* friend of Count d'Orsay to that when it suited him to disguise his feelings by a sphinx-like mask. Intolerably bitter as he must have found them, he discharged his duties as leader of the Opposition without a sign of petulance or repining. When politics did not press he went down to

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Hughenden, and passed his time in managing his estate and visiting his tenants. Then in 1881 the end came. A chill and an attack of gout told on his weakened frame, and after a month's struggle he submitted to the common lot. A sense of his great services to party organisation has given to the day of his death a fame to which there is no exact parallel.

There only remains the estimate. A common and obvious remark must, I suppose, preface this attempt. Disraeli was primarily an Oriental. This it is which makes him so hard for us to understand and to judge fairly. His Semitic temperament never quite allowed him to grasp what Englishmen mean by honour. At times his mind undeniably worked dishonestly, but his dishonesty can hardly have appeared to him in the same light as it does to us, for at heart he was certainly a gentleman. Though he cared nothing for money (except when his debts were pressing), he possessed all that acuteness which has enabled men of Jewish birth to become the richest in the world. This consideration cannot be urged too forcibly, because without it we may easily allow certain incidents, which in a pure-blooded Englishman would deserve severe treatment, to discolour our judgment. Then from his Jewish nationality he derived another characteristic. He was imperturbable. An Englishman, who had had to suffer half what he did, would have thrown up the game. Disraeli never flinched. When he stood for Shrewsbury in his early days they pushed pieces of pork towards his nose, and there is a story that a countryman was made to drive a donkey-cart up to the hustings and, to Disraeli's question as to what he wanted, to answer, "To drive you back to Jerusalem." Only once in Parliament was the mask forced off, and then the insult was only partly personal to himself. Lowe had declared that the title of Empress of India was conferred by a pliant Minister in accordance with the expressed wish of an ambitious Sovereign. Disraeli nearly lost control of himself, and spoke with a passion that left no doubt as to the sincerity of his denial.

But with these practical qualities Disraeli drew from his

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stock another which proved not less valuable to him. This was the power of dreaming dreams and seeing visions. The Tory philosophy, not less than the novels in which he embodied it, was an effort of imagination which is not easy to appreciate now that his ideas are common property. So, too, with the vision of Empire, now happily something more than a creation of the brain. Lastly, in his unconcealed love of show, of applause, of power for the sake of the pomp which it entails, Disraeli showed a truly Oriental craving.

With thinking men creed is the root of conduct. What did Disraeli believe? This is the fundamental question, and once more it is difficult for an Englishman to answer it. He was certainly broad-minded, but he was as certainly not broad-church. As one who revered the past history of his people and regarded his race as that which had accomplished more than any other, he probably looked upon the Church far more as the moral organ of the national mind than as an independent society. He wished the Church and the nation to be, as of old, conterminous. He had hoped, he tells us, to restore the Church to its proper position as "the trainer of the nation" by the "revival of convocation on a wide basis." But he was too acute not to see that any attempt to bind Englishmen generally by a narrow discipline and detailed supervision of conduct would, at least in these modern times, be fatal to his purpose. This is the clue to his support of the Public Worship Regulation Act. But if he was lenient in the matter of church discipline, church doctrine had no firmer supporter. Believing that the vitality of the Church grew out of the vitality of its professions, he had no love of those who mangle the creeds out of all recognition in order to satisfy their own philosophical or scientific notions. This dislike was at the bottom of the famous Oxford speech. Though the younger generation of churchmen to whom it was addressed regarded it as an injudicious attempt to crush Darwinism, its primary object was simpler and greater. In the last resort every man has to determine whether he is for religious authority or religious (or irreligious, as the

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case may be) anarchy. Disraeli was on the side of authority, and his aim to vindicate the eternal superiority of faith over human knowledge. His speech on this subject is undoubtedly his cleverest, and at the risk of being tedious I must insert a few sentences:

My Lord, instead of believing that the age of faith has passed, when I observe what is passing round us, what is taking place in this country, and not only in this country but in other countries and other hemispheres, instead of believing that the age of faith has passed I hold that the characteristic of the present age is a craving credulity. My Lord, man is a being born to believe, and if no Church comes forward with its title-deeds of truth sustained by the traditions of sacred ages and by the convictions of countless generations to guide him, he will find altars and idols in his own heart, in his own imagination. . . . The discoveries of science are not, we are told, consistent with the teachings of the Church. . . . It is of great importance when this tattle about science is mentioned that we should attach to the phrase precise ideas. The function of science is the interpretation of nature, and the interpretation of the highest nature is the highest science. What is the highest nature? Man is the highest nature. But, I must say, when I compare the interpretation of the highest nature by the most advanced, the most fashionable school of modern science, with some other teaching with which we are familiar, I am not prepared to admit that the lecture-room is more scientific than the Church. What is the question now placed before society with a glib assurance the most astounding? The question is this: Is man an ape or an angel? I, my Lord, I am on the side of the angels. I repudiate with indignation and abhorrence the contrary view, which I believe foreign to the conscience of humanity. More than that, from the intellectual point of view the severest metaphysical analysis is opposed to such a conclusion. . . . What does the Church teach us? That man is made in the image of his Maker. Between these two contending interpretations of the nature of man and their consequences society will have to decide. This rivalry is at the bottom of all human affairs. Upon an acceptance of that divine interpretation, for which we are indebted to the Church, and of which the Church is the guardian, all sound and salutary legislation depends. That truth is the only security for civilisation and the only guarantee of real progress.

In practice Disraeli was rather a disciple of the Old Testament than the New; in other words, was rather a Jew than a Christian. His private life, indeed, was blameless, and his treatment of the singular old lady, whom he married at a time of great financial embarrassment, beyond reproach. But he

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had strong dislikes, which he scarcely attempted to overcome, and his cleverness was of the kind which does not seem to admit of altruism.

To what are we to attribute Disraeli's influence over his followers? The answer which I prefer is a peculiar one. The source of Disraeli's parliamentary strength lay primarily in the contrast which he presented to Gladstone. To men, some of whom certainly regarded the latter's philanthropic and cosmopolitan professions as so much political manœuvring, the former's scarcely veiled cynicism seemed a relief. And in the heat of parliamentary battle Disraeli's calm sneers often gave him a victory over his opponent that could have been achieved by no other means. The secret of Disraeli's ascendency over the mind of the mob lay probably in his mysteriousness. The proletariate could not quite understand him, and was impressed and attracted in proportion as it failed. The truth of the explanation is, I think, proved by the success with which a living statesman is now using the same device. It is curious to notice that Shelburne, who tried it, was a failure. The inconsistency marks one of the effects of the lowering of the suffrage.

Disraeli will live by his phrases. Long after Tory democracy has mouldered in its tomb; long after Disraeli's contribution to Imperialism has been forgotten in the more practical efforts of new statesmen; long after Disraeli himself is relegated like Bolingbroke—a not less interesting person—to the sphere of the historian, his phrases will be remembered and employed. They are indeed household words: "Sublime mediocrity," "On the side of the angels," "Inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," "Organised hypocrisy," "The mass in masquerade," "Imperium et libertas," the definition of critics as "those who have failed in literature and art;"—these will always be quoted wherever the English language is spoken.

Lastly, was Disraeli a great man? The answer will, of course, depend upon the meaning we give to the term. If great

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is made, as people are fond of making it, to include good, then Disraeli was not great. He cannot be quoted as a model of public virtue; he made few personal sacrifices; even his patriotism was the outcome of his ambition. But if a great man be he who brings a great mind to bear upon great affairs, then Disraeli was one of the foremost of great men. Few have excelled him in intellectual power because few have possessed a mind so perfectly balanced as his. He was a great thinker, but he realised that in the world logic must be tempered by expediency. People sometimes say that Disraeli did nothing. The marvel is that he did so much. He had no real chance before he was seventy: if he had died at that age he would have left the reputation of a clever parliamentary debater, who had written some original novels. The evolution of the great idea, which has made him a lasting force in England, was accomplished after he had passed the Psalmist's limit. Such intellectual vigour, coming as it did at the close of a life that had been taxed as only Disraeli's profession can tax, has scarcely met with a fair amount of recognition.

In some respects Lord Beaconsfield is the Napoleon of politics in the narrow sense. In his intellectual energy, in his practical ability, in his quick perception, in his rapid decisions, in his power of sustaining fatigue, in his sphinx-like self-control, in his overruling ambition, not less than in the astonishing way in which he triumphed over difficulties that to other men would have seemed invincible, he resembles the French Emperor, who was always at heart a Corsican, rather than one of those whom peculiar circumstances made his countrymen. And, like Napoleon, he remains an enigma to the end. When all has been said, we still feel that we have not quite fathomed him, and fall back, not altogether discontentedly, on the hackneyed quotation which Froude has chosen for his epitaph:

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again."

ALGERNON CECIL.

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THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEER

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WHEN the first article on "The Navy and the Engineer" was written for the May number of THE MONTHLY REVIEW, I had some faint hopes that the question would be considered without prejudice. It is difficult to retain these hopes after reading some of the subsequent attacks which have been made on the Board of Admiralty. We may usefully contrast with these attacks the praise awarded to Admiral Sir John Hopkins and Rear-Admiral Fitzgerald, who appear to have coquetted with the engineers' demands. The former officer becomes one "who could not have wider credentials to speak with authority," and the latter is "the other truly gallant admiral."[1] On the other hand, because the Admiralty have conferred the charge of machinery in small vessels on fifty-six artificer-engineers, the Board "deserves impeachment for ignorance, stupidity or something worse."[1] It becomes fairly

[1] *Engineering*, May 9, 1902. I am not aware that Admiral Fitzgerald has made any statement favouring the engineers' claims, and the one quoted by *Engineering* and others is really an argument in favour of the Admiralty policy of handing over machinery outside the engine-room to executive officers. That distinguished admiral, Sir John Hopkins, has stood sponsor to many ideas, some of which he has since freely repudiated, and one may be excused for believing that his receptive mind was merely challenging that discussion which he rightly believes to be the chief means of progress.

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evident that, if we had a parliament of "highly scientific engineers," the age of machinery would tend to mete out similar rude treatment to our unscientific rulers as the age of reason with its parliament of lawyers awarded to the French royalists. Wherein is the enormity of the offence? The artificer-engineers do their duty to the entire satisfaction of the Admiralty; and while they may not be able to contribute to the circulation of a sixpenny paper, it is a fact that they are drawn from the same class as the engineers of European navies and of the mercantile marine.

> It really comes to this [says *Engineering*], as the logical outcome of the Admiralty action: These destroyers are either so useless that they can be trusted to incompetent men—in which case they had better be broken up at once—or the artificers are competent to look after the machinery and maintain discipline in time of war. If they are competent in destroyers, where the stress is greatest, they are competent in all other vessels. In that case the need for engineer officers does not exist in the Navy.

Though I do not agree with the above view, I have no doubt that, as the competency of the artificer-engineers can scarcely be assailed in the light of experience, the Admiralty will take note of this "logical outcome" when they are considering the question of reducing the number of non-combatant commissioned officers. In this connection they are unlikely to pay more attention to the report of Admiral Melville, the Engineer-in-Chief of the U.S. Navy, than the circumstances warrant, and certainly not as much as the engineer institutions are inclined to do. Admiral Melville, in his report dealing with the warrant machinists of the U.S. Navy, says:

> Without detracting, therefore, from the merits and capabilities of the warrant machinists, they are not altogether fitted by previous training or experience to take charge of an important department of a ship.

In quoting the above opinion the engineer institutions do not think it worth while to explain that these men have been hastily introduced under different conditions to the artificers in the British Navy; and that our artificer-engineers are the cream

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of the artificers with at least eight years' experience in the Navy.

From the latest pamphlet of the engineering associations [1] which has now come into my hands, it appears that a concentrated effort is in progress to obtain seats on the Board of Admiralty for the representatives of the different departments of the Navy. We are not now concerned with the marine, medical, and pay departments of the Navy, though it may be pointed out that the doctors have similar powerful organisations to the engineers, and can make as plausible a case for a measure of control over the administration of the Navy. My protest against the modern method of seeing mechanism wherever movement is concerned has not yet borne fruit. If the very heart of naval warfare were machinery, an engineer, as at present trained, would still be unfitted to take part in the administration of the Navy, for the problems of war do not deal with how motion is imparted but how to use it when produced. Therein lies a whole world of difference. The professor who has mastered all the intricacies of religious systems, their origins and tendencies, has never pretended that his technical knowledge fits him for the pulpit. For a similar reason we do not find engineers and doctors aspiring to seats on the Bench. Law and religion are ever present in our common lives. We should see the absurdity of the pretensions put forward by civil engineers in connection with the administration of the Navy if perennial conflict on the sea vexed our lives. Common sense dictates that the essential function of a judge is not the mastering of the technical detail for which advice can be sought, but it is the interpretation of the constitutional and traditional growth of the country's laws. So again the essence of naval warfare is not the technical contrivances by which ships are built and propelled, but the correct use of ships and guns in concentrating on an enemy so as to overwhelm

[1] "Mr. Arnold-Forster and the Naval Engineer Question." (Extracted from the Proceedings of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders.)

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him. As for the arrangements of the ship, the doctor, the engineer, the gunnery expert, and the chemist are given opportunities of offering their advice, and the problem before the naval officer and the naval architect is to effect the compromise best suited to fighting requirements. It is regrettable to find, in the threatening language used by the civil engineering associations, indications that what is sought is the power of enforcing advice, to be exercised by men partially acquainted with the internal economy of a navy, and who have no idea of the relations of their special sphere to the whole. A similar controversy arose over the Antarctic ship *Discovery*. The scientific professor in charge of the civilian staff desired a measure of control over the expedition. The Royal Geographical Society very wisely refused to yield to a demand which could only have ended in compromising the safety of the ship and her crew.

It is part of the campaign of the engineering associations to impute prejudice and stupidity to the admirals and to represent Lord Selborne as a puppet in their hands. For this purpose the musty leaves of past records are scanned to find instances of admirals "completely out of touch with engineering progress." Some of these are inaccurately given, but they are all beside the point—as foolish as it would be for a writer to argue that engineering advice should never be sought again because there is reason to believe that it led the Goschen Board of Admiralty to commit a grave error in the wholesale adoption of the Belleville boiler. It would be most unfair to argue that engineers are opposed to progress because they have on occasions shown erroneous judgment, as when Stephenson, after visiting the then proposed Suez Canal route, gave the weight of his opinion, in the House of Commons, that it was impossible to cut the canal! Instances can be found, as Mr. Pearson had no difficulty in showing,[1] in all ages and all professions of leading men opposing progress or manifesting lack of foresight. Only a surface-thinker would frame on so slender a basis a general

[1] "National Life and Character."

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indictment of evolution with the object of substituting revolution. It is evident that engineers think too much on the surface, or they would not argue that a mistake here and there is a sufficient cause for revolutionising the system under which the Navy has always been governed. The bias of the mechanical mind is that, dealing with easily ascertainable causes and effects, formulæ and routine methods, it believes that all difficulties are capable of solution with mechanical precision. Then, when argument fails, discredit is thrown on the admirals and Lord Selborne is represented as a puppet in their hands. I doubt if it is realised by the civil engineers that no business comes before the Board except by the sanction of the First Lord and that the Board never votes. The principle which it is convenient to call "the one captain in the ship principle" lies at the root of naval organisation. It has been sanctioned by usage at the Admiralty, so that the authority of the presiding Cabinet Minister is paramount. For the occasional engineering questions which come before the Board, the Engineer-in-Chief is called in for consultation. His suggestions are subject to the veto of Lord Selborne in a way precisely similar to those emanating from the admirals. It may be well to place on record what Lord Selborne himself has to say concerning the suggested presence of an engineer on the Board of Admiralty. Addressing the deputation on July 16, 1901,[1] Lord Selborne said :

> Now that suggestion is only made out of a complete misunderstanding of what the Board of Admiralty is. The Board has not been, and never will be, a collection of the Heads of Department, but consists of the Lord High Admiral or a number of gentlemen selected by the Crown. The Lord High Admiral you might compare to the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief rolled into one ; those are his functions. When it has not been the Lord High Admiral it has been a number of gentlemen selected by the Crown to hold the office under Commission. It is open to the Crown to change members of the Board and to elect members on it. The Controller, for instance, has been on and off the Board. . . . The head of the engineers, the head of the

[1] Deputation on Naval Engineers. It is claimed that fifty M.P.s were associated with this deputation.

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marines, and the head of any other branch of the service have exactly the same means and the same power of representing their case and of putting forward their points to the Board of Admiralty as the Quartermaster-General, the Paymaster-General, and the Inspector-General of Fortifications have to the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War. . . . The point I want to put forward is that to have a collection of heads of department would be to have a complete reversal of the history of the Admiralty from its origin.

The presence of these civilians on the Board is due to parliamentary requirements. If the Crown so desired it, the whole administration could be composed of civilians. As, however, the questions which come before the Board are mainly to provide for training, mobilisation, and the distribution of ships, so that tactically and strategically they are in the best position for ensuring the success of the Cabinet's policy, it is deemed advisable to associate with the civilian members three or four experienced admirals. Had the conditions been otherwise, there would have been a serious risk of a diversion of naval expenditure from the line of battle to bricks and mortar.[1] It is the surest way to establish a just relation with war conditions that men who have active control of fleets at sea, and have therefore to study the problem of handling them as a whole, should bear responsibility on the Board of Admiralty for the advice which their position forces them to tender. Except on questions affecting the engine-room *personnel* and *matériel*, the naval engineer's advice is of no value; and even in the exceptional cases it is the advice of one who, from environment and previous training, is only able to consider a part of a great problem. The Board of Admiralty has ever to bear in mind the golden rule of Dr. Johnson, that parts are not to be considered until the whole has been surveyed. When they are examining into questions affecting the engine-room, the engineer-in-chief is called in for consultation. The presence, therefore, of an engineer on the Board is neither desirable nor

[1] Even with a Board including several Admirals, we have significant instances of the bricks-and-mortar policy—having practically no constructive value to the line of battle such as is obtained in a *shipbuilding* yard in the Gibraltar Docks, the Wei-hai-Wei muddle, and the Malta Breakwater

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necessary. While indignantly denying Mr. Arnold-Forster's allusion to the engineering institutions as trade unions,[1] their official spokesman, Mr. Morison, says that "the professional engineers who are investigating this question have the efficiency of H.M. Navy at heart to an extent quite equal to Mr. Arnold-Forster and the Board of Admiralty, and they are unquestionably their superiors in their knowledge of marine engineering both as regards *matériel* and *personnel*." What the public would like to know is, whether the civil engineers have as good a title to settle the question as the Board? Does a limited experience, gained outside the Navy, place them in a better position than our admirals for the purpose of understanding the relation of the internal economy of warships to naval warfare?

The arguments connected with discipline have mainly been stated in my previous article. They were framed with a view to answering the second count in the Engineers' Memorandum, which states that the present system "is not conducive to the attainment of that high standard of discipline in the engine-room and stokeholds which will be of vital importance in time of war." I pointed out that the engineer has similar powers to those exercised by an officer commanding men drilling on shore or a lieutenant in charge of a battery. The discipline of the engine-rooms will bear comparison with that of any department of the Navy, and it will be found from the returns of the Fleet that there are fewer punishments among the stokers than the other branches. It is officially stated that the work is performed to the complete satisfaction of the officers commanding ships. We have signal instances of the strain to which the discipline can be subjected in the heroic conduct of the engineers and stokers in the Samoan hurricane

[1] Though Mr. Arnold-Forster may not have been technically correct, the methods pursued by the Institutions closely resemble those of Trade Unions. The deliberate discouragement of parents from entering their sons as naval engineers, the attempts to undermine the discipline of the Navy, and the veiled threats directed at the Admiralty are cases in point.

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and the Victoria disaster. I think that the misconceptions concerning discipline arise from the difficulty the civil engineers find in understanding that in war the paramount authority can never cease to be in operation. It is very evident that the moment a captain disappears from the deck to sleep or eat, his personal directive power is removed and must be delegated. The impersonal authority *never* sleeps, and cannot be subdivided so as to conflict with itself. It is a truism that the authority must always be placed with those who *direct* the motion of the ship.[1] There thus results a system under which all departments are subject to the authority of the captain; but while he rests the control over the ship is delegated to the officer of the watch. The fact that the commander succeeds the captain, should the latter be incapacitated, renders it a wise precaution to allow of understudying, so that in practice a certain amount of freedom of action and disciplinary arrangements are conceded to the commander. Nothing, however, can absolve the captain from his responsibility for these proceedings. A similar arrangement is made in the case of the marine officer, as he is sometimes called upon to exercise an independent command of men on shore. It is, therefore, a wise provision which allows the captain to delegate a power of awarding minor punishments for barrack-room offences. In the case of the engine-room there are no occasions on which a chief engineer has to exercise an independent command. There is, therefore, no necessity to remove him to the quarter-deck from his sphere of work in the engine-room in order to punish stokers who in many cases may be reported for

[1] The outcome of the engineers' demands is to substitute a dual for a single control. Thus Mr. William Allan, M.P., said at the deputation to the First Lord of the Admiralty, July 16, 1901: "We have come to a time now, Lord Selborne, when you cannot place a scientific man in an inferior position, you cannot put him in a subordinate position. You must make him equal to any officer in the ship; you must give him an executive rank according to the period he has served and according to the ability he has shown; you cannot get out of it; you must give that man control over his men."

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offences against discipline on deck or on shore, at drill or in boats.

A similar reason to that given above may be urged against the third count in the Engineers' Memorandum, which says:

> The non-representation of the engineer branch upon courts-martial, when officers or men of that branch are being tried for technical offences, is an anomaly and an injustice, which is detrimental to the true interests of the Navy.

Technical trials on shore are tried by non-technical judges. Not a single instance of a miscarriage of justice in the Navy through a court-martial for a technical offence has been brought forward. I fail to see how better men could be selected, to constitute a court-martial for an offence against the Naval Discipline Act, than the captains of ships, who are themselves responsible for the enforcement of the Act, and whose position places them outside petty rivalries. It is the most unpleasant duty which an officer can be called upon to perform. The standpoint of judgment is largely one different from civil law, because it is manifest that the safety of the ship in peace and the destruction of the enemy in war have to be held by every officer and man as of paramount importance. These considerations and the effect of punishment, not alone on the prisoner but on his contemporaries, are ever present in the minds of those who handle the ships. The executive officers are not competent to go down and take charge of the engines: they are thoroughly competent to adjudicate at courts-martial in a satisfactory manner. The suggestion to take the engineer from his work to sit on courts-martial will have to be very amply justified before it is acted upon. We should have to consider how to arrange regulations which would enable paymasters, marine officers, doctors, and engineers to sit on courts-martial. It is difficult to see how an "in-and-out clause" can be introduced. If, then, they are to sit on all courts-martial, we might see a captain tried by a majority of non-executive junior officers for stranding his ship. I do not lay much stress on the fact that the non-executive officers are not competent,

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because, if the step is desirable, the obvious retort would be, "Make them competent." I have seen the retort well put in the form Macaulay chose when the objection was made to extending the franchise: "You might as well say that no man should be allowed to enter the water until he can swim." If, however, the step is considered desirable, and the non-executive officers are made competent to adjudicate upon serious offences, the minor ones dealt with on the quarter-deck can hardly be excepted. With the resulting want of uniformity of punishment, which of the officers is the admiral to send home when grave indiscipline follows on board our ships, since no single officer can be held personally responsible?

I have made a somewhat painstaking investigation of the Naval Engineer question, and it really seems as if the official spokesmen of the agitation are endeavouring to build up a case out of the crudest materials. It is, for instance, impossible to reconcile the following extracts from the same speech of Sir Fortescue Flannery, M.P., who was the chief spokesman at the deputation to the First Lord of the Admiralty, July 16, 1901.

Referring to the gunnery drill done by stokers, he said:

"Is there any reason why the engineer, who has been adorned with a sword, should not have the actual duty of learning and teaching the drill, and assist to command the men under his care at the time of their drill as well as during their engineering duties? I venture to say that discipline would be enormously advanced if that were done."

Referring to the American experiment of amalgamation, he said:

"That theory has been a mistake and a failure, as proved in the American Navy. No one here who is familiar with the conditions of service has ever recommended anything of the kind. Let the engineer officer stay in the engine-room, and let the executive officer or the navigating officer stay upon the bridge."

If the engineer officer is "to stay in the engine-room," it is obvious that he cannot learn drill and teach it to the stokers on deck. The fact is, the whole agitation has been a piece of special pleading, and on occasions pleading of no ordinary kind. It suits Mr. Morison, in his latest pamphlet, to state that "the engineer institutions hold no brief on behalf of the engineer

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officers." Yet at the deputation promoted by the engineering institutions, at which Sir Fortescue Flannery made the above speech, reference was made to a statement which was presented to Lord Selborne, and which purported to come from the engineer officers. Mr. Morison himself refers to it as "a pamphlet issued by the engineer officers." In it we are told of

> the intense dissatisfaction prevailing amongst the engineer officers of his Majesty's fleet. . . . This dissatisfaction is of long standing, affects all ranks and ratings, and, owing to the development of modern ships of war, leads those officers who are responsible to entertain grave doubts of the ability of their department to bear the stress to which it must be subjected during actual warfare.

While many of us believed that the engineering institutions held some sort of brief for the engineer officers, we abstained from commenting on this pamphlet, for it might involve grave discredit on a body of deserving officers. We now know that this was incorrect. We may surmise that the institutions had no right to fasten on to the naval engineers the authorship of a pamphlet which is as false as it is disloyal to the Navy.

I have come to the end of all the serious points which have been raised in the course of this discussion. We can treat with contempt the parade made of a particular chief-engineer breaking down under the strain of his duties. I wonder how many executive officers have broken down under the strain of the exacting responsibilities of their profession, and not one murmur has been heard from men who are prepared to sacrifice not only health but life itself in the service of their country. To pick up a crumb of evidence in this extraordinary manner simply exposes the hollowness of the whole case. What, then, is the moving spirit behind the agitation? What was behind the doctors' agitation in favour of combatant titles for military surgeons? "We have made no secret of our belief," say the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "that the social question enters very largely into this matter of the position of the naval engineers."

To hint what many men believe to be the case, might give

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my readers the impression that I have written on the engineer question with my tongue in my cheek. This belief is, that behind the engineering institutions stand the women. It is alleged that the women desire the aggrandisement which comes with increased social recognition. They foolishly imagine that this can be conferred by the nomenclature of titles and by curls to the uniform stripes, so that engineers may be indistinguishable from combatant officers. It is not my business to consider a social problem, and, if the case is as stated, I do not doubt that Lord Selborne's Board will treat feminine interference with as scant courtesy as St. Vincent was in the habit of treating men who ought to have been in petticoats. They will hold fast to the common-sense doctrine that the title designates the work. They are as little likely to make admirals, captains and commanders of our engineers as they are to make them Irish peers. The engineer is received into the ward-room on his own merits. If here and there, as is the case with military officers, the social status is beneath that of other officers, and it is necessary to make it equal, the nomination system must be introduced, as in the executive and accountant branches. There will be no lack of desirable candidates if a better balance between the lower and higher grades is effected by the reduction of the number of entries and the substitution for watch-keeping duties of the artificer-engineers. To a keen Liberal, it is a sad confession to make that the doctrine of equal opportunity for all is not suited to our social system. There is open competition for the naval engineers, and the system does not appear to give such satisfactory results as are obtained by nomination in the other branches. There is open competition for the army, and if we are to believe the scathing report of the recent committee, the cadets are loafers who hold it to be bad form to show zeal or knowledge. When the Prince Consort declared that representative institutions were on their trial, he was met by a storm of indignation. It is democracy itself that is temporarily discredited to-day. Not the least of the contributory causes to

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this discredit is the sectarian spirit which induces each class, as we have seen to be the case with the civil engineers, to fight for its vested interests instead of making common cause with those whose one aspiration is the greatness of their country. In the glorious pages of history lie the correction of the ill-manners and ignorance of the new comer. There he may learn to see the life and soul of action which is not mechanism. Then, when his glance turns to the waters on which England became great, he will not, in the intoxication of our engineering triumphs, lightly forego the principles of war by which we can hold our own in the future as in the past.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

NOTE.—A strong contention has been put forward that the number of engineer officers on board British ships is dangerously insufficient. It is unfortunately impossible to give comparative figures of artificers, but the following figures in parentheses give the number of engineer officers in typical ships in the principal navies: British battleships, *Renown* (7), *Ramillies* (8), *Canopus* (7, exclusive of an inspector of machinery for service with the Fleet), *Cæsar* (6); French battleships, *Saint-Louis*, *Charlemagne*, *Gaulois*, *Bouvet*, and *Jauréguiberry*, four engineer officers each. The German, *Wittelsbach* (5); the Russian *Poltava* (7); and the American *Wisconsin* (5). Turning to typical first-class cruisers the numbers are—British, *Kent* (7); French, *Gueydon* (4); German, *Furst Bismarck* (4); Russian, *Bayan* (6); and American, *Brooklyn* (5). I think that these figures must give pause to the civil engineering agitators who so often expose themselves to such complete refutation as to induce the belief that they are the bad workmen of their profession, for they start cutting without feeling the edge of their tools.

by Google

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

II

WE have seen that Josetsu, the Chinese immigrant, taught, early in the fifteenth century, the painter Shiubun, who was master of Sotan and No-ami; and I have said something of the works of the three. Before I pass on to the other painters who issued from the school of Josetsu and his pupils I must give a word to a contemporary of that master, also an immigrant Chinese artist, who founded another celebrated school practising the Chinese manner. This painter, becoming a guest or adopted member of the Soga family, took the name of Soga Shiubun. Care must be taken to distinguish him clearly from Sokukuji Shiubun, the pupil of Josetsu, already dealt with.[1] Soga Shiubun was, I think, superior to Josetsu as a painter, and he taught many notable pupils, though in this respect he scarcely enjoyed the good fortune of Josetsu, whose luck it was to teach some of the greatest masters Japan has produced. Soga Shiubun's best pupil was his son, Soga Jasoku, a landscape painter of very high genius. Jasoku, with his full share of the force and certainty of technique that characterised all masters in the style, had a

[1] The name Shiubun is written, in the case of Sokukuji Shiubun, with a character for *Shiu* which may also be read *Chika*, while for the same syllable in the case of Soga Shiubun a character is used which, in an alternative reading, would be *Hidé*. Thus, in the Japanese written language, no confusion would arise between the two names.

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pliant, lively quality that was his own. Water he painted remarkably well, especially the water of a torrent breaking between rocks. The British Museum collection contains a makimono of his, the drawing being on a very small scale, but extending to an enormously long panorama of varied scenery, presented from beginning to end with inexhaustible spirit, invention, and pictorial sense. Willows hang, old pines drive their forked limbs across the scene, vast crags frown over heady torrents, lakes lie still amid misty hills, and through it all the painter's poetry never fails, and no matter at what place in the roll you stop there is always a perfectly composed picture before you on this mere ribbon of paper, seven inches wide or so. Quite truly has Kano Yasunobu remarked, in his certificate, written at the end of the roll, that it is a work "possessing life, motion, and beauty."

Returning to the pupils of Sokukuji Shiubun, Oguri Sotan's son and pupil Soritsu was altogether his father's inferior, and himself taught no pupils of quality; but No-ami had a son, Shin-gei (called also Gei-ami) who, although not of his father's quality, was still a painter of high ability, while Shin-gei's son and pupil Shinso was the equal, or nearly so, of his grandfather in landscape subjects, becoming and remaining famous as So-ami. So-ami worked in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and was attached to the Court of the Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimasa, who was his chief admirer, and under whose patronage he introduced considerable changes in the famous tea-ceremony. So-ami's style in landscape, while purely Chinese, has certain unmistakable characteristics. He aimed at softness and delicacy rather than at strength in his brush-work, and he was a great master of low tones. Vigorous he could be when he pleased, as may be seen in his picture of a dragon, reproduced in the *Kokkwa*. There and in other works he has exhibited the energy of a master, though he never quite attained the astonishing force of No-ami. But a man's performance must be judged by his aims, and in truth So-ami triumphed in his vaporous distances and softly outlined hills.

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A fair example of his work is in the British Museum, a large landscape originally painted on a sliding panel, but now mounted as a kakemono. The seal of the painter attached to this kakemono is a forgery, although it is placed on a perfectly genuine work. This is an irritating trick which has been practised on many old Japanese pictures left unsigned by the painters, and the added seals are not always those of the painters actually responsible for the work. Another trick, perhaps even more irritating, is the addition of a spurious signature over a genuine seal. This has been done, as a rule, by some anxious though barbarous dealer, solicitous to confirm the genuineness of the work in the eyes of a possible customer unfamiliar with the seal. But sometimes the name has been added quite honestly by a past owner, with no attempt to imitate the master's writing, and purely with a view to recording his name in the case of a work otherwise difficult for the inexpert to assign. Both disfigurements are annoying, but perhaps the latter, though the more honest, is the more annoying of the two; for the smatterer who knows a few signatures, and very little else, and who is just able to distinguish a spurious signature when it is wholly unlike the real one, instantly proclaims the picture a forgery. As a matter of fact, a Japanese picture which is all forgery is usually so well signed and sealed—at any rate to the European eye—that no smatterer would suspect either writing or stamp for a moment; and the true test of the picture is the work itself.

This Chinese renaissance brought with it a revival of landscape painting, and it is noticeable that the most characteristic works of most of the leaders in the movement were landscapes—almost always Chinese, and always ideal. In the few centuries preceding, the pictorial rolls of the great painters of the native schools teemed with human life and action, and in them natural scenery took a purely accessory part. With the reversion to the Chinese manner Chinese subjects came in favour, and of these pure landscape was the chief: landscape for its own sake, with accessory figures, or with none

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at all. I think I have said that these pictures were painted in bold monochrome, or at most tinted with faint washes of dull colour; and any student wishing to examine typical examples, done in the pure Chinese style, unmodified by the personalities of the great leaders, should see the pair of kakemono numbered 1135 and 1136 in the British Museum collection. They are by the Nara priest Kantei, a contemporary of No-ami and a disciple of Sokukuji Shiubun, and they have the advantage of being in very good condition.

But I have still to speak of one of the greatest and quite the most individual of the leaders in the Chinese revival—Sesshiu. He was born in 1420 or thereabouts—authorities disagreeing to the extent of a year or two—and he died in 1506. He was at first a novice in the temple of Tofukuji, but he forsook the service of religion for that of art, and became, like Sokukuji Shiubun, a pupil of the Chinese immigrant, Josetsu. At a little over forty years of age he resolved on a visit to China, there to study the works of native painters, and to make himself acquainted, at first hand, with the scenes that inspired their works. He made the voyage, taking with him his own pupil, Shiugetsu, and he sought for the best Chinese painter of the time, with a view to becoming his pupil. But he found no painter whom he considered worthy to teach him, and that this was no vain boast grew plain in course of his stay in the country, for when his work became known the Chinese connoisseurs acknowledged his superiority over any painter of their own nation then living. So famous did he become in the country where he had humbly gone in search of instruction, that he was sent for by the Emperor, who commissioned him to decorate certain panels in the palace at Pekin. No foreigner had ever before received such an order, nor had even been admitted to the Imperial apartments, and Sesshiu fitly commemorated the honour by painting one panel with what might almost be called the Japanese national picture —a view of Fujisan. That panel still remains in its place, unless it may have chanced to succumb to the civilising influ-

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ence of the European bayonets which are said to have been used to probe many Chinese panels in search of hidden valuables, two years ago.

The story is told that before this order was given Sesshiu was bidden to present himself before the Emperor, and to give some exhibition of his skill. He began, it is said, by taking a broom dipped in a bucket of ink, and with that instrument he rapidly drew a great dragon on the huge sheet of paper which had been placed on the floor for his use—a dragon of astonishing force and life, which extorted an outburst of applause from the Emperor, spite of his long-trained habit of dignified impassivity.

It may be worth while here to give a few words to the comparative merits of the great Chinese painters and their Japanese followers and contemporaries. People having little acquaintance with the art of the East are apt, at first, to suppose the Japanese painters altogether superior. Many Chinese drawings of the crudest and most wretched description have been brought to this country from the treaty ports, and these things are commonly regarded as typical examples of Chinese pictorial art. On the other hand, discriminating amateurs who have made acquaintance only with a few of the productions of the later Japanese schools, and are suddenly confronted with examples of the finer pictorial art of ancient China, are apt to fly to the opposite extreme, and announce that the Chinese artists were incomparably the superiors of the Japanese, whom they suppose to offer little more than the small change of their celestial exemplars. European students of Eastern art seem sadly given to hasty conclusions, until experience curbs their rashness, and there is as much, and as little, truth in the first of these particular conclusions as in the second, though both may be natural in the circumstances. I have never seen a Kanaoka, and perhaps nobody alive has; nor have I seen an original Gō Dōshi; but I have seen good examples of the work of many of the greatest among the rest of the painters of both countries, and I think that between the greatest there is not a pin to

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choose. Certainly there is no such difference of quality as can justify the sort of generalisation that would rank the painters of one country above those of the other. Experience, in fact, is against all such generalisations in the history of art, which is the work of individuals, of all degrees and of all nations. Differences of national temperament are certainly observable in a general view of the pictorial art of the two countries. The Japanese have always been the more enterprising, and the readiest at adaptation and development; ever trying something new, ever pushing beyond the old bounds; while the Chinese, conservative ever, develop slowly and with caution, reverting again and again to old styles and old methods: and rarely the worse, indeed, for the reversion.

But to return to Sesshiu. After his triumphs in China he came home to Japan, bringing with him, beside the pupil Shiugetsu who had set out with him, one Chinese pupil at least, and probably several, who expatriated themselves and became Japanese subjects in order to be near their master. Sesshiu entered the temple of Unkokuji, and, his personal style being now fully matured, he founded his own branch of the Chinese school, producing work of a distinct and individual character.

The most famous and the most numerous of his works are landscapes; but he painted all subjects, and all equally well. His famous picture of Jurojin, genius of longevity, reproduced in the *Kokkwa*, is a splendid and astonishing work, exhibiting all his qualities of high conception, noble design, perfect drawing, and soberly beautiful colour, and that in a class of work in which his mastery rarely gets full credit. A copy, brighter in colour, and of course inferior in technique, but otherwise faithful to the original, is in the British Museum collection. It is numbered 1228, and was executed by Yeitoku Riushin, in the nineteenth century. The other copy in the same collection, by Tani Buncho, departs widely from the original in detail, and bears plain evidence of having been copied, not from Sesshiu's picture, but from a woodcut in one of the numerous collections of copies of famous pictures which

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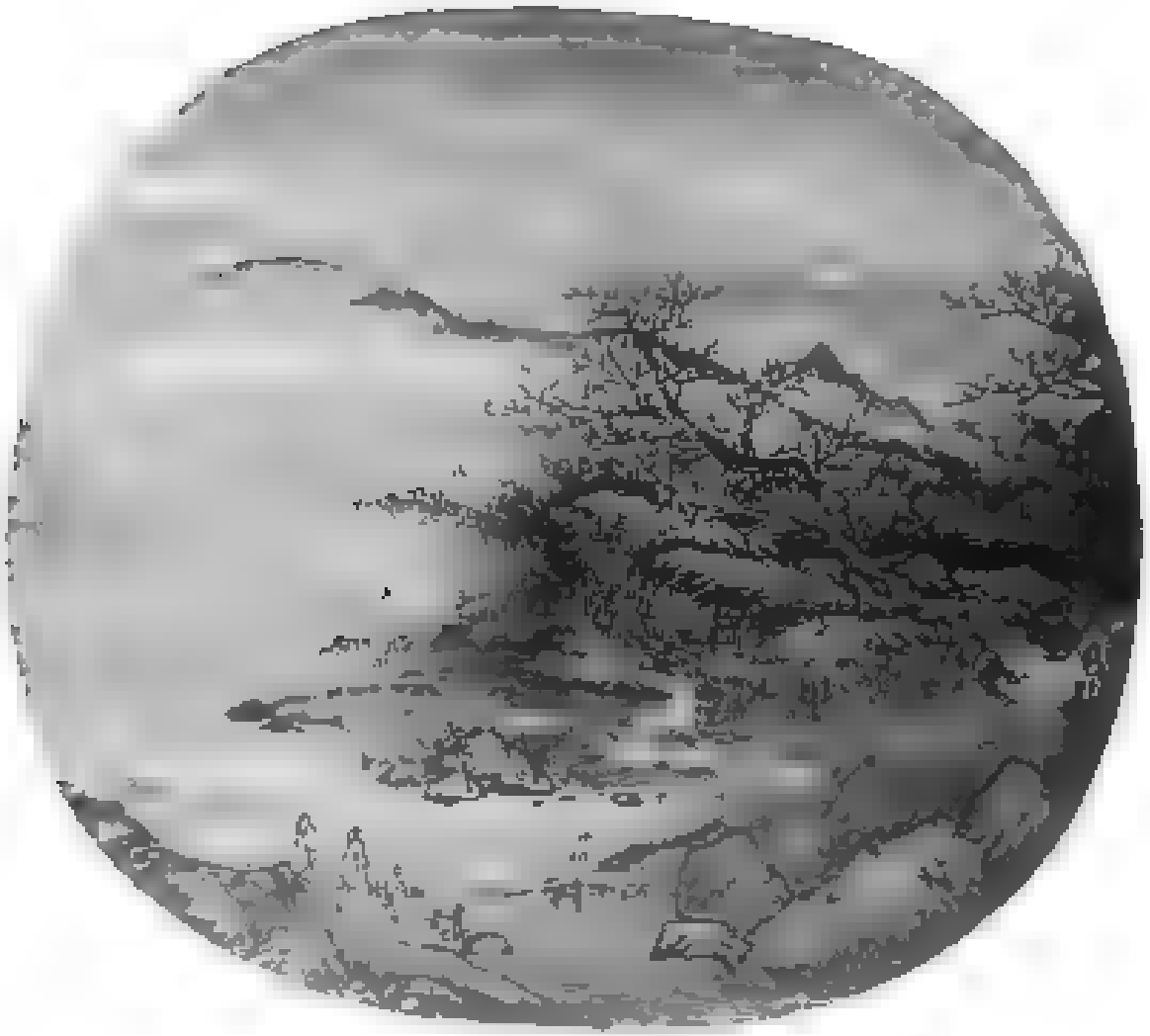

Landscape, by Seuter (British Museum Collection)

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were published in the eighteenth century. Such copies were very useful and informative, but they offered little more than shorthand notes, so to speak, of the pictures from which they were taken.[1]

The Museum also has two good specimens of landscape by Sesshiu. One, very large, is made by joining up the sheets stripped from a screen, and it displays some very characteristic work. The subject offers all the usual features of classical Chinese landscape—precipitous rocks, aged trees, distant hills, stately palaces and tranquil lakes—presented with a technique unmistakable by any intelligent observer of Sesshiu's work. I suppose there is no brush-work in Japanese art so difficult for a European to appreciate as Sesshiu's. There is little or none of that graceful modulation of line which first pleasurably strikes the unaccustomed eye in the work of the painters in the Kano school. Powerful and firm and black, Sesshiu's positive, thick outlines at first seem over-heavy; but watch the picture a little longer, return to it again, and then study as attentively other works of the master, of unlike subject: and soon the overpowering lines are seen to be not a whit too heavy for the painter's purpose, but to have as much subtle expression and flexuous beauty as they have force. Equally with the other foremost painters of Chinese landscape, Sesshiu had an extraordinary faculty of suggesting not only distance but chiaroscuro by means which almost defy analysis. None but the blankly unimaginative can complain of the absence of modelling and shadow in a landscape by Sesshiu, Shiubun or So-ami —none but such persons as can have no business with pictures at all, except those produced by photography. Modelling, light and shade—all is there that the picture requires: not merely copied, which is an easy and a mechanical thing, but subtly

[1] For which reason it is illusory to print facsimiles of such woodcut copies as specimens of the master's work, as is so often done in European treatises. At their very best, the technique is apt to be more that of the copyist than of the master, and even that modified by the engraver; to say nothing of the abridgment of the work in the matter of detail

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suggested to the sense, which is the work of a great artist. Why, I wonder, do we demand from painting a hard transcription of literal fact that we never ask of poetry? At any rate, we must not demand it from the painting of the Japanese, who tell us, in a proverb that explains the philosophy of their art in a sentence, that "a poem is a picture with a voice; a picture is a voiceless poem."

Two more genuine specimens of Sesshiu's work are in the British Museum, and two more only. One is a little landscape, a photograph of which is reproduced, and the other, on silk, is a drawing of Hotei, the genius of contentment, playing with children. This second is a capital example, quite typical of Sesshiu's drawing of the figure, and a glance at it—or, indeed, at any good figure-drawing by a master in any of the old schools—will make plain why in such subjects, treated in the Chinese or Japanese manner, the terms and method of the work *forbid* the introduction of positive shadow: a matter to which I may return later.

Sesshiu's three chief pupils were Shiugetsu, Sesson, and Keishoki, all painters of great power. Shiugetsu was famous chiefly for his figure-work, Sesson and Keishoki for landscapes. A very fine, though unsigned, work of Shiugetsu is the priest's portrait numbered 1207 in the British Museum collection. No 1209 is good, too, though a spurious seal has been placed on it; but No. 1208 is a very poor, though old, forgery. Speaking of this matter I think it necessary, as a warning, to say that the set of three, numbered 1201 to 1203, ascribed to Sesshiu, and more than once referred to by Dr. Anderson as exceptionally good examples of the master's work, should only be examined, if at all, as curiosities. They are not only spurious and modern, but feeble, and the certificates accompanying them have been pronounced by a high Japanese authority to be as worthless as the pictures themselves. No. 1206, an extremely poor figure of Shaka, must also be avoided for the same reason. On the other hand the collection possesses a makimono of eight views by Sesson, excellent specimens,

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Landscape, by Kano Motonobu (*British Museum Collection*)

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though indistinctly sealed, for which the catalogue gives it no credit. It is listed No. 863, "artist unknown," and incorrectly described as in the style of Shiubun, but it was instantly recognised by Mr. Kohitsu of the Tokyo Imperial Museum—a gentleman to whom the British Museum is indebted for the discovery of several unsuspected treasures in their collection.[1]

I have no space to tell of many other notable followers of Sesshiu—no more than enough merely to mention Soyen, Shiuko, Yamada Do-an and Hasegawa Tohaku. For it is time to deal with the birth of one of the most important of the Japanese schools of painting—the Kano.

The Kano school owed its rise to the Chinese renaissance, and the style it adopted was a modification of that of the Chinese monochrome masters. The first Kano painter was Kano Masanobu, though, for reasons which seem of doubtful adequacy, his son Motonobu is usually regarded as the actual founder of the school. Kano Masanobu was born in 1424, the son of Kano Kagénobu, retainer of the Shogun Yoshimori, a samurai and an amateur artist, who encouraged his son's love of drawing, and himself gave him his first lessons. Soon, however, the pupil wholly outstripped the teacher, and was sent in the usual way to work in the study of a professional master. It is said—though it is improbable—that Masanobu's first master was Josetsu; but it is quite certain that he worked under that master's pupil Shiubun, and afterwards under Shiubun's pupil Sotan. Masanobu's treatment of flowers and birds was modelled on that of Sotan.

Kano Masanobu, like his father Kagénobu, seems to have painted purely as an amateur till middle life—till the death of Sotan, in fact, in 1469. Sotan was engaged, just before his death, in the decoration of the interior walls of the temple of Kinkakuji, in Kioto, and he left the work unfinished. Sesshiu, freshly returned from China, was consulted as to the com-

[1] The pair numbered 1253 and 1254 are also by Sesson, being copies of famous pictures by the Chinese painter Mokkei, to which a spurious seal of Kano Motonobu has been added.

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pletion of the decoration, and as he chanced lately to have seen a drawing by Masanobu of which he greatly approved, he recommended that the then unknown painter should be tried. Sesshiu's recommendation was adopted, and the work which Masanobu executed in consequence still remains, though in a sadly time-worn state, to testify that the reputation it brought him was wholly deserved.

The British Museum collection contains one specimen only of the work of Kano Masanobu, but that is an excellent one—a Chinese landscape. It is photographed to illustrate this paper, though in the original it is in colour. A copy in chromolithography is given in Dr. Anderson's book, and although the copy is executed in the best possible style, it needs but a comparison with the original to exemplify the impossibility of adequate reproduction of these works even by the best and most expensive methods used in Europe. But this picture may also be used in another comparison, more instructive. Let it be placed by the side of either of the pair of landscapes by Kantei in the same collection—the pair already alluded to as typical—and the beginnings of the Kano style of painting will be observable. Masanobu, it will be seen, was merely painting in the Chinese style, with personal methods of his own, which, adopted and extended by his followers, served to distinguish the future work of the school. A certain mitigation of the severity of the classic Chinese manner is to be remarked—a somewhat suppler handling of the brush, a further attention to texture, a trifle more of elasticity of treatment, and, perhaps, a shade of fuller colour; though this last may be no more than a touch of influence from the painters of contemporary China, who in this, the Ming period, were turning toward effects of detail and bright colour.

Masanobu lived to the fine old age of ninety-six, though it would seem that during his long life his genius never gained the wide recognition it deserved, notwithstanding his reputation among the few. It was left for his son Motonobu to force the new style into a more general appreciation, and firmly

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Mallards and Mandarin Ducks, by Anne
Mutsuoka, Walter's Collection

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to establish the traditions of the school that has now existed for more than four centuries; and it is in this respect only that they have reason who proclaim Motonobu the founder of the Kano school. Certainly he remains the most famous painter that it has produced, as well as one of the foremost few of all Japan; though I can scarcely call him the superior of his father, as is commonly done. The rarity of the older man's work makes comparison difficult, but with such light as is available I should be disposed to call them as nearly equal as two great artists can be. Though if I were asked to name the greatest master of the *brush* among the crowd of masters Japan has produced: the first examplar of that astonishing technic of modulated line, of undulation, of magic suppleness and startling force in brush work: then I think I should select Motonobu after all, difficult and doubtful as the selection would be. The quality of Motonobu's line has never been surpassed, and his amazing feats of brush-work leave one breathless; withal he was an artist of lofty conception and large view. With his strength he joined a great delicacy, and on occasion he could work with as fine a brush and as minute an execution as any Japanese painter in history. I am sorry that the necessary reduction of his drawing of ducks—the original is more than four feet high, exclusive of the mount—wholly obliterates the fine drawing of the small feathers in the flying mallards, contrasting, as it does, with the firm and bold work in other parts of the picture. He worked usually in monochrome, but he could use colour like a master, with a harmonious warmth and sober power all his own. The British Museum has a fine set of three large kakemono in colour by Motonobu, the centre subject being a stork, and flowers and small birds occupying the side pictures. Many of the master's qualities are exemplified in this set, but perhaps a better specimen of his brushwork is to be found in the *Shoriken* in the same collection, a photograph of which is reproduced with this paper. The drawing is not a very large one, being little more than two feet high, and its condition is not first-rate, but

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the swing of Motonobu's brush is there in all its glory. He must be a dull observer, indeed, who can study this picture without beginning to understand some of the beauty of fine Japanese brushwork, or can fail to perceive that the modulation of line, arbitrary as it may seem to those who look in a picture for a photograph or a scientific diagram, has its reasons in the painter's scheme and its justification in the result. More, an intelligent examination will reveal why anything beyond the mere suggestion of light and shade forms no part of the scheme of the art. To preserve the qualities of the brushwork and at the same time to copy natural shadow on such a picture as this would be a violation of the logic of art, and an impossibility, at the hands of any painter with the smallest pictorial sense. The briefest consideration will make plain the incongruity of the two things.

To his landscapes Motonobu gave atmosphere and distance with surprising delicacy, and in these pictures especially one may well observe that accurate gradation of planes which, in fact, gave truth and depth to his work in every subject. As M. Gonse says: "Si Motonobu ignorait les lois scientifiques de la perspective, il faut reconnaître, devant une œuvre aussi parfaite, que son empirisime valait toutes nos théories."

He painted occasionally in the Tosa style[1], but such works are extremely rare. The *Hawk and Sparrow*, in the British Museum collection, catalogued as being in the Tosa style, is, as a matter of fact, in the Chinese style of the Ming period; moreover, it is not the work of Motonobu, but without doubt that of Oguri Sotan, with the seal of Motonobu added in later times. There is, however, among the Tosa pictures, a series of copies of drawings from a famous makimono painted by Motonobu in illustration of the story of the destruction of the Shiuten Dōji by Yorimitsu. They are numbered 383 to 416, and their origin is not indicated. They are admirable copies, but though they are executed in bright colours they are *not* in

[1] His wife was the daughter of Mitsushigé, his chief contemporary of the Tosa school, and she herself painted in both styles.

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The Seventh Samurai Sketches by Kazuo Mukamoto
(*British Museum Collection*)

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the Tosa style, as their classification would indicate, but in almost pure Kano, though it is not the typical Kano of monochrome or subdued colour, but in the alternative manner, chiefly practised in later times, wherein bright colour was used and the drawing was executed with smaller brushes. There is often some difficulty, to the unpractised eye, in separating such drawings from the freer among the late works of the Tosa school, and, indeed, from those of the Chinese school in its later form. The marks of distinction must not be sought in the colour, but always in the brushwork. In the case in point a glance at the rocks and trees makes the matter plain.

Motonobu lived and worked through the last part of the fifteenth century and the first half of the sixteenth, dying at the age of eighty-three in 1559. A very famous contemporary in the same school was Utanosuke, said to have been his younger brother. This is difficult to believe, unless he were brother by adoption, since otherwise he would appear to have been born when his father, Masanobu, was eighty-nine years of age. Possibly Utanosuke (who died in 1575 at the age of sixty-two) was Motonobu's nephew. Utanosuke was a fine draughtsman and an admirable colourist, his work in both respects much resembling that of Motonobu. The unsigned picture of a bird and flowers in the British Museum collection is quite typical of Utanosuke.

Motonobu had several sons and nephews who became painters, and quite a number of pupils. Chief among the pupils of his own blood was Kano Shoyei, his third son, sometimes also called Naonobu. He was an excellent painter, and in many of his works he reverted to the pure Chinese style; sometimes, also, he drew in the manner of Sesshiu. But perhaps the chief of the Kano painters working soon after Motonobu was Yeitoku, Shoyei's eldest son. Yeitoku's grandfather, the great Motonobu, taught him in his early youth, but the old man died in Yeitoku's seventeenth year, and the rest of the young artist's training was given him by his father, Shoyei. Yeitoku was the favourite painter of Taiko Hideyoshi, a man

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of low birth, who fought his way to the rulership of Japan by sheer force of character and military genius. Under Hideyoshi's patronage Yeitoku had great opportunities of distinguishing himself in the execution of large wall paintings, and was employed to decorate the interiors of many palaces and castles. His favourite subjects were elaborate scenes of Chinese court life in the great Tang period, before the tenth century, and his presentation of these scenes was characterised by a broad elegance and a magnificent display of colour. A drawing by this master is in the British Museum, a figure of a female Buddhist *sennin*. It is a fine piece of sweet drawing and sober colour, but it is darkened by age and a little damaged; and it wholly defies the camera.

An important Kano painter of this time was Kaihoku Yusho, who is usually classed as a pupil of Yeitoku, though he was the older man by twelve years. Yusho founded a new branch of the Kano school, and his pupils and followers in the *Kaihoku riu* largely devoted themselves to painting the exploits of Japanese warriors in a manner not unlike that of the earlier Yamato painters. They used the same bright colours, and they delighted in a similar presentation of vigorous action, but the brushwork never wholly lost its Kano character. Yusho himself, however, chiefly favoured the more usual subjects of the Kano school, painting the figures of saints and sages, birds, flowers and landscapes in monochrome or faint tints. He was fond of giving his scenes a misty atmosphere, when the subject permitted, and he could do it with great effect. The specimen of which a photograph is given, shows a corner of some rushy lake, overhung with a wet mist that seems to drench the very picture, in the midst of which the solemn herons stand like ghosts. Yusho died early in the seventeenth century at the age of eighty-two. It is said that he once received a signal mark of appreciation in the shape of a holograph letter from the King of Corea in acknowledgment and praise of a picture of a dragon.

Kimura Sanraku was a younger pupil of Yeitoku who

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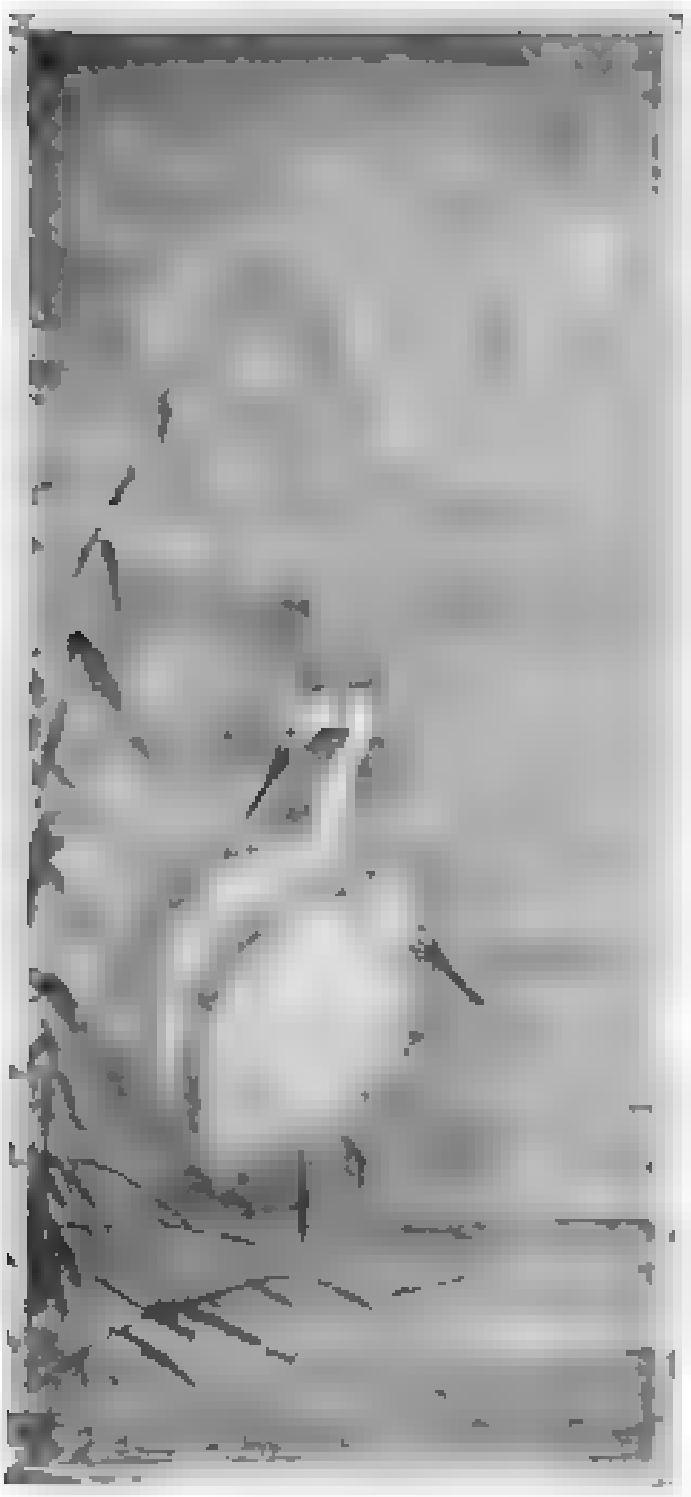

Heron in Mist, by Archibald Thorburn
(*Hunter's Collection*)

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Chinese Saints and Sages by Artemisia

became more intimately associated with his master's work than any other, inasmuch as the two worked together on many mural decorations, and the pupil completed certain work left unfinished by the master, who died when still some years short of fifty. Sanraku was at first a page in Hideyoshi's service, but he was found to be far more willing to amuse himself with drawing than to attend his master; observing which fact, Hideyoshi, who seems to have been no very bad fellow for a ruthless conqueror, set him to study in due form under Yeitoku, and afterwards employed him largely. Like the typical industrious apprentice of our own tradition, Sanraku married his master's daughter and prospered greatly, his name taking an honourable place among the foremost of the Kano school. As a colourist he was unsurpassed, his composition was striking and dignified, and he drew with a very free, dashing line, whose elegance cost no sacrifice of power. The pair of pictures of Chinese saints and sages, from which the accompanying photographs are taken, offer good types of his work. They are coloured in an exquisite scheme of cool grey and green, with subordinate reds and pinks, and a few minute touches of gold. The lines in the drapery are quite characteristic in quality.

Sanraku very frequently painted scenes of common Japanese life, as, indeed, did Motonobu before him. Such scenes also made common enough motives in the works of the Yamato painters of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. It is a mistake, though a very general mistake, to suppose that Iwasa Matahei was the first to use such subjects, in the early seventeenth century.

With Sanraku we must leave the Kano school for a time and return to the followers of the pure Chinese style. Of these the sixteenth century produced too many to be enumerated here, even in a bare list. Dr. Anderson gives sixty or seventy, and that number might be doubled from the native authorities. Among all these very able artists few stood out sufficiently above the rest to call for individual comment. In general the old motives were used and the old styles followed by a number

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of painters whose works it is difficult to distinguish one from another, except after lifelong study. Classical subjects and classical treatment were adhered to, just as they were for certain periods in Europe; the difference being that the Japanese classics were Chinese, while our own were Greek or Roman; though I cannot find that any Japanese painter ever went so far as to clothe Japanese figures in Chinese dress, in parallel to the practice of European sculptors of the eighteenth century.

The son and grandson of Soga Jasoku were painters of talent, the first, Soga Sojo, being the abler of the two. He somewhat modified his father's manner, and made greater use of colour in his pictures. But Jasoku's most important descendant was his great grandson, Soga Chokuan. Chokuan was renowned as a painter of birds, and more particularly as a painter of falcons. His style was so far modified that it is only the fact of his ancestry that turns the scale against his inclusion in the Kano school. His work might be called three-quarters Kano, though the remaining traces of the pure Chinese manner are always plainly visible. He had a wonderfully firm, mordant touch; he drew with great delicacy and precision, and his colour was quiet and rich. M. Gonse has compared his drawing, not altogether without reason, to that of Dürer.

Chokuan died at about the same time as Motonobu, leaving a son and pupil who bore the same name. This son also painted birds of prey in the manner of his father, and painted them admirably, though not altogether as well as his master. He is usually distinguished as Ni Chokuan, or Chokuan the second. The accompanying illustration is from a kakemono by the father.

It must not be supposed that the Chinese revival and the rise of the Kano school had extinguished painting in the Tosa style. On the contrary, the national school of painting flourished exceedingly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Hirochika, Mitsunobu, Mitsushige, and Mitsuyoshi were the chief painters in the direct line, and they worked in two styles: the larger style, such as I have dealt with in the previous

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Falcon, by Soga Chokuan (Writer's Collection)

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Origina from

paper, and of which Korehisa's historical pictures are a type, and a more minute style almost purely decorative in intention. It is a common belief that this second style was a later development from the first, that the earlier Tosa painters worked exclusively in the vigorous manner—the dynamic manner, so to speak—and the later painters wholly in the decorative or static style. This is an entire mistake, and in fact the two styles existed side by side from the beginning, and were employed alternatively by the same artists, according to the subject in hand. The larger style, full of vigorous drawing of human action, with background in subordination or wholly lacking, was used for the historical rolls, for the pictures inspired by the exploits of the country's heroes, and for such pictures of common life as it suited. The minute style was employed for peaceful scenes of court life, and in these the whole surface of the paper or silk was covered with brilliant and harmonious colour, the figures were shown in repose and treated in flat tint and pattern, detail was rendered with great delicacy and minuteness, and the whole scheme was frankly decorative. So much so that commonly all suggestion of emotion or action was carefully eliminated, together with every other element likely to disturb the decorative repose of the picture, and all human figures were reduced to a set pattern. It was not, as Europeans are apt at first to suppose, that these painters could not draw the human figure with natural action, for in fact they did it admirably—in other pictures. But here they set themselves certain definite limits, and they aimed at nothing but what they achieved. It is impossible to convey any idea of their performance in this respect without the employment of colour, but I have nevertheless had one picture copied in photography by way of diagram, in order that the formal drawing may be understood. The photograph is from an eighteenth-century copy of a picture by Hirochika. The photographic reduction is destructive to detail—the picture is rather more than a yard wide—but enough is visible to give an idea of the plan and character of a picture in the minute

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Tosa style. Two characteristic expedients may be observed: the removal of a roof to afford a view of the rooms beneath, and the use of coloured and gold clouds to fill in the composition decoratively where the painter wished to omit scenic detail. The rectangular spaces at the top right-hand corner are for the reception of a poetical inscription.

Most of the Kano painters worked also in the Tosa style on occasion, as Motonobu sometimes did. The two schools were to some extent local, and even political. The Kano school had its seat in Yedo, the capital of the Shogun, and the Shoguns were its chief patrons; while the Tosa painters had their headquarters in the Imperial capital of Kioto, and theirs was the work that enjoyed the favour of the Emperor and the nobles of his court.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

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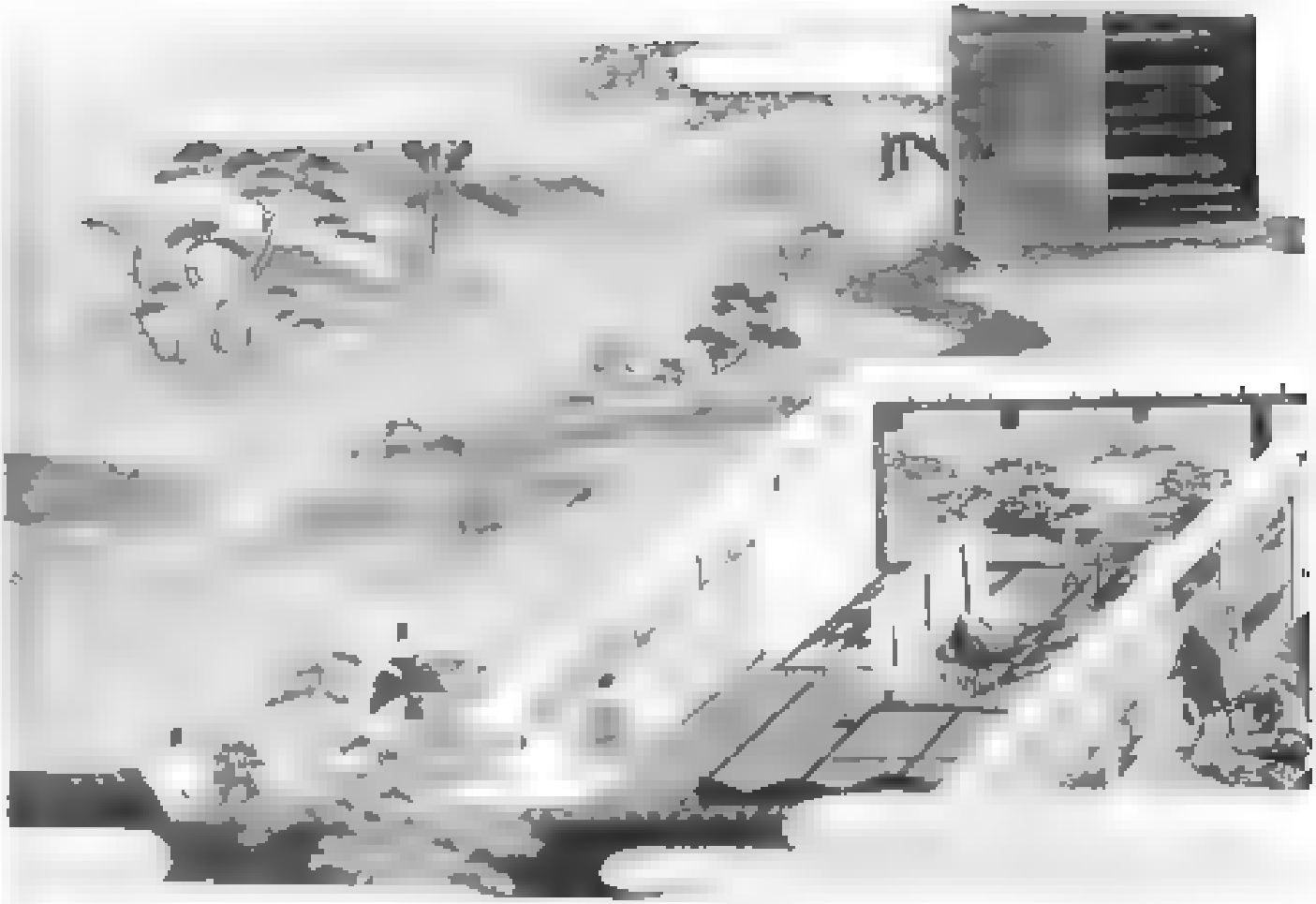

Part of Nobleman's House and Ironmills, copied from a picture by the Tosa painter Sumiyoshi Hiroshige
(British Museum Collection)

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THE "MONTHLY REVIEW" IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

IN the Preface to "Evelina," Miss Burney, it will be remembered, addresses an artfully worded appeal to the "Authors of the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*," beginning with an apology for offering them the trifling production of a few idle hours, and continuing in her best Johnsonian style:

> But the extensive plan of your critical observations—which, not confined to works of utility or ingenuity, is equally open to those of frivolous amusement—and yet worse than frivolous amusement—encourages me to seek for your protection, since—perhaps for my sins!—it entitles me to your annotations. To resent, therefore, this offering, however insignificant, would ill become the universality of your undertaking, though not to despise may, alas! be out of your power.

The modern reader, for whom periodical criticism began with the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* in the second year of the nineteenth century, may be inclined to regard with mingled amusement and contempt this obsequious petition addressed to the critical authorities of those dark ages when Jeffrey was in petticoats, and Lockhart as yet unborn. Yet the two great "Wes" of the eighteenth century, the "Monthly" and the "Critical" played no unimportant part in the literary education of our great-grandparents; and although neither of the twain could boast such a galaxy of encyclopædic intelligences as the *Edinburgh Review* in its best days, yet the name of the one is connected (not over-

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creditably, it must be admitted), with that of Goldsmith, and of the other with that of Smollett, while the literary staff of each was recruited from among the sounder wits of Upper Grub Street.

Although it is not for a moment suggested that literary criticism was in its infancy in the middle of the eighteenth century, it may safely be asserted that the periodical reviewer was still only feeling his way. Not one of the literary journals that had appeared during the first half of the century—*The Memoirs of Literature*, *The Present State of the Republic of Letters*, *Historia Literaria*, or the *Grub Street Journal*—had enjoyed a lengthy or prosperous career. In 1749, when Ralph Griffiths, a thriving bookseller, started the *Monthly Review* at the Sign of the Dunciad (name of ill-omen!) in St. Paul's Churchyard, there was no other competitor of importance in the field. Mr. Griffiths, who had begun life as a Presbyterian watchmaker in Staffordshire, acted as his own publisher and editor, assisted by his wife, a lady of literary tastes. The "Review" came into the world in singularly modest fashion, its simple, straightforward title-page and editorial advertisement presenting a refreshing contrast to the parade and puffery which accompanied the first numbers of most contemporary periodicals. The public was informed that the *Monthly Review* was merely

A

PERIODICAL WORK

DIVING

AN ACCOUNT WITH PROPER ABSTRACTS OF, AND EXTRACTS FROM, THE NEW BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, ETC., AS THEY COME OUT

BY

SEVERAL HANDS

The first number, a double one for May and June, 1749, contains non-critical summaries of eleven new books, including

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"A System of Moral Philosophy," by Grove; a translation of the "Odes of Pindar," by Gilbert West; Bolingbroke's "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism"; Smollett's juvenile tragedy, "The Regicide," and an "Essay on Design; including Proposals for erecting a Public Academy, to be supported by voluntary subscriptions (till a Royal foundation can be obtained) for educating the British youth in drawing, and the several arts depending thereon." In the second number the plan was adopted of printing in small type a monthly catalogue of current literature, which contained the titles, together with brief descriptive paragraphs, of such romances, poems, and pamphlets as were not considered worthy of more elaborate treatment. The body of the "Review" was taken up with ten or twelve lengthy articles (often continued through two or three numbers) upon what Miss Burney would have called the "works of utility or ingenuity"—theological treatises, philosophical reflections, moral essays and didactic poems—which poured from the eighteenth century press.

The *Monthly Review* met at the outset with a very moderate measure of success: indeed, it seemed doubtful at one time whether the newcomer would live to celebrate its first birthday. However, at the conclusion of Volume I., the editor begs leave to thank the public for their candid reception of the "Review," "notwithstanding any imperfections which have happened in the infancy of the undertaking, and assures the encouragers of the work that no care or proportional expense shall be spared that may be necessary for its improvement." He proposes at the same time to introduce an account of foreign works, and occasionally to print an extra sheet, which extra sheet afterwards developed into a half-yearly supplement. He concludes with the reminder that "Our business is to enter no further into the province of criticism than just so far as may be indispensably necessary to give some idea of such books as come under our consideration." This abstention from criticism saved the "Monthly,' in its early and feeble days, from the frequent and often damaging attacks that were made by outraged

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authors upon its more outspoken and audacious rival, the "Critical." Besides, the day of the specialist had not yet dawned, and while it was comparatively easy for a good all-round writer to give an intelligent summary of an abstruse work, only a man of encyclopædic knowledge could criticise with impunity the various learned folios that came up periodically for review.

By the middle of the "fifties" the *Monthly Review* seems to have been fairly started on its long and prosperous career, its proprietor being able to take a country house at Turnham Green, and set up two coaches. Among the regular attendants at Chiswick Church we hear of "Portly Dr. Griffiths (he had some American diploma) with his literary wife in her neat and elevated wire-winged cap." By his contemporaries Griffiths is described as a steady advocate of literature, a firm friend, a lover of domestic life, and an excellent companion, abounding beyond most men in literary anecdote and reminiscence. Among his coadjutors were Dr. Kippis, the Presbyterian Editor of the second edition of the "Bibliographia Britannica;" the Rev. John Langhorne, author of numerous sentimental poems and tales; the Rev. William Ludlow, writer of mathematical treatises; James Ralph, a miscellaneous writer, now chiefly remembered as the author of an attack upon the "Dunciad," and the victim of a brilliant *riposte* in the second edition of that satire; Dr. Grainger, a friend of Johnson's, who described him as a man who would always do any good in his power; and Dr. Rose, who kept a boys' school at Chiswick, and translated the classics after the manner of his kind.

While wading through the reviews of dead histories, forgotten travels, explored scientific theories and obsolete theological doctrines, that constitute by far the larger portion of those early volumes of the "Monthly," the reader is occasionally rewarded for his pains by stumbling upon the first notice of some immortal work, whose title gleams out of the page like a jewel out of a dust-heap. Thus, hidden away in the catalogue of current literature for February 1751, we come upon the announcement: "'Elegy in a Country Church-

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yard.' Dodsley. 6d. The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its want of quantity." Thus lightly was a deathless masterpiece launched upon the world by these self-appointed guides of literary taste. In the same year we have the first mention of two classic novels, Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" and Fielding's "Amelia." Before dealing with the former the reviewer comments upon the melancholy fact that:

> Serious and useful works are scarce read, and hardly anything of morality goes down unless ticketed with the label of amusement. Thence that flood of novels, tales, romances and other monsters of the imagination, imitated from the French, whose literary levity we have not been ashamed to adopt.

He approves of the biographical form adopted by Fielding and Smollett, but censures both writers for certain of their characters —highwaymen, ostlers, bailiffs, and the like—which, "however exact copies of nature, are chosen in too low and disgustful a range of it, and too long dwelt upon." Even the irreproachable "Sir Charles Grandison," who convulsed the novel-reading world in 1754, is only allowed a small type paragraph in the rubbish-heap of the "Monthly Catalogue."

> We have read "Sir Charles Grandison" with alternate pleasure and disgust [observes the reviewer of Richardson's long-expected masterpiece]. With pleasure from the great good sense of the author, his many excellent sentiments and moral reflections. With disgust from the absurdity of a scheme that supposes a set of people devoting almost their whole time to letter scribbling—from the author's continued trifling with the patience of his readers, by his extreme verbosity throughout the work—from the studied formality in his method, the frequent affectation in his language, and the inconsistency of some of the persons in his drama.

It was probably owing to the fact that Mrs. Griffiths was a lady of literary proclivities that the "Monthly" reviewers showed themselves quite abnormally gallant towards what they called the "Fair," even when the Fair persistently appeared in blue stockings. There are numerous notices to the effect that "This work is written by a Lady, consequently not the object of severe criticism;" or "Many circumstances entitle the softer sex to a more delicate treatment than our own, and therefore

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it is always with tenderness that we look upon the productions of a female pen." As the staff obviously intended to propitiate the editor's wife, it is to be hoped that Mrs. Griffiths did not perceive the intellectual insults underlying these chivalrous protestations. The favour shown by otherwise flinty hearted reviewers towards the productions of a female pen naturally led to a large number of novels being issued with the words "By a Lady," or "By a Young Lady, being her first literary attempt," upon the title-page. Dealing with one of these professedly feminine romances, the reviewer declares that he has too high an opinion of the sex to believe that any woman who could write at all would ever write anything so dull and insipid. "A female author," he asserts, "is generally a wit, and sure to produce lively and sprightly, if not very solid, things." After pointing to the productions of Mrs. Aphra Behn, Mrs. Pilkington, and others, he continues: "In short, 'tis needless to mention more instances to prove how well the ladies are qualified to shine in the republic of letters when their natural tastes are cultivated; the difficulty, in truth, would be to find a bad, especially a dull, book, written by a woman. Dulness is the peculiar mark of the male scribbler."

In January 1756, the *Monthly Review* was confronted by a powerful rival in the shape of the *Critical Review*, started by a Scotch printer named Archibald Hamilton, under the editorship of the redoubtable Dr. Smollett, who was assisted in his labours by a "society of gentlemen." The new-comer, thanks to its slashing style, and the merciless fashion in which it trampled upon its victims, speedily got itself into hot water. Authors, who should have been crushed flat, had an objectionable habit of retaliating upon their critics in impertinent pamphlets, or else through the medium of advertisements in the daily papers, for which latter privilege they paid the modest sum of two shillings. It need scarcely be said that there was no love lost between the gentlemen of the "Monthly" and the gentlemen of the "Critical"; and although they were frequently bracketed together in the attacks of vindictive scribblers, it does not

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appear that they ever made common cause against the enemy. Among the amenities exchanged between the rival Reviews may be quoted Dr. Griffiths' public statement that the staff of the "Critical" was composed of "physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, and critics without judgment;" together with Smollett's retort that at least his Review was not written by a "parcel of obscure hirelings under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles." On another occasion the author of "Roderick Random" alluded to Mrs. Griffiths in language, now happily obsolete among gentlemen of the Press, as "an antiquated Sappho, or rather a Pope Joan in taste and literature, pregnant with abuse, begot by rancour, under the canopy of ignorance!"

Dr. Johnson, in his famous interview with George III., gave his own personal—and not unprejudiced—opinion of the distinctive qualities of the two Reviews.

> The King asked him [relates Boswell] if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom except the *Monthly* and the *Critical Reviews*; and on being answered there was no other, his Majesty asked which of them was the best. Johnson answered that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding that the authors of the *Monthly Review* were enemies to the Church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

Johnson's statement was founded on the fact that the "Monthly" was conducted on Whig principles, and coloured by the Non-conformist sympathies of its editor, while the "Critical" was professedly Tory (though Smollett frequently attacked both ministry and opposition) and supported the High Church party. The "Monthly," however, to its credit be it said, seldom allowed its literary judgments to be prejudiced by political feeling, and indeed ran some risks of offending subscribers by its impartiality. In the number for May 1770, there is a notice to the effect that

> In these days of civil dudgeon, when men fall out they know not why, it is no wonder that the *moderation* of the "Monthly" reviewers hath drawn upon them

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the censure of the immoderate and uncandid persons who appear to be friends of the *ins*, complaining of our partiality to the *outs*; while, on the other hand, remonstrances from the *outs* scruple not to charge us with writing under Ministerial influence.

It was in the month of April 1757, that Dr. Griffiths, happening to dine with his friend Dr. Milner, who kept an academy for young gentlemen at Peckham, was much impressed with the conversation of an Irish usher, Oliver Goldsmith by name, who on this occasion at least talked more like an angel than like "Poor Poll." So much to the point were his remarks on the subject of the newly started *Critical Review*, that Dr. Griffiths took him aside after dinner, and suggested that he should send in a few specimens of criticism to the "Monthly," in which organ it is probable that new blood was badly wanted. The specimens were duly sent in, and found so satisfactory that the usher was invited to board and lodge with Dr. and Mrs. Griffiths, and in return for a small regular salary to devote his whole time to the service of the Review. The offer was accepted, but the arrangement lasted no more than five months, from May to September. Goldsmith who only wrote twelve reviews during this time, which he afterwards refused to acknowledge, complained that he was underfed and overworked, and accused the editor and his wife of tampering with his articles. Griffiths, on his side, declared that his assistant was idle, unpunctual and generally impracticable. Probably both parties had some justification for their complaints. The young Irishman's Bohemian ways must have sorely aggravated the steady, industrious little printer; while Goldsmith could hardly be expected to submit meekly to Mrs. Griffiths' emendations of his text.

In December of the same year, when Goldsmith had broken off his official connection with the "Monthly," he was "accommodated" by Mr. Griffiths with a suit of clothes, which he failed to pay for or to return at the stipulated time. Fierce was the wrath of the bookseller at this breach of faith, and he was only pacified by an undertaking on the part of the debtor

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to write him a "Life of Voltaire" for £20, from which modest sum the price of the clothes was to be deducted. In his "Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe," published in 1759, Goldsmith took the opportunity of "scoring off" his former employer. He attacked the system by which the poor author, unpatronised by the rich, became the creature of the bookseller, and had a hit at the monthly reviews and magazines which "might be pardoned were they frothy, pert or absurd, but which, in being dull and dronish, encroached upon the prerogative of a folio." Kenrick, the notorious libeller, who had succeeded Goldsmith on the staff of the "Monthly" was employed to review his predecessor's work, which he did with so much virulence that it was thought advisable to apologise for, and explain away, the worst portions of his article, in a subsequent number of the Review.

The result of this and other quarrels was that Goldsmith's work was invariably underestimated in the pages of the "Monthly." When the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared in 1766, it was only allowed a brief notice in small type, from which the first sentence may be quoted:

> Through the whole course of our travels through the wild regions of romance, we never met with anything more difficult to characterise than the "Vicar of Wakefield"; a performance which contains beauties sufficient to entitle it to almost the highest applause, and defects enough to put the reader out of patience with an author so strangely capable of underwriting himself.

"She stoops to Conquer" met with even less lenient treatment. The reader is informed that Dr. Goldsmith's play must be considered in the light of a series of improbabilities, since most of its incidents are offences against nature.

> His merit [proceeds the reviewer] is in that sort of dialogue which lies on a level with the most common understandings; and in that low mischief and mirth which we laugh at while we despise ourselves for so doing.

Immediately after Goldsmith's death in 1774, a little catchpenny "Life" was published, in which it was stated that he had formerly been employed to superintend the *Monthly*

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Review. In a notice of the book Mr. Griffiths contradicts this statement, observing that:

> The Doctor had his merits as a man of letters; but, alas, those who knew him must smile at the idea of such a superintendent of a concern which most obviously required some degree of prudence, as well as a competent acquaintance with the world. It is true that he had for a while a seat at our board; and that, so far as his knowledge of books extended, he was not an unuseful assistant.

Poor Goldy! Probably he would have dreamt as little as his employer that in time to come the *Monthly Review's* chief claim to remembrance would lie in its brief connection with a "not unuseful assistant."

The "Monthly" reviewers, having once begun to "feel their feet," soon adopted what Sir Walter Scott would have called the big bow-wow style of criticism, and set themselves up as Popes of literature, against whose infallible decrees it was blasphemous to protest. They would have held, with Longfellow, that the critic is "a sentinel in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author," rather than, with Anatole France, that he is "one who relates the adventures of his soul in a voyage among masterpieces." It must be admitted that they took their profession seriously, and prided themselves upon being at once the leaders of the public taste, the guardians of the public morals, and the custodians of the best traditions of English literature. The arch-critic, Jeffrey, even in his most bumptious days, never attained the calm arrogance of an anonymous gentleman on the "Monthly," who, in replying to the attack of an aggrieved author, explains that:

> The design of our work is mistaken by such as suppose it the business of the reviewers to set every wrong-headed author right. . . . They think it in general sufficient that they point out the principal defects in the performance of such mistaken writers, who would do well, instead of obstinately persisting in their errors, and growing impatient under well-meant reproof, to submit with patience, and learn to profit by just correction.

It is to be feared that no one ever was quite so moral as

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these eighteenth-century critics professed to be. The theory of "Art for Art's sake" had not yet been evolved, "Morality for Morality's sake," being the unwritten motto of the *Monthly Review*. In a notice of a feeble but well-intentioned romance, a reviewer remarks:

> Where a performance discovers internal marks that it was the principal intention of the writer to promote virtue and good manners, we do not think ourselves at liberty to speak of it in that pert and flippant manner which those who pride themselves upon their critical skill sometimes do.

If the virtuous were thus encouraged, the evil-doers were warned and exhorted in no uncertain tones. When Sterne published his "Sermons" with the words "By Mr. Yorick," on the title-page, our moral friends thought that it became them to make strong animadversions on this method of advertisement, which they considered as "the greatest outrage upon sense and decency that has been offered since the first establishment of Christianity—an outrage which would scarce have been tolerated even in the days of Paganism!" In spite of Dr. Griffiths' Nonconformist leanings, John Wesley comes off no better than poor Yorick. In a notice of his famous "Hymnal" the writer declares that:

> The irreverent treatment which the Bible continually meets with in *this Protestant country* from the swarms of Hackney commentators, expositors, and enthusiastic hymn-makers, would almost provoke the rational Christian to applaud even the *Church of Rome* for the care she has taken to preserve it from vulgar profanation.

In their capacity of sentinels in the grand army of letters the "Monthly" critics challenged, not only new authors, but also new words and phrases, before they would admit them into the citadel of literature. Thus in an article on Goldsmith's "Life of Bolingbroke," the reviewer explains that he wishes to take the opportunity of exposing "that false, futile and slovenly style which, to the utter neglect of grammatical precision and purity, disgraces so many of our modern compositions." He gives no less than eighteen specimens of "false language" from

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Goldsmith's no doubt hastily written work. With regard to new words, we find a reviewer writing, *à propos* Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and the host of imitations to which it gave rise: "The word *sentimental* is, like continental, a barbarism that has lately disgraced our language, and it is not always easy to conceive what is meant by it." As early as 1749 Lady Bradshaigh had written to Richardson, one of the chief purveyors of sentiment, to ask him the meaning of the word "sentimental," so much used by the polite.

> Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in that word [she explains], but I am convinced a wrong interpretation is given, because it is impossible everything clever and agreeable can be so common as this word.

The most common complaint with the "Monthly" reviewers is to the effect that their table is groaning beneath the "load of vile romances that almost daily crawl from the press," while even their tenderness towards the female pen is forgotten in view of their apprehension lest "our very Cook-maids should be infected with the *Cacoethes Scribendi*, and think themselves above the vulgar employment of mixing a pudding or rolling a pye-crust." Yet there seems to have been but slight foundations for these complaints, since it is seldom that more than two or three novels are noticed in one number, and often several months go by without any mention of a work of fiction. The modern critic would hold himself blessed indeed if he were permitted to polish off the accumulations of romance in the summary fashion adopted by his eighteenth-century prototypes. In a contemporary skit on the two leading Reviews, it was stated that a member of the "Monthly" staff had invented a wooden machine in which all the novels, poetry, and other unread publications were placed. When the handle was turned, a series of short paragraphs was ground out, signifying that the subjects under consideration were "impertinent trifles," "d——d stuff," or stupid nonsense. Frequently, when dealing with works of imagination, the reviewers so far forgot the dignity of their calling as to indulge in a species of elephantine levity, of which the following may be quoted as a not unfavourable sample:

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"'The History of Lord Clayton and Miss Meredith.' Ill-imagined, ill-written, ill-printed, and—the author will probably add—*very ill-reviewed.*" The standard of fiction fell so low during the last quarter of the century that it is hardly surprising that "Evelina," which appeared in 1778, should have been warmly welcomed by the "Monthly" critic, who pronounced it "one of the most sprightly, entertaining and agreeable productions of this kind which has of late fallen under our notice." He is even more enthusiastic on the subject of "Cecilia," in which he sees much of the pathos and dignity of Richardson, and much of the acuteness and ingenuity of Fielding, while the style appears to him to have been formed on the best model of Dr. Johnson's. He thinks it necessary to add that he is totally unconnected with the author, because it had been publicly insinuated that he had depreciated the writings of Miss Blower in order to enhance those of Miss Burney. Poor Miss Blower was the author of "George Bateman," published in the same year as "Evelina," and other long-forgotten romances.

The only kind of poetry which received the ungrudging applause of the *Monthly Review* was that wherein harmonious versification was combined with correct imagery and pleasing sentiments. Novelty of expression invariably puzzled the critics, while originality of thought positively enraged them. Hence their chief praises were reserved for such blameless bards as Mason, Beattie, and Hayley; while they were roused to positive enthusiasm by three female minstrels, Mrs. "Epictetus" Carter, Miss Aikin (after Mrs. Barbauld), and Hannah More. "In all Mrs. Carter's poems," we are told, "there is that fine sensibility, serene dignity, and lofty imagination that characterise the writings of the divine philosopher. Her style is perfectly Horatian, elegantly polished, and harmoniously easy." While the ingenious translator of Epictetus is compared to Plato and Horace, the critic observes in some of Miss Aikin's pieces "a justness of thought and vigour of expression inferior only to the works of Milton and Shakespeare." With Hannah

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More's early tragedy, "The Inflexible Captive," our friend is so enchanted that, unable to express his feelings in plain prose, he bursts forth into the following poetic strains:

> To Greece no more the tuneful minds belong,
> Nor the high honours of immortal song;
> To More, Brooks,[1] Lennox, Aikin, Carter due,
> To Greville, Griffiths, Whateley, Montagu![1]
> Theirs the strong genius, theirs the voice divine;
> And favouring Phœbus owns the *British Nine!*

In view of the intellectual infallibility to which the "Monthly" reviewers laid claim, it is passing strange that they should invariably have been the dupes of literary deceptions, even of the most transparent kind. It was natural, perhaps, that they, in company with many other wiseacres, should have believed in the authenticity of Macpherson's "Ossian" poems; but it is difficult to understand how they could be deceived for a moment by the pseudo-Gothic style of the "Castle of Otranto." The first edition of Walpole's romance, which appeared in 1755, bore upon the title-page the name of William Marshall, gent., who was supposed to have translated it from an Italian manuscript of the eleventh or twelfth century. The critic pronounces that the book is written by no common pen (which was certainly true), that the characters are highly finished, and the language accurate and elegant considering the period at which it was composed. When, a few weeks later, a second edition appeared in all the pomp and apparel of Strawberry Hill, with the initials "H. W." on the title-page, the "Monthly" completely changes its tone, and expresses a somewhat acrid surprise that "an author of refined and polished genius should be an advocate for re-establishing the barbarous superstitions of Gothic devilism." On the first appearance of Chatterton's "Rowley" poems, the learned Dr. Griffiths was inclined to doubt their authenticity, but on receiving com-

[1] Only five of these names are now remembered, but Brooks, Greville, Griffiths (no relation to the Editor), and Whateley were all popular female authors of the day.

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munications from many respectable gentlemen at Bristol, one and all attesting the genuineness of Chatterton's "discoveries," he commits himself to the statement that "These poems are undoubtedly the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and additions by Chatterton."

The first series of the *Monthly Review* consisted of eighty-one volumes, and ran from 1749 to 1790. In the latter year a second and enlarged series was started, which, under the editorship of Ralph Griffiths the younger, was continued down to 1825. The literary Mrs. Griffiths had died in 1764, and in 1767 the widower married a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Clarke, of St. Albans, by whom he had one son and two daughters. One of these daughters, it may be noted in passing, married Thomas Wainewright, and became the mother of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, the forger and poisoner. Dr. Griffiths, who kept a nominal control over the Review until his death in 1803, was closely connected in his later years with the Aikins, Enfields, and other literary members of the Unitarian body. Dr. Enfield was the first critic to discover the merits of Samuel Rogers' early poems, which he warmly praised in the pages of the "Monthly." In 1825 Ralph Griffiths sold the Review, which at one time had brought his father an income of two thousand a year. In fresh hands it seems to have taken a new lease of life, for it lingered on till 1845, when it died, probably of old age, after a more or less successful career of ninety-six years.

GEORGE PASTON.

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KHARTOUM

A FEW years ago the savagery of Omdurman was a dangerous menace to African civilisation. Khartoum had remained a heap of ruins from the fall of Gordon in 1885, when it was razed to the ground and Omdurman became the Dervish capital. We hear little of these regions nowadays; of late years the public interest was naturally centred in South Africa. Peace having been declared, achieved with honour by the talent of one great man, Lord Kitchener, alike in the north and south of the dark continent, perhaps the British public may care to hear something of the progress of civilisation which has been steadily going on in the Sudan.

To-day, Khartoum presents to the whole of Central Africa an interesting object-lesson of peaceful progress. This wonderful place can be now reached in five days from Assouan by the efficient service organised by the Government—the best by which I have ever travelled. Not only are there excellent dining and sleeping-cars, but at Abu Hamed, after a long run of monotonous sandy track, luxurious baths are unexpectedly supplied. The first section of the line from Halfa to Abu Hamed runs in a perfectly straight line along the level, pathless desert, the most weird and arid scene I have ever witnessed: the sand is of a hot reddish tint, the sparse rocks the burnt sienna of our colour box. Pyramidal peaks rise in the distance on either side, and after sunrise wondrous mirages appear along the horizon—delusive indications of

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placid pools and leafy groves, where neither water nor growth nor life of any kind exists. As the sun rose, a fiery ball over the desolate waste, I bestirred myself to sketch its wondrous torrid glory, when a tap came to my door. "Bath, sir, hot or cold, which you like, in ten minutes, sir." The train pulled up at once, and there, rising out of the sandy waste, as if by magic, an array of bath rooms, with every modern comfort, supplied with sweet Nile water pumped from a bend of the river about a mile off! The train gave us twenty minutes and then off we went at full speed, while an excellent breakfast was served.

The Cairo-to-Cape Railway at present stops on the Blue Nile, opposite Khartoum. Omdurman is on the White Nile, about three miles round a corner westward. The city of Khartoum extends for two miles along the river bank, a wide promenade, lined with trees, flanking the Nile. Gordon's earthen fortifications still exist, forming a curve of five miles towards the desert. Outside these there are a dozen native cantonments separated by wide spaces. Every tribe—the loyal Jaalin, the crafty Dinka, the gigantic Shilluk, the truculent Baggara—is kept separate. Their costumes are not voluminous, nor their dwellings imposing, but each tribe carefully adheres to its own pattern—all are clean, tidy, and orderly, and every dusky visage beams with contentment. In the villages there are found only mothers and children busy at domestic occupations, and aged folks too old to work. All able-bodied natives find remunerative employment in the town during the day. Each village is under the control of its head man or sheikh, who is responsible to the Government for the good behaviour of its people. There are several thousand lone Dervish widows, who do most of the rough labour in Khartoum, for which they are paid good wages. They dig foundations, mix mortar, carry bricks, and act as gardeners and sweepers. Their happy, smiling, ugly old faces show how satisfied they are with their present condition. The new city is laid out in wide streets, at right angles to one another; in

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the centre is the spacious Gordon Square, which is to possess a statue of the martyred hero.[1]

At the time of the British occupation, Khartoum being in ruins, the Government offices were established at Omdurman, but they are gradually being removed to the new city as the permanent buildings are erected. Omdurman, with its mud hovels, still covers a large area, but much of it is ruinous, and the population is not more than 15,000. In the Mahdi's time 400,000 souls were crowded within the camp enclosure. The place when taken by the British was in an indescribable state of filth; it is now intersected by wide roads and is under police supervision. As Khartoum is developed the old place will doubtless be allowed to dwindle away, it is now visited mainly for the ruins of the Mahdi's tomb, the Khalifa's house, and the Dervish arsenal. The battle-field of Kerreri is seven miles to the north.

We all remember Father Ohrwalder's book, with the thrilling narrative of his escape from the Khalifa's clutches, the story Colonel Wingate (now Sirdar) helped him to tell so well. His escape, with the two Austrian Sisters of Mercy, was a triumph of the skill of the Intelligence Department, and certainly led to Slatin's successful flight, it, in its turn, leading to the recovery of Khartoum. Father Ohrwalder has returned to his place and has rebuilt his house, where he is doing good work by keeping a school for 400 willing pupils. His is the only garden in Omdurman, the rest of the place being bare and desert. I visited this interesting gentleman, deriving much information from him. He is forty-six years old, but his eventful career has given him the aspect of greater age. I remarked to him how much the Christian world sympathised with his sufferings. He replied, "Mine were as nothing compared with those of the poor ladies; I wonder they survived." He seems happy to have got back, and means to spend the rest of his days in the Sudan.

[1] This fine statue has been temporarily erected in London, and was unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge in presence of Lord Kitchener, July 18, 1902.

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NEW KHARTOUM.

The first sight of Khartoum from the river comes as a charming surprise after the long journey through a thousand miles of barrenness, for it is embosomed in trees! The white palace, a massive building, dominates the graceful palms. It is a finished structure, of great durability and elegance, and gives the impression that its builders have come to stay. The pair of modern cannon mounted on fine carriages at either side of the wide portal, with double sentries (British and Egyptian) heighten the idea that what had to be taken by force will so be held, if necessary.

The Dervishes, when they levelled Gordon's buildings forgot to destroy the trees, even those of the hero's own planting were left, so that now the new buildings rise out of a leafy shade such as exists nowhere else in the Sudan. The palace is completely finished, and a remarkably noble pile; next the river it presents, properly, a plain, solid front, with somewhat the look of a fortress. The garden front is a contrast to this; it forms a hollow square of arcaded work of three storeys rising from a terrace flanked by handsome balustrades with wide curving steps. As we enter by the arched portal from the river side, the beautiful gardens, full of rich flowering plants, tropical and European, rise from perfectly kept greensward. Rare varieties of palm and leafy exotic trees give shade where needed.

In the centre, flourishing with renewed life, we find Gordon's own Rosery, glorified within a raised enclosure of cut-stone, the flowers in the depth of winter being such as we find at home in June. The palace garden is about ten acres in extent, much of it laid down in grass equal to an English lawn, though in extent more like a park than garden and fringed with noble trees with *parterres* of exquisite flowers separated by rills of water. This, under a burning sun at 15° from the equator, speaks volumes for the industry and skill of the native

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gardeners. Away in a shady nook is Lady Wingate's tent, where refreshing tea is dispensed by her own fair hands after her friends have had an afternoon saunter in the gardens. Let us turn, and view the garden front of the palace. It is of no particular style of architecture. It is even more airy than Italian; more light and cheerful than any other palace, and its loggias and corridors suggest ample protection from the tropical sun. Gothic, Classic or Saracenic styles would not have been half so successful, the building, whatever style it is, is lovely. It has grown up—an emanation from the place and its requirements. No professional architect was employed—it is, in fact, a new style, an invention of the Royal Engineers. These ingenious officers were quartered here, and got the job to do as part of their duty, and did their best. The result is charming and original. But Engineers have to be ubiquitous, like their motto, and those who commenced were not allowed to finish the building. The lower storeys are the design of one Engineer, the upper of another, and yet the whole is congruous. It is said that the officer who is most responsible for the design is now doing duty as Governor of Sennaar, where his architectural genius will not find much scope.

The wide staircase at the south corner leads past the spot where Gordon fell, now marked by an inscription on a granite block. His few faithful guards died around him, save one Sudanese of great strength, who survived though terribly hacked about. He is now a native officer of high rank in our Service. He is a man of distinguished appearance, and much respected. I had the pleasure of being introduced to him. I was told by the Chaplain some interesting matters connected with this fine old soldier. He wants to be admitted into the Christian church, and has repeatedly pressed his claim thus: "I have no more belief in the religion of the Prophet, I am at heart of your faith. Let me join your church for the sake of my wife and two daughters, who, like myself, want to be Christians. I am afraid for their fate if they have not the freedom of your religion." But Mr. Gwynne told him he dare

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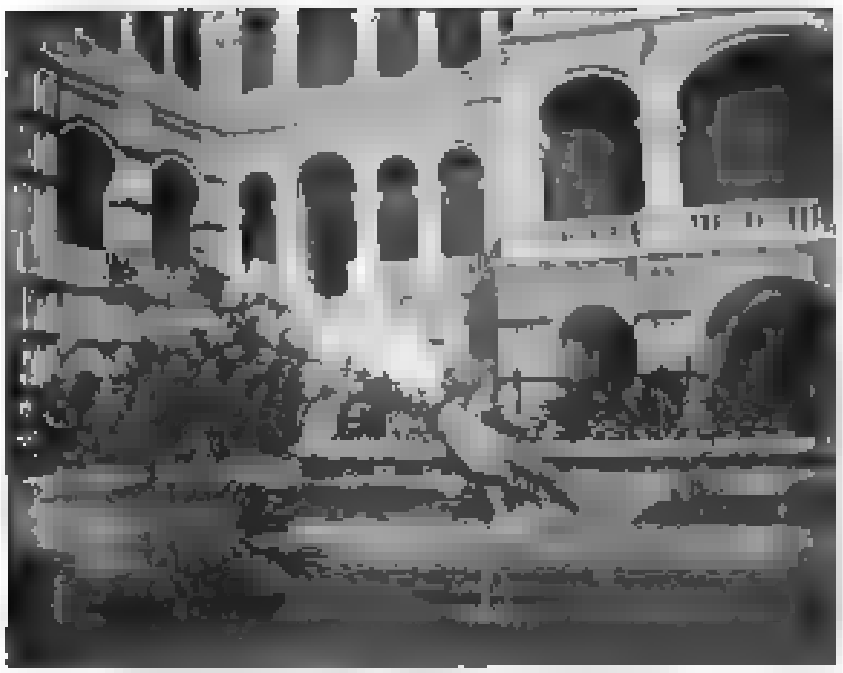
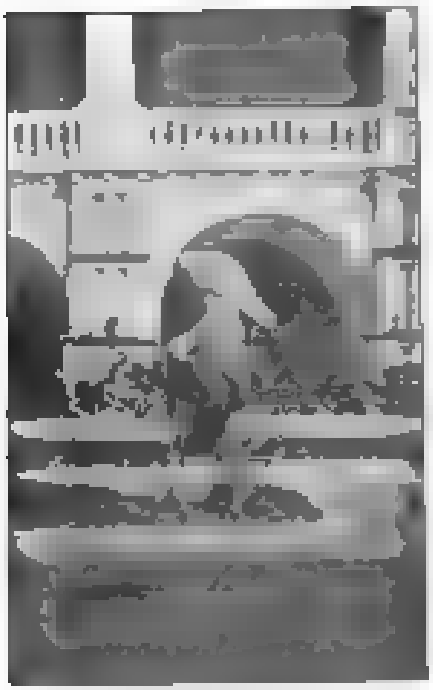


Khartoum - Gordon's Tower



Abu Markuk, the Father of Shoes, *Bottomless Boy*

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not take any step in the matter, if he did he would be at once sent back to England. Some day when there may be a public church the veteran can attend if he pleases; meantime it seems a hard case to be refused.

The state and private apartments of the Palace are finely proportioned, simply furnished, but with a quiet dignity. A beautiful tame leopard keeps guard at the stairs leading to the Sirdar's apartments, but I was more interested in the study of a dignified bird who keeps sentry-go in the palace garden. He is a distinguished visitor from the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the first of his species to reach more northern latitudes. Since his sojourn at the Palace he has become quite tame, and may ramble over all the vast garden, but he prefers the society of the notables, always taking up his station near the terraces and the rosery, apparently knowing the importance of a bird scientifically labelled *Baleniceps Rex*. His plumage is of a bronze-brown. He has a great black bill and pouch, and long elegant legs like a crane. His eyes are a cold sea-green. He is said to be a pelican, but the natives call him Abu-Markuk—"the father of shoes"—out of compliment to his remarkable bill, like whalebone or old patent leather. This strange bird is becoming quite vain, and seems to enjoy being noticed and photographed. But one day he got too much of it, and deliberately marched out of focus, striding away like a lifeguardsman. On another occasion he squatted down yawning, showing a huge mouth like a sleepy crocodile's. He has a special attendant, and is fed on fresh fish. Pity he could not be trusted to do his own fishing in the Blue Nile hard by; he would then be an interesting subject for a snapshot. But such freedom might tempt him from his allegiance to the Sirdar's home.

Other public buildings are fast rising in Khartoum. War Office, Treasury, Courts of Justice, Post and Telegraphs, Government Stores, Mudirieh, Police and Military Barracks, Soldiers' Club, are all rapidly approaching completion, and are all handsome specimens of Royal-Engineer-

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architecture. Shops, warehouses and stores are being built rapidly by private enterprise. The trade at present is mostly in the hands of Greeks, but British merchants may find it to their interest to come by-and-bye. Almost every block has some important building in progress. The "Sudan Club," to which I was invited, is one of the best I have ever used. It is situated in a lovely garden of four acres, extending down to the river. Two banks are in full operation, the Bank of Egypt and the National Bank. Both have fine buildings, and one of them is beautiful, with shady verandahs all around. Many handsome private houses are rising up. The Gordon College is ready for the roof. It is intended to be a great technical training-school, where all useful trades will be taught. Many years of war, rapine, slave-raiding, massacres, and constant unrest have depopulated the land and destroyed all the ancient handicrafts. The art of laying bricks was lost among the natives. The houses are being built by Italians, and carpentering, plastering, &c., are done by imported labour. But the natives are intelligent, and seem anxious to learn. Being well paid for their labour, the present security will tempt the people back to the place. The great want of the Sudan is a peaceful and industrious population.

Since the suppression of the slave trade the only exports are gum and ivory. I saw no ivory, but half a mile of gum, spread out on the dry beach at Omdurman, giving employment to hundreds of native women, busily engaged assorting the various qualities.

The English Church service is held in one of the large rooms in the Palace, and is attended by commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and by British residents. The rank and file of the British soldiers cannot be accommodated, but Lady Wingate has started a subscription-list for building and endowing a handsome church, worthy of this important centre of British civilisation. The Catholics, Greek Church, and Coptic bodies have their own places of worship, and a large Mosque is in course of erection. The

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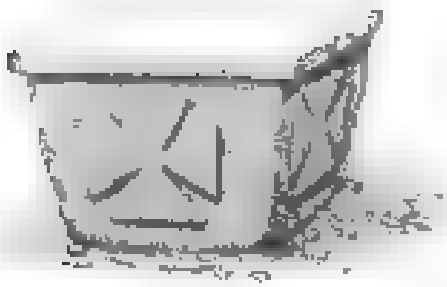
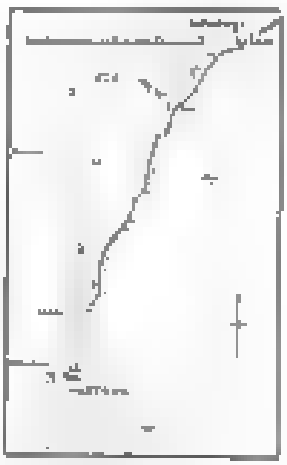
Inscription on base of the Lamb at Khartoum, north side

Inscription on base of the Lamb, east end

Fragment of inscription on base of the Lamb, south side



One of the Capitals of the Christian Church at Soba



Map of Sennar, with ancient road through Sagn and Soba

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music of the Palace service is excellent, Lady Wingate leading the choir, which she trains herself. It is, of course, entirely voluntary. After the service "God Save the King" was sung. This has been done every Sunday since Lord Kitchener held the Memorial Service at the "Funeral of Gordon," September 2, 1898. The Chaplain, Rev. Llewellyn Gwynne, is a great favourite, a good working parson, active in every good work. He is also a fine footballer and cricketer, and an adept at lawn tennis. He is beloved by the natives, and when I went round the town with him, it was pleasant to see the smiling greetings he received. Every one seemed to regard him as a friend. Mr. Gwynne was on his way to Central Africa as a missionary, but Lord Kitchener persuaded him to remain as British Chaplain at Khartoum, and so he was permitted to sign for seven years' duty.

In the Palace garden I had noticed a curious stone carving of evident late Roman work. It represents a sheep or lamb, the wool being carved rudely in high relief. On removing the gravel from the base I found a hieroglyphic inscription, and at the front a cartouche of some king.[1] On mentioning my curiosity about this stone animal to Father Ohrwalder, he told me all he knew about it. It came from the ruins of Soba (the same word as Sheba, he explained), once a great Christian city on the Blue Nile, thirty miles south of Khartoum, and the block was brought in Gordon's day, and preserved because of the tradition that it had been made by Christians.

[1] Unfortunately these inscriptions (I am informed by Dr. Budge, Dr. Petrie, Mr. F. L. Griffith and others) cannot as yet be deciphered. The characters are Egyptian, but here they express the old language of Nubia, which is lost to us. Scientific investigation of the various ruins will almost certainly discover bilingual texts which will enable the lost language to be read. I am informed by Mr. Newberry that there are villages in Egypt where the native Christians still speak the Coptic language which was supposed to be lost. In the same manner when we get the Sudan fully surveyed, people may be found who still retain vestiges of the lost Nubian language, which might lead to these queer hieroglyphs being read in the same way that the Coptic words and script (a survival of Greek) led to the reading of old Egyptian words.

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The ruined remains of Soba extend over several miles of desert. Many cargoes of stone and bricks were brought thence to build Khartoum prior to Gordon's time, by a Moslem governor, who, when he was told the ruins were Christian, ordered them to be used up for building the new city. There is a tradition of there having been a brick bridge over the Nile opposite Soba, which may have been destroyed in a similar manner. Colonel Stanton, Governor of Khartoum, has recently made researches among the ruins. There are many remains of buildings and columns protruding out of the sand, every capital bearing the cross. There have been also found more of the stone lambs which originally formed avenues after the manner of Egyptian lines of sphinxes, but they have no look of being Egyptian work. Father Ohrwalder considered the animal represented was the Christian Paschal Lamb. Colonel Stanton will have the ruins cleared from sand when the hot season is over, and plans and photographs taken; meantime he sent me a sketch of one of the fallen capitals. Recent inquiries show that a highway extended from Soba sixty miles northwards to another city the ruins of which are still extant, named Naga. Here there are extensive ruins of Egyptian and Roman buildings in much better preservation than those of Soba. Ruins are found at frequent intervals all along this ancient road, while there are carved rock-hewn tombs and sculptures on the rocks further to the east. There are traditions of a powerful Christian kingdom having existed for centuries in this region, till swept away by the Moslem conquest of the country.

Mr. Gwynne told me of an interview with a very intelligent and loyal sheikh, who was much respected in the neighbourhood. This man said to the chaplain: "We were all Christians here some centuries ago. My grandfathers (ancestors) were made to renounce it or die, and forced to become Moslems. The country never prospered as it does under your people. Now, when you have your rule consolidated, you will take us by the throat too, and make us all of your faith: you would not

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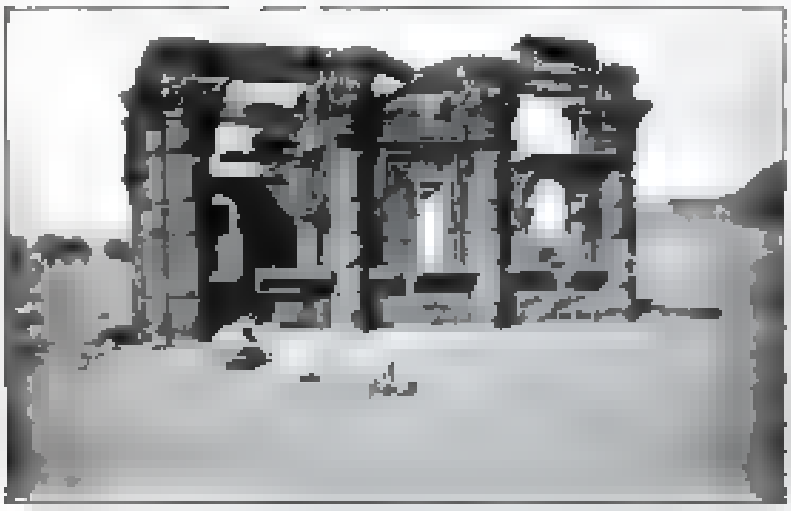
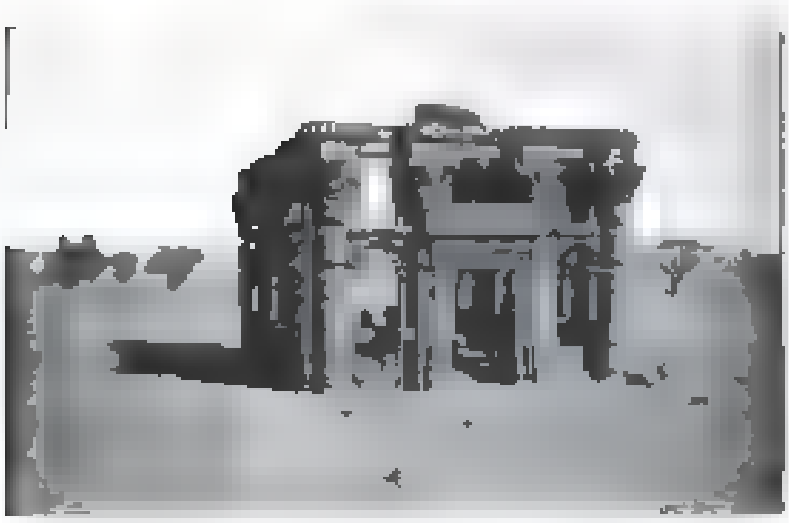


Naga — Roman Building in the Desert — "The Christian Basilica"



Naga — Roman Building in the Desert
(Showing the Transition from Egyptian to Roman Style)

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be human if you did not." The chaplain said, "No, we won't, we believe in the heart's convictions, and force no man to change his faith." The sheikh shook his head, but said, "Stay with us: you are a blessing to us such as we never knew before, and you protect us."

Colonel Stanton writes me, since my visit, of tidings of ruins eighty miles off, towards Darfur, and also in many other places near and beyond the Nile on both sides. The buildings at Naga are very remarkable as showing the merging of Egyptian architecture into Roman. The date of the Roman work is probably about 350 A.D. But the inscriptions at such a late date being in hieroglyphic, is indeed a puzzle. We are told that Egyptian hieroglyphic writing had gone out, and even its meaning was forgotten, in the second century A.D. Still more remarkable is the knowledge that these monuments bring us, of the existence of the Roman style of architecture so near the equator.

The whole matter is a mystery deserving to be worked out.[1] Lord Cromer and his able lieutenants are keenly alive to its importance, but the Sudan Exchequer has no surplus, and we must wait awhile. Pending the establishing of a Department of Antiquities for the Sudan, orders have been given, I believe, for the registration and preservation of these and other records of the past history of the vast territory (as large as France, the Netherlands, and Germany) which it

[1] Since my visit to Khartoum I have found an account of this stone lamb which was, it appears, seen at Soba by Dümichen in 1863. I give his own words: "This ram, with the foundations of a Christian Basilica, and several well-preserved capitals, with the cross upon them, was brought to light by me not far from Soba (the Asta-Sobas of Strabo). This ram is ornamented with Ethiopian hieroglyphics. . . . This proves that where afterwards rose the capital of the old Christian empire (called 'Alua' by the Arab geographers) there formerly existed an old Ethiopian town, Sobas. The ancient name is preserved in that of the village of Soba. According to the Ethiopic inscription this was part of the Meroëtic kingdom." From this it seems that Dumichen was able to read the inscription, though the experts of the present day cannot do so.

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has fallen to our lot to rule.[1] The whole of the Sudan, it will be found, teems with ancient remains. At Meroë there are twenty-nine pyramids, at Merawi many more, with temples, palaces, and tombs at Napata, Gebel Barkal, Soleb, Semneh, Arquo, and many other places. The existence of these remains all over the land proves that it was not always barbarous. There was, once before, the civilisation of a Christian power, as far as and beyond Khartoum. Its history is lost, but scientific examination of the monuments may wrest from them the hidden mysteries of the past.

There is, also, a utilitarian aspect of the case. A Department of Antiquities, once developed, can be made to pay. It will benefit the poor country by drawing towards it, licensed by the Government, explorers who would gladly pay their way. The monuments, being declared the property of the State, would attract visitors and capital to an interesting and unknown land which needs both to advance its development.

The Roman legions in the reign of Augustus penetrated as far as "Æthiopia" to check Queen Candace, but apparently never occupied it, and left no monuments or inscriptions, as far as is known, to record their visit. Brugsch tells us in the *Livre des Rois* that there were Æthiopian kings down to the middle of the Roman epoch, and depicts over a hundred of their cartouches. These are to some extent taken from the volumes of M. Caillaud, who went along with the conquering expedition of Mehemet Ali's son Ismail, in 1818. In this rather scarce work there are upwards of a hundred plates of ancient ruins all along the Nile from Halfa to Naga, which show what a wealth of antiquities await investigation by the

[1] A comprehensive survey of the Sudan is now in progress under Colonel the Hon. M. G. Talbot. Since my return to London I have seen many of the earlier sheets, far advanced, at our War Office. If this survey be made to embrace the antiquities, all the rest will follow. Once their number and importance is known, the Home Government no doubt will lend a helping hand, if the expense of the care of the antiquities be too much for a country so recently recovered from anarchy that it will be certainly unable to pay its way for some years to come.

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The Lamb in the Palace Garden at Khartoum
(*Brought from Nuba*)

One of the Animals at Naga

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use of the spade. Hoskins and Lepsius visited Soleb, Napata, Gebel Barkal, Meroë, and Naga, in 1833 and 1842. They both published many drawings, but no scientific expeditions have been attempted since.

Professor Sayce and I tried to visit these and other localities in the Sudan in 1900 and 1901. We made application to the Sirdar, but without success. We were politely told there were no facilities for explorers, owing to the unsettled state of the country, and we were advised to postpone our projected visits for a time.

Now the case is different, and to use a vulgar phrase, "inspection is invited" so far as concerns Khartoum. With increased facilities and security for visiting all the antiquities along the Upper Nile, its lost history may yet be revealed from its monuments.

From what I have seen myself, and read in the travels mentioned above, I am convinced that there are as many unexplored antiquities in the Sudan as in Egypt, and although by no means so ancient, they are worthy of attention by those responsible for the development of the country. Possibly also this wide region may abound in unexpected prehistoric remains, for which no search has ever been made. It is a duty to facilitate and protect such discoveries, and I have no doubt the Government will do its best.

JOHN WARD.

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DECORATIVE ART AT TURIN

IN 1861, when the firm of Morris and Company began its operations, taste in household decoration had sunk to its lowest conceivable ebb. We who are of a younger generation can hardly imagine the ugliness, the heaviness, the depressing stolidity which ruled in the habitations of that day. In one of his ingenious stories Mr. Wells imagines a young couple in the twenty-first century collecting the quaint objects which pleased their great-great-grandfathers, "their antimacassars, bead mats, repp curtains, veneered furniture, gold-framed steel engravings and pencilled drawings, wax flowers under shades, stuffed birds and all sorts of choice old things." Seeing that most people collect rather what is rare than what they consider beautiful, there is nothing very absurd in this imagination. But the social historian of the twenty-first century, when he deplores the taste which tolerated useless and hideous and trivial things, will also have to relate how towards the close of the nineteenth century there came a reaction. He will have to tell how attention was turned, first in England and then in every country of Europe, to the use of art as an element in the actual surroundings of the home. He will have to trace the history of the revolt, the almost frenzied uprising, against the banality of the domestic style which we in England call the Mid-Victorian. And he cannot fail to give an important place in his survey to the first exhibition of decorative art which is now open, and remains open until November, at Turin.

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For this exhibition gives us an opportunity to reckon up the progress which the Morris movement, as we may call it, has made in just over forty years. It was in 1861, as I have said, that Morris and Rossetti, and Ford Madox Brown and Burne-Jones offered themselves as designers "for all kinds of manufactures of an artistic nature." There was scarcely anything in the well-to-do English house of that time which they did not wish to alter. For the crudely coloured and trivial patterned carpets and wall-papers they offered in exchange harmonious and satisfying designs. For the heavy unimaginative chairs and tables of our grandfathers they proposed to substitute, either old furniture of the best periods in the past, or new furniture planned with an eye to graceful proportion. Their ideal house was, as Morris once put it, a house in which there was nothing that the householder did not either find useful or consider beautiful. It is a simple formula, but it covers the whole ground. It requires every object in a house to justify its presence there. It abolishes at once half the contents of the average middle-class residence. It leaves no room for the tedious trumpery ornaments that still take up so much of the space of our dwellings. Those who put Morris's maxim into practice will never have their rooms crowded with furniture. They will limit the number of their tables and chairs, and cabinets and sideboards, and so forth, to their actual needs. If they have a wall-paper that pleases their eye they will not spoil its effect by hanging pictures all over it. For rooms which are to be hung with pictures they will choose a plain paper of some neutral tint. Each of their rooms will have a scheme of colour of its own. They will study what the painter calls "values." Walls and floor, and curtains and furniture and paint, must all be in harmony. And, as they aim at this harmony in order to give their colour-scheme its full effect, so also will they arrange the things which they consider beautiful with a view to letting their beauty be well seen and understood. They will not huddle their possessions closely together, or set them out in such a way as to leave upon the mind a confused impression.

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Everything they own will be either useful or beautiful in itself, and will fall into harmony with everything else.

The revolution undertaken in 1861 had its rise amongst the middle-class and has remained essentially a middle-class movement. Looking at the rich in the lump, one can only say that their taste, so far as they have any, is deplorable. They buy Academy pictures. They regard with complacency public monuments which ought to be destroyed by the common hangman. They fill their houses with bastard imitations of bygone gaudiness, or with the relics of the dark ages of furnishing which have come down to them by inheritance. Among the cultivated middle-class, on the other hand, you find the results of the revolution in almost every house you enter. You find them also in every shop that makes a bid for the patronage of this class. Furnishing a house forty years ago simply meant ordering in the kind of domestic possessions that the respectable householder was expected to possess. No one took much interest in it. No one could take much interest in it. One mahogany table was very much like another. Dining-room and drawing-room "suites" differed from one another in glory, but were all upon an equal plane of ugliness. You might exercise your personal taste in the choice of this or that kind of dining-room mantel-piece clock with its attendant bronzes, or in the selection, for the drawing-room, of the china shepherdesses, of the candlesticks with glass lustres, and of the prints or oleographs that adorned your walls. But the main lines of your furnishing and decoration were rigidly laid down by custom and common form. The eccentric persons who had their own ideas of what was comfortable, and pleasant to live with, were mostly regarded as being certainly a little mad, and probably a little dangerous.

To-day there is nothing that offers wider scope for personal taste, or a pleasanter task to those who have taste, than the furnishing and decorating of the rooms in which they are to pass their lives. We are gradually coming back to a right view of the end and aim of Art. We are beginning to under-

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stand the truth which Morris taught, that the love of beauty must, if it be genuine, influence the surroundings of our everyday life. Art does not simply mean pictures and statues, and prints and drawings and curiosities. It ought to influence the shape and the colour of everything that we use and look upon. It is no good to hang fine pictures in a room filled with ugly furniture. It is worse than useless to think that we possess artistic tastes if these tastes do not make themselves felt in every corner of our homes.

The leading principles to be kept in mind are: (1) That everything should be genuine and simple, and should not pretend to be anything else but what it really is; and (2) that to everything must be applied the touchstone of personal liking. If a man prefers glum mahogany furniture, and dun-coloured wall-papers, and flowery carpets, and useless lumber, in the nature of occasional tables and "what-not" and *chiffoniers* (pronounced "sheffoneeres"), let him have them by all means. If he likes the appearance of Gower Street, let him live there, or commission some unlucky architect to build him a house on the Gower Street model. An ugly house filled with ugly things is more tolerable, so long as the owner's eye delights to dwell upon ugliness, than a dwelling built and decorated in pleasant style by a householder who is merely anxious to be in the movement. All the changes that have been made in the building, and the decorating and furnishing of houses, have been the work of men and women who first saw in their mind's eye the forms and colours they desired, and then set strenuously to work to realise their imaginations. They tolerated nothing that was meaningless any more than they tolerated what was positively unpleasant. Conventions had no binding force on them. The fetters of formality were shaken off and broken into pieces. They set no store by things that were old, simply because they were old; any more than they embraced new fashions simply because they were new. It was this resolve to follow the path of individual taste, governed only by the eternal laws and traditions of Beauty, which lay at the root of the

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Morris movement. It is the resolute adherence to the same plan which keeps life in the English decorative art movement to-day. We decline to be bound by the letter even of the Morris tradition. We insist on working out our own salvation unhampered by dogmas even of the recent past. England, therefore, is still reckoned the leader among all other countries in nearly everything which concerns domestic decoration upon modern lines.

A Swiss friend of mine told me not long ago how his countrymen were accustomed to reckon up the merits of objects of modern decorative art. "When it is very good we say that it is English. When it is pretty good, we suppose it to be French. When it is very bad, we know it must be Italian." But this classification leaves out of the case altogether three countries which are the most active in disputing with England the palm of leadership in decorative art. These three countries are, Germany, Holland, and Austria.

An Italian who had never been out of his own country, and who judged the positions of other nations solely from the Turin Exhibition, would be obliged to conclude that each of these countries is far ahead of England. But this would be solely due to the fact that we English, with our tiresome disregard of the opinions of our neighbours, and with that lack of energy which prevents us from making the best of the good work we do, have let slip the chance of showing to the world, at Turin, what our position really is. The Arts and Crafts Society, who made themselves responsible for the collection and the arrangement of the English exhibits, do not seem to have taken enough trouble to discover what the nature and scope of the Exhibition were to be. They sent out an interesting collection of the work of various individual designers and craftsmen. But the collection does not really give any idea, either of the quantity or the quality of the decorative work that is being done in England. Nor is it arranged in such a manner as to present to the eyes of foreigners in the most attractive light the examples of that work which are on view.

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Let me explain the contrast that there is between the English sections and the sections allotted to other nationalities. Take the case of Austria. The miscellaneous display of Austrian exhibits is to be found in a charming little palace standing by itself in the very pretty grounds of the Exhibition. In addition to this, the Austrians have fitted up a country villa, which stands hard by. It is just such a villa as a man of moderate wealth and good taste might build and furnish for a country home. Every room in it, from the oak-panelled hall to what the house agents call "domestic offices"—bath-rooms, pantries, and the like—is fitted up in the most charming manner. Each room was allotted to a different firm, and each firm was allowed a free hand in the matters of decoration and furnishing. It would be impossible to give a better idea of Austrian taste, or of the manner in which Austrian commercial houses are able to satisfy that taste. Both the palace and the villa were built after the designs of an architect appointed by the Austrian Government, which made a large grant as well towards the expense of their erection. The Belgian Government, too, commissioned a distinguished architect to design the Belgian section. The walls are covered with beautiful stuffs. The floors are carpeted in colours to match. The exhibits are arranged in charming cabinets and upon handsome tables, not, as in the English section, put into ordinary show-cases and fastened upon wooden partitions. Or take the case of France, which had no Government subsidy to assist its section. The large hall allotted to French artists and to French firms is decorated in striking fashion, and all the objects are arranged with an excellent eye to their ornamental effect. Even in the Scottish section you may see how pleasant an impression can be produced by unaided enterprise, if only care and individual taste are brought to bear upon the task. England alone neglects the opportunity to show how the art of house decoration stands within her borders. England alone sets out her exhibits with a "take-it-or-leave-it" air, with a disregard of their possibilities which seems almost wilful.

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When you contrast this carelessness of effect with the influence that English taste and initiative have had upon the objects shown by all other countries, you get an instructive light upon the British character. It is not our way to make the best of ourselves. We set movements on foot and let everybody else draw ideas and inspiration from their fruits, and then we do not take the trouble to keep ourselves to the front, or even to remind the world where the ideas and the inspiration came from. We give the cue to all other nations, and then retire into the background and lose all the credit. I suppose it would be useless to rail against British Governments for holding to the good old British policy of do-nothing in such a case as this. But is there any reason why the whole nation should think it necessary to follow the same plan? Is there not all the more need for individuals and private associations to do what the State persists in leaving severely alone? Some day we may awake to the fact that, if we are to keep our place in the world's markets and in the estimation of our neighbours, we must adopt the same means as others use to let people know what we are doing. Our section at Turin must lead foreigners to suppose that the impulse given by Morris to the movement for bringing the influence of art into everyday life is almost expended in the country of its origin. Yet there is no doubt that we are to-day quite as active in many directions as we ever were, and more active than many of our competitors whose wares make a brave show at Turin. We are gradually calling into existence many schools of artistic handicraftsmen. There is furniture being made at present in England that will have its place in the history of furniture along with the Chippendale, the Heppelwhite, and Sheraton styles. We are doing metal work that is far ahead of anything I have seen on the Continent. English jewellery is, as yet, a little rough, clumsy even, beside the exquisite work of French or Hungarian artists in the precious metals and in precious stones. But it has, all the same, a distinct character of its own. It is impossible to study the work of men like Mr. Fisher, or Mr. Henry

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Wilson, or Mr. Gaskin, of Birmingham, without taking pleasure in the beauty and ingenuity of their designs, without a feeling of relief that the jeweller's shop method of treating stones, and of working in gold and in silver, is rapidly being superseded. If you go round the London shops, you are constantly charmed by the skill shown in adapting graceful forms to the uses of the household; by the ready acceptance of the principle that useful things should, as far as possible, be beautiful also; by the endeavour to make everything which goes to the completion of the modern house minister, not only to our actual needs, but to the delight of the eye and the pride of life. And, with all this activity on our part, we still manage to keep before our eyes a more reasonable ideal, a saner notion of what is fitting in objects to be lived with, than do many of those who are adapting our notions in accordance with the bent of their particular national characters. In some ways this restraint may act as a drag upon our progress. On the whole, it is, I think, to our advantage. Those who do not rush to extremes sometimes miss the chance of great discoveries, but they also avoid falling into bad mistakes. We are rather shy of *L'art Nouveau*, which to most people suggests abnormally tall young women, clad in clinging draperies, and seeking with sad eyes for somebody or something about which they may entwine their long, thin arms for support. One consequence of this is that the French are far ahead of us in plastic art, as it can be applied to domestic purposes. But another consequence is that we have not excited ridicule by carrying to absurd lengths the attempt to express in such figures the modern spirit of yearning and unrest.

If we glance for a moment at the various fashions in which various nations have developed the principles of decorative art, borrowed originally from us, we find that the distinguishing quality of modern decorative art in France, is the manifestation of the French love of form. Wherever he can, the French artist-craftsman must introduce the human figure. He seems to have no sympathy with the forcible yet graceful realism, which is expressed so well in the work of his Italian fellows.

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There is scarcely any one in France whose work could stand beside the bronzes of Signor Bialetti, for example. I doubt whether French sculptors would have made anything like such a good job of the plaster figures which form a striking feature of the exhibition grounds and buildings. French sculpture is apt to be either merely pretty, or to fall into that grotesque form of flattery which consists of imitating M. Rodin's manner without M. Rodin's genius. The French craftsman, who sets to work to adapt the human form to the purposes of decoration, uses a large convention—a convention which is more often pleasing than not, but which can very easily be exaggerated into the monstrous or the absurd. The lines which charm us in the plaques of M. Charpentier soon become strained and distorted under the hand of a designer of a less distinguished talent.

In the French furniture the inclination of the Latin races to fly from one extreme to the other, finds itself forcibly expressed. The traditional sobriety of French taste keeps it from going quite so far in this direction as the Belgian or the Italian furniture. But the ideals of all these nations follow the path of eccentricity and obtrusiveness. Their colours are too often crude and violent, their forms too often twisted and grotesque. It would be a trial to live with such fussy and fantastic shapes. Italian cabinet-makers still favour the florid and the gilded style. They are afraid of plain surfaces. They cover their bedsteads and their cabinets and their tables with heavy carving of no merit. Or else they offend the eye by such devices as the inlaying in light brown wood of green and black tree-trunks. Some of the Italian bedroom furniture is not too curious to be useful and charming. Some of the French sets for living-rooms, upholstered in plain colours, have a pleasing effect. Even the Belgian furniture is now and then quiet and decorative, though it is mostly placed amid wall and floor patterns of staring, wearisome design. It is at any rate something for these Latin nations, following the lead of England, to have got away from the trumpery gilt chair, the imitation

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Buhl table, the tawdry and tiresome forms which merely parodied the manner of the past. They are no longer content to live upon the husks of a worn-out tradition. They are following their own bent, and, however little the results may appeal to us, they are presumably in the direction of their own national ideals.

It is amongst the Teutonic races that we find the notions of comfort and seemliness in the home which come nearest to our own. Holland has always been famous for its furniture, and the modern Dutch manner is one that appeals very strongly to English taste. There is a solid dignity about it, a quiet insistence upon comfort and honesty of purpose, which give the Dutch rooms in the exhibition a very pleasant air of restfulness. It is not that the articles of furniture are particularly interesting in themselves. But they are so exactly suited to their ends, and their relation to one another is so well proportioned, that they strike one as exactly hitting the happy medium between furniture designed mainly for its appearance and furniture made solely for use. In German furniture originality of design is rather more conspicuous. Yet this element is kept in check almost always by good sense. The room fitted up by Professor Olbrich of Darmstadt illustrates very happily the modern German ideal of domestic decoration. The dark blue walls and the furniture of dark unpolished wood, relieved here and there by gleaming metal work, might seem to produce an effect too sombre, if a contrast were not offered by the charming window recess, with its cream and holland curtains, and its chair and table of white enamelled wood. Of the Austrian furniture I have given some idea already. I need only add that any one anxious to furnish a house in the modern style could do no better than choose his furniture from among the productions of Austrian firms. They have a character of their own—English by derivation, gracefully Austrian by development. They are well adapted to their purposes. And they are certainly not dear.

It is not only the furniture of the Continent and the interior

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decoration of Continental houses which show the influence of the movement that began in England. The modern English style of architecture has also had its effect abroad. You cannot help seeing this if you study, first, the architectural photographs which hang in the English section, and then the designs for houses that have been sent from Germany. In Austria, too, this influence is felt, but I do not think it has yet touched, or is even likely to touch the Latin races. The exhibition buildings may be supposed to show what is the modern ideal of decorative construction in Italy. I am afraid they will strike most English visitors as grotesque examples of the anxiety to be original at any cost. You cannot evolve new ideals in architecture out of your head. They must be related to ideals of the past; they must grow naturally out of them. All art that has in it any element of permanence must be a development of what has gone before. It would be difficult to say upon what analogy in nature, or upon what bases in the achievement of earlier times, were founded the designs for these exhibition buildings. They are of a style that does not seem to me to have any roots, nor to be likely to spread any seed. This, I think, is the chief danger that must especially be guarded against by those who are in the forefront of the army of modern decorative art workers. In their haste to reconstruct the world, so far as man is responsible for its appearance, they are sometimes too much inclined to rely entirely upon their intuitions and not upon those intuitions *plus* the accumulated experience of all ages. In so far as they give way to this inclination, their movement is doomed to be sterile and impermanent. Only by working, as Morris and his fellows worked, along the lines of the best tradition, can we hope to carry on effectively the revolution which he began.

H. Hamilton Fyfe.

Google

THE KING OF ENGLAND

IN that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed
  Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
  The rose imperial of our delight,
Then, even then, though no man cried "he comes,"
  And no man turned to greet him passing there,
    With phantom heralds challenging renown
      And silent-throbbing drums
  I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
    Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield
  The lions bore the dint of many a lance,
And up and down his mantle's azure field
  Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.
Before him went with banner floating wide
  The yeoman breed that served his honour best,
    And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;
      But in the place of pride
  His admirals in billowy lines abreast
    Convoyed him close like galleons on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face
  And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,
But round his lips were lines of tenderer grace
  Such as no hand but Time's hath ever drawn.

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Surely he knew his glory had no part
In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,
Yet surely too of lengthening shadows dreamed
With sunset in his heart,
So brief his beauty now, so near the end,
And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail
Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:
O King of men that die, though we must fail
Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant sea.
O man that servest men by right of birth,
Our heart's content thy heart shall also keep,
Thou too with us shalt one day lay thee down
In our dear native earth,
Full sure the King of England, while we sleep,
Forever rides abroad through London town.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

Google

DANNY

XXXIX

MY LADY'S CHAMBER

UP in her high eyrie that looks down through a gash in Windy-hope on Burnwater and the many-flashing Ford, she washed him; for the stains of war were on his armour to tarnish it; and he bore himself mannerly, stepping in and out of his bath, raising his pats orderly to be dried, as one well used to lady's handling in such circumstance.

When he was sweet again as thyme, and need no more dry before the fire, a restlessness came on him, and he began to roam about the room. He pushed into her wardrobe and lost himself among rustling gowns; he came forth again, the skirts of them trailing over him and clinging to his brow like clouds to Lammermore; he thrust beneath the muslin hangings of her dressing-table; he leaped upon the chairs one after one, and searched; and ever the mystery grew upon him, and the trouble in his eyes.

Lady watched him and wondered.

"You comical little puzzle!" she said, and laughed at him tenderly.

At the sound of her voice he stopped dead and looked at her haggardly.

Downstairs the dressing gong went.

"Now," said lady, "Danny play at bye-bye!" and she threw a shawl about him to hide his eyes.

, Copyright by Alfred Ollivant, 1902.

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He made no protest, but settled himself upon the floor, a little shawl-hidden heap.

Lady rustled in and out of shimmering raiment, ever and anon glancing round to see if he was good; and he was good.

"You are the quaintest!" she cried, gurgling soft laughter; and even as she said it, and stood a moment in white disarray, heard a stir behind her and padding feet.

"Danny!" she cried, snatching up a quilt. "How *dare* you, you ——" and flashed scared eyes about the room, nor could see him.

"Horror!" she cried, clothed to her chin in the quilt, and hopping round on one white foot. "Horror! Beast! Where are you?"

The cane-chair by the fire was rocking softly.

In it sat a stalwart grey form, very sedate with nodding head; his back upon her.

Lady looked, sat down, and laughed; and rocked with laughter; and he hearkened stolidly nor turned.

Then she crept up behind him with hushed feet, tilted his face, and kissed him; and he, his long, grey muzzle framed between her hands, sat, and seemed to drink in some dear familiar fragrance of the night borne to him from the unforgotten garden of the Long Ago; and trembled.

Lady went back to her white busyness, and later she called to him to look.

He turned.

The scent of the honey-suckle at the window was heavy in the room and very sweet, yet not so sweet as that aroma of roses blowing in the snow that came to him from her who stood and laughed at him with fond eyes.

She stood at the open window, in black, with swan neck and hair of shadowed gold.

Standing upon the chair, he stared passionately. His soul leaped to his eyes, flamed and flickered, waxed and waned.

Then he crept to her whimpering as one who is afraid

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because of the glory of his Well-Beloved revealed to him after many years.

"Well!" she laughed, bending above him, "D'you like me?" and strutted her maiden beauty before him. "I am—I am—*rather*—don't you think?" and swept him a splendid curtsey.

At the sound of her voice he stopped. The mist of trouble drifted across his eyes to cloud them.

"I see you don't," said lady with high nose. "Very well. I'll go," and marched to the door in outraged majesty.

There she turned, herself once more, and warned him, hushed finger at her lips, peering round the door, fair-headed.

"Hushez-vous!" she cried. "Plenty bad men in this house. Lady be back soon;" and went. And he was left standing in the floor, lost in a love-mystery.

XL

CHILLY LADY

In the smoking-room sat Tony.

His legs were where his arms should have been; and he was reading a pink paper and giggling, when there came in upon him, sudden, silent, cold, a Chilly Lady.

He ceased to read and looked up.

She was standing by the door all in black, with fair neck, ruddy hair, and eyes of stone.

"Hullo," said Tony, with a frightened smile, "back again? what?"

"It doesn't look like it, does it?" said Chilly Lady,

Tony rose and stood warming his hands behind him at an imaginary fire; and he was smiling foolishly to conceal his fear.

"I say, what!" he stuttered; "I say!" and smirked. "I say, I say!"

"What d'you say?" asked Chilly Lady, chillier than Death in the dawn.

Google

"What!" smirked Tony, foolish and afraid; "what, I say! what?"

Chilly Lady regarded him with blank eyes of stone.

"I said nothing," she said.

"What!" said Tony, and smirked again. "Well, take a turn now; what?"

Chilly Lady looked at him with the stony scorn of a tombstone, regarding a facetious Cockney.

Then she turned.

"I shall not be down to dinner," she said, and began to go.

Tony made a half step forward to follow her.

"I say, Missus! Got a headache, what?" he asked with real solicitude.

"I thank you," said Chilly Lady, "I have not got a headache."

Tony stopped dead, and looked at her marching forth stately as she had come.

"Got the hump then?" he asked, and tittered, "what?"

Chilly Lady marched out without a word.

"I say, little gal!" protested the voice behind her.

She marched out unheedingly and shut the door. As she crossed the hall the door opened behind her.

"I say, Missus!" pleaded the voice.

She marched up the stairs, chilly, stately, slow.

As she came to the head of them she caught a glimpse of one standing at the stair-foot, doleful, forlorn as a deserted duckling.

"I say, Marion!" said the voice, desolate now. As she passed on down the passage it still followed her, full of woe. "I say, Marion! I say, Ma! don't know what I've done—reelly don't."

XLI

LADY'S CHAMBER

LADY dined; and Danny sat at her feet with memory-searching eyes, and would not eat.

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After she had eaten she sat down beside the fire and worked; and as she worked, white-handed, looking at him with serene fond gaze, he lay at her feet and devoured her with his eyes.

At last she laid aside her work,

"What is it, little man?" she asked, and bent to him.

He rose and came to her, with that dazed look of one who seeks a clue and cannot find.

She enticed him with long slim fingers, and he leaped to her lap very tenderly. She took his face between fragrant hands; she bent and kissed him on the brow; and he trembled beneath her touch, as a man trembles beneath the hand of his love; and yet does not understand.

Little true knight he loved his frouzy Woman faithfully; but she was not as this sweet-smelling white lady, who stirred for him the pools of memory.

XLII

THE TAMING OF TONY

LATER there came slow feet, slipper-shod, along the passage, and stayed at the door; followed a knock, very humble.

"I say, Marion!" said a voice of woe.

"What?" said Chilly Lady.

There was a long pause.

"Nothing," said the voice of woe at last.

Another pause.

"May I come in?" it went on at length.

"No," said Chilly Lady.

Another pause.

"Aren't you coming to bed?" asked the voice of woe.

"No," was the reply.

"Not at all?"

"No."

"But, I say! why not?"

"Because I prefer to stay here."

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"But you can't stay there all night."

"Yes, I can."

"But it won't be even comfortable."

"It will have to do," said the Chilly Lady.

"I don't think you ought, Marion" said the voice, miserable now; "reelly I don't! reelly and truly."

"I am going to," said the Chilly Lady, briefly.

A pause; then the miserable voice began again.

"I say!"

"What?" shortly.

"If I go and sleep in—in—in the coal-hole, or anywhere else you like—will you go to bed?"

"No," said lady, low.

"O you might, Marion!" pleaded the voice, not now far from tears.

No reply.

"Won't you, Ma'?"

"No," said Ma'.

"Oh, why not?"

"I shall do very well here."

"Think you might, Ma'! I'll kick out. Won't you?"

"No," said Lady, "and it's no good going on any more, because—well, because I won't."

"Why won't you?"

"'Cause I can't," said lady, shortly.

"Why not?"

"'Cause I won't," said lady.

He had not been married long, nor was he very wise in the ways of woman, this foolish Tony; but already he was beginning to know the just value of a woman's won't, so he gave up the contest.

"All right, Marion," he said dolefully, paused, and crept closer to the door. "I say, Marion!" said the voice, low as the whisper of a ghost.

"Well?"

A pause.

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"Good-night, Marion."

"Good-night."

A pause.

"I say, Marion!" urgently.

"What?"

"Good-night, Marion."

"Good-night again."

A pause.

"I said," said Tony, reproachfully, "good-night, Marion."

"And I said it back," said lady.

Another pause.

"Is that all?" asked a voice of utterest woe.

No reply.

"I say!" said the voice, hard up against the door.

"What?"

"Come closer, will you? I've something confidential to say."

"I am close."

"I say!"

"Well?"

A pause; then it came, low and timid.

"Aren't I going to be kissed—what?"

"No," said lady, low.

"But I say! why not?" asked the voice, nearly weeping.

"Because," said lady, and hesitated—"because—I don't like you."

"Oh!" said Tony, like one wounded in the heart, and he began to move away.

"Besides," said lady, quickly, now at the door herself, and panting a little, "I think I've got a cold."

He came back.

"Have you?" he asked anxiously.

"Not sure," said lady. "Think perhaps I have."

"I say, may I come and rub your chest, or something—what?"

Lady withdrew from the door.

Google

"Certainly not," she said.

"Well, may I send Mrs. Hobart?"

"No, she's in bed."

"I'll go and haul her out in a jiff," said Tony.

"Certainly not," said lady. "Go to bed now," she ordered, "you'll be catching cold in the passage. Good-night."

He went away with sad trailing feet.

"Good-night, Marion. Hope you'll be better in the morning," said the voice; and sad feet trailed away.

"Thank you," said lady, and added for her own gratification, and not for him to hear—"dear."

XLIII

DEAD LADYE

Lady arose, wound up her clock, and her hands began to play about her hair. Then she smiled at Danny, nodded meaningly, and he established himself upon the rocking-chair.

Later she came to him, leaned over him with laughter, as he sat with resolute back, and kissed him for being a gentleman and good; then she whispered a warning in his ear, bid him stay as he was, and rustled away.

Behind him a door into another room opened. He began to stir uneasily.

A low voice called to him.

He leaped round, stood on the other chair, and looked.

Lady was in the next room, peering round the door, her face shrouded with hair of gold and swept back with one restraining hand.

"Danny be good," she whispered, and warned him with uplifted finger. "Don't cry. Bad men about. Lady be back in a little minute."

The door closed.

Danny leaped down, sniffed along the way she had gone,

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hovering over each white foot-print, lover-like; came to the door, and listened, ear at the crack.

He heard her moving in the other room, fairy-footed, and rustling like the wind in willow-leaves; and was glad; and went back to his chair.

Later, a low voice, singing, woke him from a reverie.

He leaped round.

Lady was standing at the casement combing her hair and looking forth into the night.

Beneath her were the deep-breasted woods and moon-wan waters of the lake, calm, careless, pale as the face of the dear dead who sleep.

In white raiment, shrouded in her hair, she leaned out towards the moon and sang a song of Chivalry:

> "He cometh across the cold moor,
> Hot and in haste from the Sea,
> Home from his Quest,
> Cometh to Rest,
> In the arms of his Dead Ladye."

Behind her, as she sang, she heard a tiny cry; turned, and peered across her shoulder through gossamer meshes of fair hair with shy eyes that laughed.

Her true knight stood four-square upon the floor, the moon upon him, and looked; and the soul was like flame in his eyes.

Slowly she turned about and bowed. Her hair fell about her face like a water-fall to frame it; through the veil of it her eyes were seen like tender stars peeping through mist of rain; and with mute lips she invited him to come.

He came; slow at first, and gathering passion with each step; and at the last with a rush and clamour of love fell upon her.

She swept him up into her arms and cherished him fondly and motherly. Her hair was all about him like a water-flood; her kisses on his brow, her breath upon him. And he, anguished, passionate, fond, yearned upwards for her eyes,

Google

"But why, what?" he asked blankly.

"Only if you're thinking of killing him," said lady, "we shall just clear out—that's all!"

"Who's talkin' o' killin'?" said Tony like a sulky schoolboy. "I like the little beggar. He's such a dooce of a little sport—takes on anything from a badger to a bull."

"Then," said lady, "will you, please, tell Joliff he's not to."

"I never told him to," said Tony sulkily.

"To what?" said lady, looking at him.

"To what? what. Well, to shoot him!"

"I never said he'd been trying to shoot him," said lady, looking with blank eyes.

Tony hopped uneasily from foot to foot.

"What!" he stuttered with scared eyes. "Did'nt you? what!—Eh! Oh, what!"

Lady's chin dropped on Danny's back, and she looked at her husband long and searchingly.

"No," she said at last; "but for fear he *might* try I want you to tell him he's not to—see?" delicately.

"He won't try without orders," said Tony, surlily.

"You never know," said lady, looking at him.

"No, one doesn't," Tony agreed.

"And I think it would be safer perhaps if you gave him definite orders not to. And, anyway, I should like it, if you don't mind," said lady.

"Me!" said Tony quickly, "me mind! No, not me! But really it's nothing to do with me. Joliff's the fellow for you to get at. I wouldn't like you to think I'd anything to do with it," said he.

"No, no," said lady quickly.

"So if you can square him, see?"

"I can square him," said lady, "I think."

"Well, he can square me—see? I won't ask any questions—see?"

Lady lifted her chin and looked at him through falling hair.

Google

"That's a promise, Tony?" she asked, looking at him with eyes beginning to dance.

"Dyin' oath," said Tony.

"True and faithful?"

"S'elp me never," said Tony.

Lady broke forth into radiant smiles.

"There," she cried, merriest of young mothers, and made as though to toss her baby ceiling high. "There, Danny! Come and see his dad!" and danced across to him in the door with splendid mane ashake. "You can be nice, Tony. I always tell everbody that you *can*," and swept aside her hair, "and it's only," tilting on fair toes, "that you won't," and kissed him.

XLVI

"GOOD-BYE, MY BABY"

Lady dressed, and Danny sat with resolute back.

"I suppose," she called into the next room, "I mustn't keep him, Tony?"

"Why not?" said Tony. "All you've got to do is to run over to Hepburn, and ask old Heriot."

"Course I can't," said lady shortly.

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be nice for me," said lady. "But you might go for me," she added.

"Thank you for nothin'," said Tony. "I met the old boy on the moors once. The look of him is good enough for me."

"Ha!" scoffed lady, "he's afraid!"

"I am," said honest Tony, "ain't you?"

"Shouldn't be if I was a man!" snorted lady.

"I'll lend you my trousers," Tony retorted.

"Besides, I don't believe half the stories," said lady. "There's no actual harm in him. He's only mad and murders people."

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"All I know is, he ain't going to murder me," said Tony firmly, "because I ain't going within range of him."

"He might miss," said lady; "he does sometimes.'

"He ain't going to miss me," said Tony firmly, "that's all I know. Besides, he don't make a practice of missin'. He did murder a feller at least once."

"It was only once," said lady. "He's never murdered anybody since"; and added dolefully, "But I'm afraid he won't part."

"Not him!" said Tony.

"We must send Danny home in the carriage," said lady.

"Carriage!" said Tony. "Why can't he go same as he came—on foot!"

"He don't know the way," said lady.

"O, don't he?" sniggered Tony.

"Besides," said lady, "he won't want to go."

"O, won't he?" grinned the other.

"Well, we shall see," said lady, nodded complacently, and called to Danny.

He turned in the rocking-chair and looked; and as he looked there back into his eyes came the cloud of trouble.

She called again, and he came to her with dubious tail, and sniffed and wondered.

"It's goin' off," giggled Tony in the door. "He don't like you like he did—what!"

Lady was silent.

At breakfast Danny sat beside her chair, wondering up at her; and twice he went to the door.

"I told you," giggled Tony. "He wants to be getting home."

"Believe he does," said lady dolefully.

"You're off," said Tony, delighted. "He's fed up with you already—what?"

"He's rather man-ny after all," said lady disdainfully, rose, and led him to the steps.

"Go!" said she, and waved a scornful hand. "Go back to

Google

your Laird who murders people, and forget all about kind lady who only saved your life."

Danny went tripping down the steps, came back to her, led away again, turned and invited her with urgent tail to follow.

"He wants you to go too," said Tony; "wants to show you to his old man."

Lady hesitated.

"I'll go a wee way," she said, skipping down the steps.

So together the two went through the fair morning, gay and glad at heart, he bearing himself as one well used to ladies' company in the dew, until they came to that headland where last night she had striven with him to turn him homewards.

Here she stopped, the morning wind caressing her fair hair, stood a moment nibbling a silver pencil, then wrote, looking down at him with mother-eyes.

"No farther, Danny," she said, kneeled, and her fingers played about his collar. "Bless you, my baby!" framed his face between her hands. "Dear wet nose!" and kissed him. "Be good; and don't come again."

XLVII

MISSIE HEARS

On the highest point of Lammermore Robin stood in the opening of the dawn. His bonnet was beside him in the heather, and he prayed aloud and with blind eyes passionately.

Danny had been gone then four days. For three of them Robin had endured greatly, and had endured alone.

On the evening of the third news had come to him that Simon Ogg had returned. He had risen and hobbled down to the village to the cottage of Simon. There he had found the youth's mother, who barred the entrance with akimbo arms; Simon was none that well, Simon had the trouble on him sore, Simon could not see him.

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The old man, too utterly undone to force an entrance, had quavered home.

Next morning, for the first time for three days, he crept brokenly to the kitchen and looked in.

Within Deborah Awe kneeled by the empty hearth-stone, her great hands clutched together, all knuckle-bones and working fingers; lost in prayer.

She heard his coming and looked round.

"Is he home?" she asked, in dull passionless voice, nor stirred from her knees.

"I just cam' to see that," gasped Robin.

The Woman closed her eyes, and was back again at prayer; then she raised her face, and said in that still voice, hushed as in church,—

"Was it crucify him?"

The old man had run out at a little dribbling trot, had crept up to this high loneliness to be miserable there with God alone; and here in the eyes of the wakening morning he knelt now, unbonneted, dim, he poured out his heart with sobs to the God of the Bereaved.

Anon he rose, walked to the brink of the hill, and peered out over the mist-muffled moors toward Burnwater, cradled in the hills, and wrapped in mystery of sleep.

There was no sign of him he sought for—only hope creeping out of the East over the land like the first faint flush of Love rosying innocence, and the white mists drawing ever up from the face of the moors like the skirts of women-hosts who rise from night-long prayer in the dark places of the earth, and trail back to heaven in the fair morning, there to fulfil their day-long duties as God's choristers.

He closed his eyes and prayed again, not now to Him who would not hear, but to her who lay for ever at the foot of the Throne, prayed she would turn the ear of God towards him; calling her "Missie!"—"dearie!"—and a thousand tender names of the old time; "You that had the fondness for your man one while! You that could wheedle his Honour's self to hear you!"

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At length for a last time he opened his eyes.

Beneath him still the moorland lay with the patient face of the unheeding dead. Only as he looked, a cock-grouse rose with sudden alarum cry; nearer, a raven, slow-winged, and gorged, flapped wearily away; at the foot of the hill a whin-chat leaped into the air; and then it was as though one was walking up the hill-side unseen, yet leaving in his wake a trail of wakened creatures.

Robin fell to his knees. His eyes were shut; yet he prayed not.]

The heather rustled before him; there was the patter of coming feet, and sound of one who pants; then two small hands thrust at his breast, and one was kissing his blind old face very tenderly.

Robin lurched forward, as one who swoons.

"Am I dead?" he gasped; opened his eyes, as one first opening his eyes in heaven, who looks about in frightened hope to see if all is well. "Or, Missie! have you heard?" and knew that she had heard.

XLVIII

THE RETURN OF THE REIVER

Robin came to the kitchen, Danny riding on his shoulder.

There kneeled the Woman as he left her, lost in prayer.

"There's no need for any more of that," cried Robin jauntily.

"I am just putting up a prayer to Missie for my man in Heaven," said the Woman, soddenly.

"And I tell you," reiterated Robin, "ye can just hike off your hunkers, lass."

"Eh?" said the Woman, dully, nor moved.

Robin behind her began to snigger.

The Woman, still on her knees, heard him and wrenched round.

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"Where is he?" she screamed, saw him perched on Robin's shoulder above her, held there by his fore-paws, striving to get at her, scrambled to her feet, rushed at him, and tore him from his perch, and was parading the kitchen in paroxysms of sobs and laughter.

"I aye kenn't he would come!" she cried, and kissed and kissed. "I aye tell't his Honour," and laughed and sobbed. "Now I can depart in peace!" and hugged. "O the cold neb to him!" and rocked. "O the dear eyes!" and marched. "And may this be a life-lesson to you dreep-dropping on the dresser, and making believe to nicker while you greet."

She ceases to march.

"I was forgetting. He will not have tasted these three-four days!" she cried. "That is a mother to her man!" put him on the high dresser and began to bustle. "But I have held ready a bit venison against his return—fer I aye kenn't he would come; I aye kenn't he would come; I aye tell't the Laird," and placed a bowl upon the dresser before her prodigal returned. "O the heart of gold! O the motherless wee one!" and stood over him motherly as he lapped.

Then she turned for the door.

"Where to?" asked Robin, obstructing her.

"To tell his Honour."

"Na," said Robin, and clutched her back.

"Because of why?"

"Because I will for you," said Robin, "I who have found him."

"We will go both," said the Woman doggedly.

"We will go both then," said Robin generously. "And I will go first, and you will go second," and thrust her behind him.

The door opened as they wrestled.

The Woman looked round, and screamed.

Robin turned.

In the door the Laird stood like a shrouded corpse, spectre-footed.

Google

Danny, at breakfast on the dresser, looked up, saw, leaped down, and fell upon his master as though to devour him.

The Laird picked him up, packed him beneath his arm, turned without a word, and padded off on naked feet down the groined passage, silent, shrouded, ghostly, Danny a blotch of silver grey against his night-gown, with tail swishing like a sword.

He was already turning into the hall when the Woman came to herself.

"Where's your stockings?" she screamed, and clattered down the passage in pursuit. "O the infidel! O the face of brass! before my very eyes and a'! I'll gar him flout Deborah Awe!" and flung furiously against the hall door, only to find it locked.

She put her eye to the key-hole.

"I spy ye!" she screamed. "Dinna fancy you are hidden from Deborah Awe—squattin' there just as yer mother made ye, ne'er a thread to yer foot, nor a shred to your body. O!" she shrilled, "just bide there a bit till I come to ye! I'll gar you trapse the stone-floor bare-fit! I'll learn you paddle the death-cold stones dressed for the buryin'!"

She turned and plunged into Robin standing at her heels.

"His Honour sits within like a blessed idol—naked save for his sark!" she cried. "Just stand to the door and kep' him at it till I come. I'm away after his duds!" She turned and fled. "O! if Missie should see him now. God send she's sleepin'!—and me that she left to mend him, and mind him, and a'," and scuttled screaming up the stairs.

Robin put his shoulder to the crazy door, forced it, and entered.

The Laird sat in his winding-sheet in the half-arm chair. A shaft of cold sun fell on his grey head to hoary it. His naked feet were crossed, his face low, and grey hands framing the face of him who sat upon his knee, and he devoured it with mother-hungry eyes.

Robin looked long, then turned to go.

Google

"Wait," said the Laird, nor looked up.

"Why?" said Robin.

"Because I tell ye," said the Laird, busy still at his gazing.

Robin shuffled.

"I weary of waiting for the thanks that do not come," he said at length.

"Thanks!" said the Laird, and looked up now.

"Ay," said Robin, "for finding him for you."

"I thank you," said the Laird grimly, "for losing him; and I will thank you," more grimly, "not to lose him again; and lastly I will thank you to read this," and handed him a label, "that I have just detached from Danny's collar."

Robin took and fingered it.

"I canna read," he said, "without my spectacles."

"Or with them," said the Laird. "I forgot. Hand it back. Hark now!" and read harshly:

"'Mrs. Johnson presents her compliments to Mr. Hepburn, and he must *never* allow Danny to go hunting again, because you never know *what may happen*. There are bad men about.'" The Laird looked at Robin and continued:

"It is signed," said he, 'A Friend of Danny, who must remain anonymous.' There's a postscript—'Dear Love to him.' And the mark on the label is Altyre. And now," said the Laird, "what d'you know of this?" He stared at Robin with penetrating eyes.

"It will be the fool-man's fair wife," said Robin. "She has the fondness for Danny."

"How d'you know that?"

"It has been shown to me," said Robin curtly.

The Laird looked at the label.

"*What may happen*," he read, and regarded Robin with sudden thunder-brow. "What might be the meaning of that?"

"Canna say," said Robin shortly; "I have no knowledge of divinations."

Google

"He *can* say, your Honour," panted the Woman on the other side of the door, "if he will. And if he winna, I can for him if you will bid him let me in. Open to me, Man!" she ordered, "I have a word for his Honour's ear, and stockings for his feet."

"Never!" said Robin firmly, his back to the door. "His Honour is not dressed for receiving company."

"Will Mr. Hepburn be pleased to *order* him open!" shrilled the Woman.

"Keep her out, Crabbe!" said the Laird. "I can't abide her chatter. And you, Woman!" he called, "just bide where ye are—the right side of the door for hearkening and the wrong for seeing—and hear his tale, and see he tells it true. Now"—to Robin—"tell on!"

"Tell on!" snarled the Woman. "And tell all! Mind! I am here."

So Robin, sulky as a beaten boy, must needs tell all: of the meeting of dark men at the Ferry Ha', of the oath of the Bloody Englisher, of Simon Ogg and his going forth, and much else; and the Woman shrilly edited the tale through the key-hole.

"How long has this been forward?" asked the Laird when all was finished—"these plots upon him?"

"Maybe just a year-twa," said Robin, feigning nonchalance.

"And you have not seen good to forewarn me?" said the Laird.

"I thought the Woman would have tell't you," said Robin. "I tell't her."

"O ye Adam," screamed the accused.

"It was for you to tell me," said the Laird.

"I thought ye knew," said Robin.

"How should I know?"

"Same as I do," said Robin. "Ye might dream it."

"And you think," said the Laird, deliberately, "if I had known all this I would have let you lose him so?"

"Me lose him?" cried Robin. "He does lose himself. It

Google

is me finds him. Oh!" he cried, in bitterness; "himself save me from the thanks of man."

"When each time you lost him," continued the Laird, "you knew it might be the last, and that he might never return to me."

"This is just what I have aye tell't him," shrilled the Woman. "Once ower often, I aye said: and once ower often it has nigh proved: and he would never heed, but jeered and called out in me 'Bald-head!'"

"Is it Mr. Hepburn's will," asked Robin, trembling, "that I be spat upon by this Person through the key-hole?"

"Attend to me!" said the Laird.

"I will attend to your Honour now," said Robin: and turning—"And I will attend to you, Vessel of Hell, later."

"I'm mighty frightened!" sneered the Woman.

"Hear me," said the Laird terribly and leaned forward; "there will be no more losing Danny from this day. You understand?"

"Who is to help it?" snapped Robin.

"You are," said the Laird.

"How?" said Robin.

"I leave that to you," said the Laird, grim-lipped. "It's for me to give the orders; it's for you to carry them out. I hold you responsible."

XLIX

THE SHADOW OF THE DEAD

Robin pattered off to the village. It was yet early. As he entered the village-street the sluggard folk still slept; and a slatternly black hen lorded it in the road and eyed him scornfully.

At the cottage of Simon Ogg, where no wolf-eyed mother stood on guard, he stopped; passed through the rank garden where the wild thyme grew, pushed open the door and entered the evil-smelling parlour hung with bacon hams, nor knocked.

Google

In a recess in the far wall, on a low-heaped couch of straw, lay Simon with flaming head, and slept guiltily.

Robin's hands smacked down upon the youth's naked shoulders.

He woke with a scream, calling on God and his minnie.

"Who is it?" he cried, horribly afraid.

"Me," whispered Robin, "factor to him who slew your father."

The youth stared up through the dimness.

"Why for d'you whisper?" he asked, whispering himself.

"Because I am afraid for you," Robin replied.

"What gars you come here?" hoarsed Simon.

"His Honour gar'd me come," whispered Robin.

"Because of what?"

"Because of you know what," said Robin.

Simon lay looking up, a horror of madness gathering in his eyes.

"I know nothing," he chattered, writhing.

In the room had been no sound but the hiss of whispering; now came the noise of hushed feet, ghostly in the silence and slow.

Simon tried to start to his elbow.

"Heark!" he cried.

"What?" said Robin, holding him down.

"Like it might be a dog!" chattered Simon; and peered round the body of the other.

"What's yon?" he hissed, and gazed and gazed, his face ghastly beneath the freckles.

"Where?"

"There!" staring fearfully.

Robin turned, and saw Danny, who had followed him, standing in the dim light with eyes like cairn-gorms ablaze.

"I see little," whispered Robin, unmoved.

"I see my fate," said Simon, and fell back like one dead. "I have seen the Shadow of the Dead. I will not live."

Robin bent over him.

Google

"Is Danny dead, then?" he asked.

"Dead these two days," whispered Simon, lying with closed eyes.

"How came it?"

"Over away in the forest."

"Who slew him?"

"The Bloody Englisher."

"Was you there?"

"I was so. It was me snared him. Himself be good to me!"

He lay with shut eyes, breathing like a dying man.

Robin removed his hands from the other's shoulders.

"Do not leave me, Mr. Robin," whimpered Simon, "I will go mad else," and clutched him. "Is he there yet?" and peered round the old man stealthily.

"He is there yet," said Robin, nor whispered now.

"What?" cried Simon, "can you too see him? Are you, too, a wraith?" and clutched his wrists.

"Wraith!" cried Robin. "Far be it from me. Na, I am that Robin Crabbe that is factor to the Laird of Hepburn these forty years. And I have found you in your sin."

Simon lay back, panting like a stranded fish; then he began laughing, laughing, laughing; and at last looked up.

"Is it a dream?" he asked.

"It's no dream," said Robin awefully.

"Thank God for that word!" said Simon, lay back with shut eyes, and laughed and laughed.

"Well for you were it a dream."

"I care na by," cried Simon, and laughed and laughed. "I have not seen the Shadow of the Dead, and I will live."

He opened his eyes suddenly.

Danny was digging busily at a heap of sacking and sawdust in a far corner.

"What gars him snout so yonder?" he cried, rising on his elbow.

"We will see soon," said Robin.

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"There's nothing there," said Simon; "cry him out of it."

"If there's nothing there," said Robin, "he will do nothing no hurt."

At that out of the heap of sacking came Danny backing, and pulling sturdily.

Robin went across to him and bent.

"Your nothing is one of my roe-deer," he said, and looked at Simon.

Simon lay back with shut eyes.

"He's no wraith for sure," he said, and laughed his empty laughter. "And I will live: and I will not die."

"You will not die," said Robin, shouldering the deer. "This day to-morrow you will be praying that you could!" and he marched out.

L

SIMON GOES HOME

THAT afternoon Robin brought word that his Honour would speak with Simon.

Simon went, quaking.

His mother escorted him to the great gates, and bid him remember he was going to stand in the presence of his father's murderer, and there parted from him.

"Bid your minnie good-bye, lad," said Robin, not unfeelingly. "A man has but the one mother in this world."

"Will I not see her again?" cried Simon aghast.

"That is as his Honour wulls," said Robin with bowed head.

The Woman thrust Simon into the great hall without a word.

There sat the Laird in his cloak, lonely, grim, twining grey fingers, and Danny at his feet.

"Have you anything to say," asked the Laird, "why I shouldn't send you to gaol?"

Simon sucked his thumb.

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"I'd liefer bide with minnie," said he, "if yer Honour pleases."

"Ye must find a better reason than that, my lad," said the Laird.

Simon fell back on the old argument.

"Your Honour killed my father," he said.

"What if I did?" said the Laird curtly.

Simon bit his thumb and pondered.

"Only," said he, "it was none that neighbourly."

"And anyway," said the Laird, "because I killed your father that's no reason you should kill my deer."

Simon shifted uneasily.

"A lad must live," he said, "and I'm far ower wankly to work."

"You're strong enough to steal," said the Laird.

"That's easier done," said Simon.

"So's going to gaol," said the Laird.

Simon pondered.

"There's minnie, too," he said. "There's none but me to work for her."

"Ye're not strong enough to work," said the Laird. "You're forgetting."

"There is other things I do for her," said Simon.

"What sort of things?"

"I fetch her whiskey," said Simon. "She will miss that sore."

"Sorer than ever she'll miss you," said the Laird. "I can tell ye that. D'you know, my lad," he added earnestly, "your dear mother has been at me these seventeen years to get me to put you away for her."

"Same as ye did daddie?" gasped Simon.

"She's not particular," said the Laird, "only so long as you go; and she gets her crown a week and her cottage to herself. And I'm going to oblige her."

Simon knelt down.

"I'd liefer not be murdered," he whimpered, "if it's all the same to Mr. Hepburn."

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"Get up," said the Laird. "Make believe for once ye're some sort of a man; and listen here."

Simon rose.

"You can take your choice," continued the Laird. "Either you follow in your father's footsteps," said he, "to gaol——"

"Why for should I go to gaol?" whined Simon.

"Because you're a danger to the peace," said the Laird.

"Whose peace?" asked Simon.

"Mine," said the Laird. "Or," he went on, "I will get you admission to a Home of Rest, I know, for such as you. And if you'll be advised by me," added the Laird, "you'll take the Home."

Simon looked at him.

"What's a Home?" he asked suspiciously.

"Home is sweet Home," said the Laird. "And there's no place like it—that's all I can tell ye."

"How long will I bide there?" asked Simon cunningly.

"Till you're better," said the Laird.

"What of?" said Simon.

"Of being worse," said the Laird.

Simon shook his head.

"I'll bide with minnie," said Simon, "an it please yer Honour."

"You'll take your choice," said the Laird, briefly. "Gaol or Home."

Simon burst into tears.

"I'll take Home," he said. "Though it's not much of a Home when you wear a chain all the time."

. . . . .

Robin, who had been listening at the door, trotted off to the kitchen, sat down there and bowed with laughter.

"The Laird's the cannie laddie!" he cried, and wiped the tears of merriment away. "He has put Simon Ogg away fine. We need fear no more for our man."

"Where away?" asked the Woman.

"Abroad," gasped Robin, "in Barbary."

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"In Barbary?" cried the Woman.

"Ay," said Robin, "in England."

"Where?" asked the Woman.

"In a Home," gasped Robin, and wiped his eyes.

"What kind of a Home?" cried the Woman.

"A Home!" gasped Robin, "for Lost Imbesillies."

. . . . . .

So Simon left Hepburn and retired to a place on a barren hill in a south land beside the sea; and the land knew peace for a while.

END OF PART I.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

SEPTEMBER 1902

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THEIR CRITICS — Page 1

ON THE LINE — 8

BELOW THE MILL DAM——RUDYARD KIPLING — 23

EDUCATION IN THE NAVY—III——JULIAN S. CORBETT — 42

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE——HENRI BOURASSA (*Member of the Canadian Parliament*) — 55

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S COLONIAL EXPERIMENT——L. VILLARI — 72

THE POSSIBILITIES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY——CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E. — 88

THE DECIPHERMENT OF THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS——PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE — 101

THE BETTERMENT OF LONDON——HALSEY RICARDO — 109

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN—III (*Illustrated*)——ARTHUR MORRISON — 120

SAMUEL BUTLER——R. A. STREATFEILD — 137

A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP——GEORGE PASTON — 148

DANNY—L-LVI——ALFRED OLLIVANT — 163

Google

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

In Dame Europa's School

Country Conversations: An Acknowledgment

On the Line

THE WEDDING OF THE OCEANS—BENJAMIN TAYLOR

RUSSIA'S LATEST VENTURE IN CENTRAL ASIA—R. E. C. LONG

THE PROMOTION OF TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE—HON. R. H. BRAND

LORD BEACONSFIELD—ALGERNON CECIL

THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEER: II—CARLYON BELLAIRS

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN: II (*Illustrated*)—ARTHUR MORRISON

THE "MONTHLY REVIEW" IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—GEORGE PASTON

KHARTOUM (*Illustrated*)—JOHN WARD, F.S.A.

DECORATIVE ART AT TURIN—H. HAMILTON FYFE

THE KING OF ENGLAND—HENRY NEWBOLT

DANNY, XXXIX–L—ALFRED OLLIVANT

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THEIR CRITICS

SEEING that our Public Schools are by their numbers, their moral power, and the splendour of their traditions undeniably to be reckoned among the strongest and most vital elements of English national life, it was only to be expected that they should be speedily called upon in the new age of reform to answer the challenge of the critic. And the critic—honest, fussy, peevish, or ignorant—worthy or ignobly unworthy to touch so famous a shield even with the blunted spear-point—may be sure that he will be met whenever and wherever he will, and effectually "delivered of his vows." No considerations of pride—no contempt for the most churlish manner of fighting—must keep us in our tents: for upon this point we must satisfy ourselves that we possess the truth. The training of character, however attempted, is coming to be in the belief of Englishmen the noblest art in use among us, and the most invaluable of all our industries: and either the history of England is a history of degeneration, or her Public Schools are the guardians of her highest work-day traditions and the best hope of the coming race.

More than one attack has been nevertheless made upon them lately; and among others it has pleased a writer, whom we see no reason for naming, upon an occasion to which we need not further refer, to say of "the Public School product" with reference to "the character that is still its boast," these words:

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It has no sense of fair-play whatever; it is spiteful and prejudiced; it is saturated with class-conceit—and it hates the thought of work. When it says "character" it means, in plain English, side, shirking and jobbery. It is a fact that the costly rich Public School boy, with every advantage upon his side, is systematically unfair towards, and jealous of, the lowest class of our population that gets any education at all. I believe myself he is afraid of it.

Then, after the statement that there is not a particle of evidence to support the "wild assertion" that character is not formed in the public elementary schools "at least as well as it is in the great Public Schools," there follows this plain and disgraceful charge:

Barring Mr. Chamberlain, who is not, I believe, a Public School product, the present Government is certainly not a demonstration of this fine ignorant nobility of soul we are always hearing about. Lord Milner owes nothing to Public School claptrap, and Lord Kitchener does not own to any such origin. Quite apart from the indisputable ignorance and incapacity that has distinguished the Public School-made War Office, there has been, I hold, the most miserable want of nerve throughout the last war on the part of the stuff our Public Schools have made. General Buller, who acted so dismally after Colenso, for example, was an Eton boy, and the true history of the campaign, when it comes to be written, will be studded with the record of wretched little intrigues, failures of will, and indecisions on the part of Public School-bred men. Had we had no leaders but Public School men, we should certainly have lost South Africa.

The champion who lays about him in this wild and panting style is evidently stung by some irritation not really caused by the object of his attack. So far we may and do sympathise with him. We look with admiration upon the teachers working in the public elementary schools of this country, and with strong hope upon the generations which are to be in our time their spiritual offspring. We may seek to better our national education on the technical side, to enlarge its scope on the religious side, but we do not wish to hear, still less to take part in, any attack on the devotion of those who train the bulk of our working class, or on the brave and kindly English spirit which they daily rekindle on the hearth where twenty generations of freemen have stored it. But all this talk of "the Board School product" is beside the point: if

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every Board School in England pullulated with Napoleons and Pierpont Morgans, that happy fact would give no foothold for a swashbuckling onslaught on the character of an older and not entirely similar institution. That the Board Schools may be shown to produce a type of character equal to that which is turned out by the older institution is a desire which we share with our critic, and our hope of its ultimate realisation is not less sincere than his: but if this is to come about it can be by no other method of rivalry than that of imitation; and in such a contest to be surpassed is no great grief, if only the cause goes forward: Peter or Paul, we are all apostles.

We put aside, then, the random and merely abusive assertion that the typical Public School man is unfair towards, or jealous of, his less fortunate fellow Englishman. "Afraid of him" he probably is: not in the base meaning of the word as our critic seems to fling it, but as perhaps a proud and anxious elder brother may be "afraid" lest in a time of stress the family honour might suffer in the hands of the younger and less trained members of the house; natures as bold and generous as his own, but hardly yet, he thinks, so closely girded with those chains of service and self-sacrifice which are powerless to bind any but the nobler and more disciplined part of us. Over-anxious he is, no doubt, but his fear is not to his dishonour: and those who could accuse him of either jealousy or timidity in the true sense, set themselves too far below for even the wind of their strokes to reach him.

And now for the rest of this series of confident generalisations. Fairly stated, the arguments are as follows: The Government, in the critic's opinion, are not a good "demonstration" of nobility of soul: therefore the Public Schools do not teach nobility of soul. The Public Schools "made" the War Office: it is ignorant and incapable; therefore the Public Schools made the War Office ignorant and incapable. These are syllogisms of easy manufacture: you postulate what you please and draw any conclusion you wish. Literature "made" a certain critic: he is ignorant and incapable: therefore litera-

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ture made him so! Hear again what we are offered on the war. General Buller was an Eton boy; he acted (says the critic) dismally after Colenso; therefore all the failures and indecisions of the campaign are due to Public School training. Are we to conclude, whenever we see a "Board School product" intoxicated, that the Board Schools are responsible for all the drunkenness in the country? It is just this kind of confused and incompetent thinking, this addiction to smart or sonorous twaddle, that is the real source of ignorance and incompetence, wherever it is found among us. It is time that Englishmen grew up; science has nothing to do with inductions based on single instances; truth has no concern with the narrow prejudices of any class, even of "the lowest class of our population that gets any education at all." And our critic is not only completely off the rails of logic, he has not even taken the trouble to find out the facts about his starting-point; for if there are any two soldiers of whom we may say that but for them "we should certainly have lost South Africa," those two are Lord Roberts, who is an Etonian, and Lord Kitchener, who was at Woolwich, where the Public School spirit may be found plentifully by those who know what they are looking for; to him who calls it "claptrap" it will on the other hand seem, very naturally, to be non-existent.

This tendency to angry and slipshod reasoning, from premises obviously false, is indeed a poor character for any "product"; we might well say that "it has no sense of fair-play whatever; it is spiteful and prejudiced; it is saturated with class-conceit—and it hates the thought of work." Let us, who are perhaps more interested and certainly not so angry, do for ourselves a little of the work for which the critic could not spare time before he rushed into the street to deliver his half-baked wares. Is there any trustworthy material, or any sound method, by using which it would be possible to test the efficacy of our Public School system in producing a "character" or "spirit" of intellectual and moral value; such as to render, for instance, marked and indispensable service to the country in

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time of war? Is it practicable by taking, not single instances, but some large and typical group or groups of men, to trace a connection between the source and nature of their education and their conduct and efficiency in the field?

We believe that this may be done, and probably in many ways. We shall not attempt, as our opponent has done, to foretell the future, to prescribe the verdict of history in tones of exasperated omniscience: but we may suggest one or two lines upon which inquiry may run more safely than upon the loose unlaid track of prejudice. There are two obvious ways in which the officers of our South African army may be grouped: by the arm of the service to which they belong, or by their seniority in rank and command. If we adopt the first of these methods we are at once struck by the fact that under the strain of novel circumstances the artillery alone preserved its original character and functions unchanged almost to the end; it was found necessary at times to turn cavalry into infantry, and to make mounted infantry out of regiments of the line; so that it is a matter of less ease and certainty to pronounce upon the conduct or efficiency of these two arms as a whole, than upon the artillery. This, however, reminds us again that by the common consent of all the experts and correspondents it is the artillery as a whole which has borne away the honours of the war. The nature of their services too is worth remembering: for they have not only as gunners out-fought and out-shot their enemy, but they have never once failed in discipline, nerve, or endurance; further than this, they have again and again done more than could fairly be required of them by any rule of tactics, and have, as at Ladysmith and Magersfontein, fought in the open unsupported, covering the retirement of those who should have formed their screen or escort. Second perhaps, but second only to theirs, comes the undiminished reputation of the Royal Engineers.

Who are the men who have built up this splendid and unshaken record? In what soil are rooted those memories from which they still drew their patient courage, their skill,

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and their devotion? Have such men been gathered from highways and hedges indiscriminately, or have they in common some honourable breeding, some unforgotten fellowship? Lest this too should be outside the range of our critic's vision, let us tell him that in the judgment of those who have some claim to speak, the "character" of Woolwich is the "character" of Wellington, of Cheltenham, of Clifton—in short, of the Public Schools. The typical virtue of the playing field is the habit or trained faculty of putting the game first and self last, of refusing under all temptation, whether of pain or ambition, to do that which is harmful to the player's own side or unchivalrous to his opponents. By their treatment of the weak or wounded enemy, and of his women and children, all British officers have been equally conspicuous; but it was a gunner who, when wounded and captured in the fight at Vlakfontein, chose to die rather than make it possible for his guns to be worked against his own comrades. When the news came home to the Close where he was bred, it was received with joy but without surprise. And, on the other hand, we venture to think that the failure of Colenso was nowhere felt with more grief and astonishment than at the school which had seen her courage exemplified by Sir Redvers Buller in his youth.

By a natural sequence of thought we pass to our second method of analysis. If we divide the list of officers in South Africa into two or more groups according to seniority, we shall find that nearly everything that could fairly be reckoned in the list of "wretched little intrigues, failures of will, and indecisions," must be laid to the charge of the group which includes the older men and those holding the highest commands. We are not making any invidious or unfair comparison; obviously the more conspicuous and more frequent failures must occur where the greater responsibilities continually press. But the charge is made that the faults are directly caused by Public School education, and we are entitled to reply that it is at least remarkable that their occurrence is more marked as the influence of that education is left further behind, and the

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stream of habit is more exposed to contamination by tributaries flowing in from many sources less bright and wholesome. The "side, shirking, and jobbery" which our critic hates we, too, hate, as we were taught at school to hate them; but we are not so blinded by our indignation as to find in the sweet the *vera causa* of bitterness; to ascribe to the original builders the weakness of a character shaken and obliterated by thirty years' exposure to the influences of a luxurious, idle, and frivolous society.

The admiration of wealth, however acquired, and of rank, however gained or inherited; the fatty degeneration caused by indolence and self-indulgence—these are the diseases which threaten the Empire, whether in war or peace. They may possibly be found—we do not profess to know—not only in English society, but, to a certain extent, in one or two English Public Schools. The typical Public School character and the traditional Public School spirit remain, however, the antithesis of these vices and their strongest antidote, and the reformer who reviles that spirit as "claptrap," is in his panic striking at his best ally; ranking himself among those well-meaning futile counsellors

> Who are to judge of danger which they fear
> And honour which they do not understand.

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ON THE LINE

Cromwell's Army. By C. H. Firth. (Methuen. *7s.6d.*)—Mr. Firth is the highest living authority for the history of the Civil War and the Protectorate; and a reviewer can only follow him and indicate the result of his work, without attempting to criticise. The present volume is packed full of facts. Much of the detail is technical, but much also is interesting, and will be new to most readers. Mr. Firth, indeed, is too busy in digging out and securing his treasure to have time for laying it out on the counter to the best advantage, and a cursory reader may find his attention fatigued. But no intelligent person can read this work without interest and profit: those who like conclusions better than facts may compound by reading *Woodstock* again.

At the beginning of the war both sides had everything to learn. They wanted arms, commissariat, drill, and discipline. The king had to "borrow" the arms of the counties: both armies, having no ready money, paid their way in promises, and there were many complaints of pillage and rough usage.

Many of the officers had learnt the art of war as adventurers on the Continent, and were quite willing to give their superiors the benefit of their experience; and the rough material furnished by the trained bands and the press-gang was gradually licked into shape. The local bodies of troops were scattered and without organisation, wasted in garrisons, and employed on county duty without any central plan of campaign. The commanders had no power to make use of success, and perhaps

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did not care to do so; their victories were "put into a bag with holes," a fact never more clearly shown than when Charles was allowed to gather strength after his defeat at Marston Moor.

The leaders of the thorough-going party, and Cromwell at their head, saw that nothing effective would be done till executive power in the war was in a single hand, controlled by Parliament, as they expected it would be. Few, if any, remembered the lesson of history, that in time of revolution the successful soldier rules all. Probably Cromwell himself, the true author of the Self-Denying Ordinance, did not foresee that the new army would "give the law both to King and Parliament," though it so turned out. The idea of the "New Model" army was his; and his, no doubt, though it did not always appear on the surface of things, much of the organisation conducted by Fairfax. The object of Cromwell, "setting well at a mark" as he always did, was to create an army out of excellent material spoilt by bad handling; to get rid of incompetent or half-hearted generals, with little care for his own immediate position—he could see to that when the time should come—to appoint the best commander-in-chief that could be found, honest, a good organiser, a matchless soldier in the field, and no politician; and incidentally to give the war into the hands of the independent party, men who would not "boggle" at breaches of precedent, and who meant business with the king.

The New Model army was at first only one of several armies in the service of Parliament; but gradually these separate armies either disappeared entirely or were absorbed in it—and from 1647, till his resignation in 1650, Fairfax was in command of all the Parliament's forces, and Cromwell after him.

We cannot here describe the details of military organisation. Whilst the appointment, placing, and dismissal of officers was left entirely to the general, the rule of promotion by merit gave officers so advanced a right to be heard in council. Councils of officers were one of the most important features of

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this army, and exercised a wide influence on the conduct of campaigns and battles. The non-commissioned officers and soldiers held their own meetings, and as Republican notions were in the air and diffused throughout the army, the popular voice, expressed by meetings of Agitators, prevailed over the officers, carried Cromwell along with it, and at last pulled down the constitution, brought the king to justice, and set up a military despotism under the name of a Commonwealth.

The experience of the German wars slowly superseded English tradition and custom. Thus the use of artillery was greatly developed as the war proceeded; infantry tactics were modified in the direction of greater mobility; pikes gave place to muskets, and matchlocks to firelocks or "snaphanses." The cavalry bore a larger proportion to the infantry than in later wars. Dragoons, or mounted infantry, were much employed on outpost duty, and in enclosed country, to hold or clear hedges, woods, and ditches, as at Edgehill, Marston, and Naseby, and to occupy other places where foot-soldiers were suddenly wanted.

Old customs in war as in peace die hard, and the shock of the heavy-armed lancer of the Middle Ages was still looked upon as the ideal of cavalry. But when the cavalry were armed with firelock pistols charges were made more slowly, to give time for the fire at short range of five or six ranks charging successively. Gustavus Adolphus made his men ride three deep in very close order, and charge home, thus combining small-arms fire with impact. Rupert followed a like plan, making his horse reserve their fire till they closed, and Cromwell did the same. Between Rupert's and Cromwell's cavalry there was little difference, except that Rupert's charge was more rapid, while Cromwell kept his troopers more in hand, and was able to rally them for a second charge, as Clarendon testifies.

The New Model army was well supplied with field artillery, but does not appear to have made the most of it. The guns were useful in covering a retreat, pushing an attack, or

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holding a position; but their employment seems to have been more a matter of the particular occasion than a principal branch of tactics. The like may be said of siege operations. Unlike my Uncle Toby, the English commanders preferred a storm to "sitting down before a place" for a regular siege. In this preference of storm to siege, besides the natural temper of the nation, Fairfax and Cromwell were scholars of Gustavus. Fairfax's success "hath run through a line cross to that of old soldiers, of long sieges and slow approaches, and he hath done all so soon *because he was ever doing*." To be ever doing is no small part of the whole duty of a soldier.

An interesting point is that of uniform. At first, the gentlemen who raised regiments or companies dressed them in their own colours. Lord Brooke's had purple coats, Lord Saye's blue, Colonel Hampden's green, Lord Newcastle's white, and so on. But by degrees red became the prevailing colour, being that of the Eastern Association; and the new model army "was from the first dressed in red." So our famous scarlet has Oliver Cromwell for its founder.

From the outset, the enemy's sick and wounded were cared for with their own by the surgeons on both sides. No feature of the Civil War does more credit to the national temper than their care of the disabled. Field hospitals date from this war; and the great London hospitals were forward in the merciful work. The Long Parliament "recognised the moral obligation of the State to those who suffered in its service, and it was the first English Government to do so."

Though Fairfax was the right hand of action, the whole of Mr. Firth's book, without laying stress upon it, deepens the impression that Cromwell's counsel guided all. His character has at length been disentangled by Mr. Gardiner from the web of policy and statecraft in which his own dark counsels and sibylline words had involved it, and the cloud of romance by which it was obscured by Carlyle. Henceforward he will be looked upon as the man who bore patiently on his shoulders the whole burden of a jarring world, and only failed to "heal

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and settle" because the problem set before him was insoluble, and the sense of the nation was against him. And amongst all English worthies no man has a whiter name than Fairfax, the high-minded captain and gentleman, to whom, next to Cromwell, belongs the glory of the New Model Army.

A Foreign View of England in the Reigns of George I. and George II. The letters of M. César de Saussure to his family. Translated by Madame van Muyden. (Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—M. César de Saussure, whose "letters," it appears, were rather edited by himself than written to his friends, seems to have been a somewhat frivolous and uneducated young gentleman, with an observant eye, a fluent pen, and a kindly human spirit. He did not set the Thames on fire in his visit to London, and he allowed his native Mont Blanc to remain unascended, for him, till his more ambitious relative immortalised the name of de Saussure. In fact, these letters were hardly worth preserving at the time when they were written, though, having been preserved, they have now a historical value as authentic documents coming into the general record.

M. de Saussure's evidence is so fair and unexaggerated, where we have other contemporary sources of information, that we can trust his account of new facts. Swift, Gay, Voltaire, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and the rest tell us more and with more authority; but de Saussure's picture is drawn in the same lines and corresponds with the generalisations of Mahon, Lecky, the authors of the *Family History*, Mr. Sichel, and other modern writers. After all, what can we know of two hundred years ago, beyond an imperfect generalisation, true so far as it goes?

A traveller may journey to Khartoum nowadays with less trouble and risk and without much more expense than was incurred in the reign of George I. in getting from Lausanne to London. Our author, with his travelling companions, besides enduring "uncomfortable" nights in bad inns where there was

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no bedding but straw, was several times in danger of being upset in rapids, was shot at by an ill-tempered sentinel, "baptisé" with a bucket of cold water at St. Goar (where a silver collar was put round strangers' necks and only removed by a heavy fine of Rhine wine), mobbed and taken before magistrates for laughing in church, and fleeced by innkeepers. He was twice run into by sleepy and unskilful crews of ships, nearly wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, searched and insulted by customs officers, benighted and lost in London, called "French dog" by the rude populace, robbed in the streets, and in a more civil way by scullers and lackeys, spattered by the mud from noblemen's coaches, hustled by sedan-chairs, and a third time in danger of becoming "food for fishes" in an open boat. We are really relieved when our hero, on board the *Torrington*, after nearly dying of sea-sickness ends his English journal in sight of Lisbon, though still outside the bar.

We learn from his letters that he derived innocent pleasure from the waxworks at the Abbey, the tapestry in the House of Lords, the heads of criminals on Temple Bar, the whispering gallery, Og's bedstead at Ware, and that he was "amused" by the sight of the lion-cubs and the "tiger-man" at the Tower, the poor creatures on show at Bedlam and Bridewell, the quarrels between surgeons' messengers and relations for the possession of corpses at Tyburn. He saw a cricket match, Newmarket races, combats of "gladiators," male and female, who slashed each other with sharp swords—he regrets, he says, the half-crown paid for the pleasure of this spectacle—a prize-fight, and a cock-fight. He also saw Jonathan Wild hanged and George II. crowned. His account of the coronation has a special interest at this moment. We notice among other details that the Knights of the Garter and Bath walked in the habit of their respective orders; the peeresses bareheaded, wearing "kirtles" of red velvet and green silk under their state robes. Among them he saw old Sarah Marlborough sitting on a drum to rest herself outside St. Margaret's Church, undisturbed either by cheers or laughter. The Archbishops carried in their hands

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mitres of cloth of gold, the Bishops, mitres of cloth of silver. He noticed the magnificence of the jewels worn, many of them hired from Paris and Holland. He heard "admirable symphonies, conducted by the celebrated Mr. Handel," and saw (the best sight of all) Sir Robert Walpole in his Garter robes of blue velvet and flame-coloured satin, with a great plume of feathers in his cap, scattering largesse from two bags of red morocco leather.

The general impression is of a merrier England than that of to-day, staggering under the burden of wealth and Empire, pauperism and trade slavery. The life of London was led out of doors. Lords in gold lace and blue, red, or green ribands jostled with porters and carriers. Great respect for rank and its outward distinctions went hand in hand with freedom of speech and licence of horse-play. Court displays were more frequent if less elaborate. People seem to have had time to look at each other, instead of, as now, setting their faces hard to business along the Strand and Cheapside, thinking only of the job in hand and how they can cheat time of ten minutes by 'bus, tube, train, or cab. You might happen to be knocked down or rolled in the gutter, but you had more fun for your money. Then, too, though the streets were dirty, the air was pure, and the fields not far off. De Saussure describes the lovely villages of Chelsea, Kensington, and Hampstead, the river with its picturesque barges and watermen, silver and full of fish; the tea gardens, coffee houses, and theatres, all of a simple character and resembling those of a modest German Residenz-Stadt.

He praises the "good nature" of the English, their freedom from ostentatious hypocrisy and servility, the innocent lives of the country people and the gaiety of the town. Do not, however, let us suppose that we have not gained more than we have lost. It is a mistake to suppose that grossness is a substitute for vice. Grossness and vice can and do keep company, and M. de Saussure is not under any delusion here. What we have lost is summed up in the word individuality.

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A foreign visitor writing of England nowadays would not remark on the absence of servility to fashion, nor say "in this country people are above caring what is thought of them."

But we do not wish to go back to the days of George I. and George II., and we conclude here, lest we should seem to be sighing for the unseen.

Studies in the Lives of the Saints. By Edward Hutton. (Constable. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)—You will do this book wrong if you come to it for an exhibition of dialectical power. The author's means are style and suggestion; his subject is that old antagonism between life, which is certainly death, and death, which may be life, if the saints are to be believed. Hard indeed they are to meet on their ancient bone-strewn battlefield, these militant saints, "terrible as an army with banners," from that first grim *condottiere* Augustine, bought over to be "the great intellectual captain of the Christian Church . . . that spirit in which all Hell and Hades and Heaven dwelt, but not one bit of Earth nor a single sunbeam of the world," down to the almost grimmer beauty of Isabel de Flores—St. Rose of Lima—who burnt her own hands lest their fairness should be to any one an occasion of temptation. Their triumph, while it lasted, seemed to be complete; it ended only with the end of the Middle Ages. Through those centuries—so near to us in time, in everything else so far away behind the dawn of Greece—the supreme excellence of their mystical religion "is really not a beautiful thing at all, in that almost its first requirement is a denial of life, a dislike and contempt for the beauty of the world . . . and so that union between the body and the soul, which the ancients were so anxious to maintain, is destroyed, and the soul is at enmity with the body that in the end it utterly destroys." For it is, in their conception of life, this body which alone "hinders them so sweetly in their flight towards immortality." And in their relentless logic, not only must they hate and despise that

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world which makes appeal to all the senses, and especially those forms of beauty which woo the soul even more passionately than the body, but they must give to death that love for which life pleads so strongly with youth, and adore the very image of corruption itself. The *Danse Macabre*, the skeleton *Memento Mori* lying beneath the canopy of the pious churchman's tomb, are not always the examples they appear to us of a somewhat grim and tasteless humour; be sure that to the true follower of these terrible ones, they were the shapes that lie about the doors of life itself, and partake of the loveliness of that to which they lead the warrior and the sibyl.

Our author does not seek to controvert the saints; but he leaves us in no doubt as to his own feelings. It is his aim so perfectly to state their case as to destroy it; to create by icy cold a vacuum into which the mind of the reader shall be irresistibly drawn. "St. John of the Cross," he says, "is especially valuable to us, in that he heard with so little emotion that implacable voice. . . ."

> It seems never to have occurred to him that his endeavour to make the world believe him viler than he is, was indeed to be viler than he thought himself to be. For while some have studied to deceive the world as to their sins, he magnifies his petty failures till they who hear him see the wide fields of irreparable defeats smouldering in his soul, in which he, who in reality had but seen the scouting legions of Satan on the furthest hills has, after fighting a desperate battle, been vanquished for ever. How profoundly he desires men to think untruly! And so at last, covered with innumerable petty self-deceptions, that shine on him like the silver scales upon a leper, he bears his soul, stripped and almost lifeless, having lost in imaginary encounters not the least precious part of her loveliness and strength, into the divine shadow, and annihilation in God.

That, at any rate, is his view of these saints, and he confesses, "not without shame," that they have appeared to him ungrateful and terrible. "I am continually reminded that God made the world even as He made heaven. I am content he made it so well." Yet the time is coming, he cannot doubt, to him as to every man, when suddenly this night, or it may be through many lingering days, his soul shall be required of him, and the

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great renunciation must perforce be made. Will it be easy? "Ah! I can never willingly forego the sun, or take my last look on the sea, and say farewell to the beautiful cities, and for ever forsake the mountains and the hills." Mimnermus in church was not more eloquent, or more certain of our sympathy: the surer the decay the deeper the love: the more passion the greater agony at parting. Then the saints were right? "To give up the world, to throw life from us . . ." Surely it would be easier in the end.

> Yet I cannot decide to-day. I am too happy. It is necessary to become a little quiet ere one can nerve oneself for the great renouncement. Can a man ever really decide? Not in one day, nor in many days, nor in a whole life. Meantime my garden waits.

Not perhaps a very strong conclusion; but what matter, when every man must answer for himself. Perhaps too there lies beneath this half confession the subtlest suggestion of the book, that an easy death is not the true aim of that activity of the soul which is to deserve the name of life.

The intellectual passion and fervent asceticism of the Saints are beyond the reach of common human nature; and it is interesting to turn from Mr. Hutton to the plain parable of life and death provided by the Church, in England at any rate, for the mediæval man in the street. **Everyman**—(Bullen 1*s.* net)—is a morality play, apparently of Dutch origin, but adapted and adopted for use in this country.

> The summoning of Everyman called it is,
> That of our lives and ending shows
> How transitory we be all day.
> The story saith: Man, in the beginning
> Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
> Be you never so gay:
> Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
> Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
> When the body lieth in clay.
> Here shall you see how Fellowship and Jollity,
> Both Strength, Pleasure, and Beauty,
> Will vade from thee as flower in May;

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For ye shall hear, how our Heaven King
Calleth Everyman to a general reckoning.

Yes; to a general reckoning. Here is no longer the agony of that spiritual strife between the "cold implacable voice" calling to immortality, and the "frail and delicate beauty" of the body and the body's world; here is the plain leather-bound ledger, with the account rendered, Credit—By Good Deeds, so much; Debit—By Living beastly, so much; By Folly without Fear, so much; By loving Worldly Riches, so much; which, in answer to the summons of Death, must be brought before the High Judge Adonai, and judgment thereon given as by Statute provided. Who will help Everyman, who will go with him on this journey of more than doubtful issue, from which, in any case, there is no return? Fellowship, Cousin, Kindred, Goods, all fail him now, some in terror or selfishness, the last-named with cruel satisfaction.

Nay, Everyman, I say no;
As for a while I was lent thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity;
My condition is, man's soul to kill;
If I serve one, a thousand I do spill;
Weenest thou that I will follow thee
From this world? Nay, verily!

Even Strength, Discretion, Beauty, and Five-wits must leave him at the graveside. Only through Good Deeds, with pious Knowledge and Confession, can he be saved; and that by giving up his goods to the poor, and by using the scourge of Penance.

Take this, body, for the sin of the flesh;
Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in way of damnation you did me bring;
Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing.

And so in his garment of Sorrow, poor little Everyman goes down fainting into that sepulchral darkness whose vivid horror pressed almost beyond endurance upon those who lately saw this play upon the London stage. Nothing more terrible in its perfect art, more poignant in its presentation of a

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universal dread has been seen in England in our time. The dull and common obviousness of the moralising, the *naïveté* of the sacerdotalism, even the beauty of the Flemish-picture-grouping in every scene were forgotten in that purgation of the soul by pity and terror. Once more the question is there: Are the saints then right? Must we scourge Life and slay Beauty, or perish everlastingly? The answer of authority was plain in the fifteenth century; it is less plain in the twentieth.

Wind Along the Waste. (Daniel. Oxford. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)—It is difficult to disengage the special quality, or express the precise characters of the collection of poems gathered together in this anonymous[1] little book, one of the latest productions of Mr. Daniel's Oxford Press. It has the atmosphere of choiceness which we associate with these publications, and the pleasure it gives is rather the pleasure of contact with a mind which one would wish to tell us more than it tells us here, than of satisfaction in work accomplished with completely mastered style. In a time where there is so much of null accomplishment, this tentativeness is a sign of grace and promise. If a single piece were to be chosen from the volume as the thing best done in it, it might be this rondel:

Through russet banks the waters glide,
  Tall grow the beeches by the way;
  And there upon an autumn day
I laid the joy of life aside.
I entered glad with hope and pride,
  With drooping head I came away:
Through russet banks the waters glide,
  Dark grow the beeches by the way.
The hammer rings, the saw is plied
  In meadows where we used to stray;
  But still my heart lies where it lay,
Its buried hope the beeches hide:
Through russet banks the waters glide.

[1] One of the poems included in this volume first appeared in the Monthly Review for April 1901, above the signature of the Hon. Mrs. Wedgwood.

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How far removed is this from the oppressive empty neatness of this usually tiresome form of verse! Excellent too is this, that rare thing, a real song:

> I looked on the earth, it was wintry and old:
> I looked in my heart, it was wearied and cold:
> I looked in the eyes of the child I bare,
> And the soul of the world lived laughing there.

But if one were to choose the poems in which the author seems to find her natural manner, one should take rather a lyric and a sonnet written in avowed imitation of Lovelace and of Sidney. The choice of model is instinctive and the right one. English poetry has all too few examples of those clean-wrought ringing lyrics, reflecting the clear high spirit of chivalrous natures, especially now when the modern lyric inclines to rank luxuriance and dishevelled languor. The author of "Wind Along the Waste" seems not truly at ease in those ballads and lyrics which demand rich fancy, or imaginative invention; the "Coming of Boabdil" has fine touches, but neither the difficult metre nor the difficult subject is successfully managed; and the "Spring Sonnet" opening with such broad and easy movement—

> This is the month when in the world's young day . . .

descends to that fond habit of a merely sonorous ending which has been the weakness of so many sonnets. But the pieces in the Elizabethan or Caroline vein which have been mentioned—poems of direct and generous feeling—and still more perhaps the beautiful dedicatory verses, indicate a line of natural felicity which their author might pursue to fine effect, and it may be recapture the grace of those invigorating strains which Englishmen as famous in action as in song discovered and made perfect.

The Great Alternative: A Plea for a National Policy, by Spenser Wilkinson (Constable. 6*s.*), deserves reprinting: and the new edition comes at a singularly opportune moment. It is impossible to forget as we read once more this earnest and

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convincing argument in the light of our late South African troubles and the still more urgent dangers we have yet to face at sea, that if the two Services upon which our safety depends had numbered but ten such thinkers in their higher ranks, if they had contained even two or three—nay, if we had had but one — we should be now looking both back and forward with very different feelings. We make no invidious comparisons: we do not propose a layman, however expert, for command, or a critic, however masterly, for office; but we cannot help recording our conviction that of all the voices now crying aloud that blessed word "efficiency," this is the one from which we have most to gain in all that belongs to the organisation of war. To a thinking mind, indeed, the matter is one which goes far deeper than that: the organisation of all national resources and national activity is a development which will come as a whole, or not at all, for it is a vital change, and the alternative is not merely that we may be beaten and plundered by land and sea, but that we shall in any case fall to the position, which we have before now so carelessly and contemptuously looked down upon, of one of "the dying nations."

Reviewers, apparently learned, have told us within the last few weeks that the attempted assassination of our greatest admiral, which forms the climax of Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson's tale **A Friend of Nelson** (Longman, 6*s*.), never existed in any imagination but that of the story teller himself, and that, consequently, we have here an unwarrantable libel upon the memory of Napoleon. The criticism, like a deep sea lead, shows to what an abysm of watery barrenness the art of reviewing has sunk. We confess to thinking the libel a not improbably true one, and the objection in any case a quite impossibly futile one. You might as well—better—take Dumas to task for his legend of Monk's box, or the conversation of the Comte de la Fère with Charles I. upon the scaffold. In reading stories the most agreeable form of faith is often "believing in things that

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you know are not true," and in the case of Bonaparte *v.* Hutchinson this fact would be fatal to the plaintiff. Any ordinary jury would probably add, as a rider, that if the defendant will continue to libel other historical characters in a manner equally exciting, they will continue to acquit him in court, and take him home to dinner afterwards.

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BELOW THE MILL DAM[1]

"BOOK—book—Domesday Book." They were letting in the water for the evening stint at Robert's Mill, and the wooden Wheel where lived the Spirit of the Mill settled to its nine-hundred-year-old song: "Here Azor, a freeman, held one rod, but it never paid geld. *Nun—nun—nunquam geldavit.* Here Reinbert has one villein and four cottars with one plough—and wood for six hogs and two fisheries of sixpence and a mill of ten shillings—*unum molinum*—one mill. Reinbert's mill—Robert's Mill. Then and afterwards and now—*tunc et post et modo*—Robert's Mill. Book—book—Domesday Book!"

"I confess," said the Black Rat on the cross-beam luxuriously trimming his whiskers. "I confess I am not above appreciating my position and all it means." He was a genuine old English black rat, a breed which, the books say, is rapidly diminishing before the incursions of the brown variety.

"Appreciation is the surest sign of inadequacy," said the Grey Cat coiled up on a piece of sacking.

"But I know what you mean," she added. "To sit by right at the heart of things—eh?"

"Yes," said the Black Rat, as the old mill shook and the heavy stones burred on the grist. "To possess—er—all this environment as an integral part of one's daily life, must insensibly, of course . . . You see?"

"I feel," said the Grey Cat. "Indeed, if *we* are not saturated with the spirit of the Mill, who should be?"

[1] Copyright 1902 by Rudyard Kipling in the United States of America.

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"Book—book—Domesday Book!" the Wheel, set to his work, was running off the tenure of the whole rape, for he knew Domesday Book backwards and forwards: "*In Firle tenuit Abbatia de Wiltuna unam hidam et unam virgam et dimidiam. Nunquam geldavit.* And Agemond, a freeman, has half a hide and one rod. I remember Agemond well. Charmin' fellow—friend of mine. He married a Norman girl in the days when we rather looked down on the Normans as upstarts. An' Agemond's dead? So he is. Eh, dearie me! Dearie me! I remember the wolves howling outside his door in the big frost of Ten Fifty-Nine. . . . *Essewelde hundredum nunquam geldum reddidit.* . . . Book! Book! Domesday Book!"

"After all," the Grey Cat continued, "atmosphere is life. It is the influences under which we live that count in the long run. Now, outside"—she cocked one ear towards the half-opened door—"there is some sort of inane convention that rats and cats are, I won't go so far as to say natural enemies, but balancing forces. Some such ruling may be crudely effective—I don't for a minute presume to set up my standards as final—among the ditches; but from the larger point of view that one gains living at the heart of things it seems a little over-strained as a rule of life. Why, because some of your associates have, shall I say, liberal views on the ultimate destination of a sack of—er—middlings don't they call them——?"

"Something of that sort," said the Black Rat, a most sharp and sweet-toothed judge of everything ground in the mill for the last eight years.

"Thanks—middlings be it. *Why*, as I was saying, must I disarrange my fur and my digestion to chase you round the dusty arena whenever we happen to meet?"

"As little reason," said the Black Rat, "as there is for me, who, I trust, am a person of ordinarily decent instincts, to wait till you have gone on a round of calls, and then to assassinate your very charming children."

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"Exactly! It has its humorous side though." The Grey Cat yawned. "The Miller seems afflicted by it. He shouted large and vague threats to my address, last night at tea, that he wasn't going to keep cats who 'caught no mice.' Those were his words. I remember the grammar sticking in my throat like a herring-bone."

"And what did you do?"

"What does one do when a barbarian utters? One ceases to utter and removes. I removed—towards his pantry. It was a form of argument he might appreciate."

"Really these people grow absolutely insufferable," said the Black Rat. "There is a local ruffian who answers to the name of Mangles—a builder—who has taken possession of the outhouses on the far side of the Wheel for the last fortnight. He has constructed cubical horrors in red brick where those picturesque pigstyes used to stand. Have you noticed?"

"There has been much misdirected activity of late among the humans. They jabber inordinately. I haven't yet been able to arrive at their reason for existence."

"A couple of them came in here last week with wires—and fixed them all about the walls. Wires protected by some abominable composition, ending in iron brackets with glass bulbs. Utterly useless for any purpose and artistically absolutely hideous. What do they mean?"

"Aaah! I have known *four*-and-twenty leaders of revolt in Faenza," said the Cat who kept good company with the boarders at the Mill Farm. "It means nothing except that humans occasionally bring their dogs with them. I object to dogs in all forms."

"Shouldn't object to dogs," said the Wheel sleepily. . . . "The Abbot of Wilton kept the best pack in the county. He enclosed all the Harryngton Woods to Sturt Common. Aluric, a freeman, was dispossessed of his holding. They tried the case at Lewes and he got no change out of William De Warrenne on the bench. William De Warrenne fined Aluric eight and fourpence for treason, and the Abbot of Wilton excom-

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municated him for blasphemy. Aluric was no sportsman. Then the Abbot's brother married. . . . I've forgotten her name, but she was a charmin' little woman. The Lady Philippa was her daughter. That was after the barony was conferred. She rode devilish straight to hounds. They were a bit throatier than we breed now but a good pack: one of the best. The Abbot kept 'em in splendid shape. Now, who was the woman the Abbot kept? Book—book! I shall have to go right back to Domesday and work up the centuries: '*Modo per omnia reddit burgum tunc—tunc—tunc!* Was it *burgum* or *hundredum?*' I shall remember in a minute. There's no hurry." He paused as he turned over silvered with showering drops.

"This won't do," said the Waters in the sluice. "Keep moving."

The Wheel swung forward; the Waters roared on the buckets and dropped down to the darkness below.

"Noisier than usual," said the Black Rat. "It must have been raining up the valley."

"Floods may be," said the Wheel dreamily. "It isn't the proper season but they can come without warning. I shall never forget the big one—when the Miller went to sleep and forgot to open the hatches. More than two hundred years ago it was, but I can recall it distinctly. Most unsettling."

"We lifted him off his bearings," cried the Waters. "We said, 'Take away that bauble!' And in the morning he was five mile down the valley—hung up in a tree."

"Vulgar!" said the Cat. "But I am sure he never lost his dignity."

"We don't know. He looked like the ace of diamonds when we had finished with him. . . . Move on there! Keep on moving. Over! Get over!"

"And why this day more than any other," said the Wheel statelily. "I am not aware that my department requires the stimulus of external pressure to keep it up to its duties. I trust I have the elementary instincts of a gentleman."

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"May be," the Waters answered together leaping down on the buckets. "We only know that you are very stiff on your bearings. Over, get over!"

The Wheel creaked and groaned. There was certainly greater pressure upon him than he had ever felt, and his revolutions had increased from six and three quarters to eight and a third per minute. But the uproar between the narrow, weed-hung walls annoyed the Grey Cat.

"Isn't it almost time," she said plaintively, "that the person who is paid to understand these things shuts off those vehement globules with that screw-thing on the top of that box-thing."

"They'll be shut off at eight o'clock, as usual," said the Rat; "then we can go to dinner."

"But we shan't be shut off till ever so late," said the Waters gaily. "We shall keep it up all night."

"The ineradicable offensiveness of youth is partially compensated for by its eternal hopefulness," said the Cat. "Our dam would not stoop to furnish water for more than four hours at a time."

"Thank goodness!" said the Black Rat. "Then they can return to their native ditches."

"Ditches!" cried the Waters; "Raven's Gill brook is no ditch. It is almost navigable, and *we* come from there away." They slid over solid and compact till the Wheel thudded under their weight.

"Raven's Gill brook," said the Rat. "*I* never heard of Raven's Gill."

"*We* are the waters of Harpenden Brook—down from under Callton Rise. Phew! how the race stinks compared with the heather country." Another five foot of water flung itself against the Wheel, broke, roared, gurgled, and was gone.

"Indeed," said the Grey Cat, "I am sorry to tell you that Raven's Gill brook is cut off from this valley by an absolutely impassable range of mountains, and Callton Rise is more than nine miles away. It belongs to another system entirely."

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"Ah, yes," said the Rat, grinning, "but we forget that, for the young, water always runs up hill."

"Oh, hopeless! hopeless! hopeless!" cried the Waters, descending open-palmed upon the Wheel. "There is nothing between here and Raven's Gill brook that a hundred yards of channelling and a few square feet of concrete could not remove; and hasn't removed!"

"And Harpenden brook is north of Raven's Gill and runs into Raven's Gill at the foot of Callton Rise, where the big ilex trees are, and *we* come from there!" These were the glassy, clear Waters of the high chalk.

"And Batten's Ponds, that are fed by springs, have been led through Trott's Wood, taking the spare water from the old Witches' Spring under Beltane Haw, and we—*we*—we are the combined waters!" Those were the Waters from the upland bogs and moors—a porter-coloured, dusky, and foam-flecked flood.

"It's all tremendously interesting," purred the Cat to the sliding waters, "and I have no doubt that Trott's Woods and Bott's Woods are tremendously important places; but if you could manage to do your work—whose value I don't in the least dispute—a little more soberly, I, for one, should be grateful."

"Book—book—book—book—book—Domesday Book," the Wheel was fairly clattering now: "'In Burglestaltone a monk holds of Earl Godwin one hide and a half with eight villeins. There is a church—I remember that monk. Blessed if he could rattle his rosary off any quicker than I am doing now . . . and wood for seven hogs. I must be running twelve to the minute . . . almost as fast as Steam. Damnable invention, Steam . . . Surely, it's time we went to dinner or prayers—or something. 'Can't keep up this pressure, day in and day out and not feel it——.' I don't mind for myself, of course. *Noblesse oblige*, you know. I'm only thinking of the Upper and the Nether Millstones. They came out of the common rock. They can't be expected to——"

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"Don't worry on our account, please," said the Millstones huskily. "So long as you supply the power we'll supply the weight and the bite."

"Isn't it a trifle blasphemous, though, to work you in this way?" grunted the Wheel. "I seem to remember something about the Mills of God grinding 'slowly.' *Slowly* was the word!"

"But we aren't the Mills of God. We're only the Upper and the Nether Millstone. We have received no instructions to be anything else. We are actuated by power transmitted from you."

"Ah, but let us be merciful as we are strong. Think of all the beautiful little plants that grow on my woodwork. There are five varieties of rare moss within less than one square yard—and all these delicate jewels of nature are being grievously knocked about by the rush of the water."

"Umph!" growled the Millstones. "What with your religious scruples and your taste for botany we'd hardly know you for the Wheel that put the carter's son under last autumn. You never worried about *him!*"

"He ought to have known better."

"So ought your jewels of nature. Tell 'em to grow where it's safe."

"How a purely mercantile life debases and brutalises!" said the Cat to the Rat.

"They were such beautiful little plants, too," said the Rat tenderly. "Maiden's tongue and hart's hair fern trellising all over the wall just as they do on the sides of churches in the Downs. Think what a joy the sight of them must be to our sturdy peasants pulling hay!"

"Golly!" said the Millstones. "There's nothing like coming to the heart of things for information;" and they returned to the song that all English water-mills have sung from time beyond telling:

There was a jovial miller once
  Lived on the river Dee
And this the burden of his song
  For ever used to be.

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Then, as fresh grist poured in and dulled the note:

I care for nobody—no not I
And nobody cares for me.

"Even these stones have absorbed something of our atmosphere," said the Grey Cat. "Nine tenths of the trouble in this world comes from lack of detachment."

"One of your people died from forgetting that, didn't she?" said the Rat.

"One only. The example has sufficed us for generations."

"Ah! but what happened to Don't Care?" the Waters demanded.

"Brutal riding to death of a casual analogy is another mark of provincialism!" The Grey Cat raised her tufted chin. "I am going to sleep. With my social obligations I must snatch rest when I can, but, as our old friend here says: *Noblesse oblige*. . . . Pity me! Three functions to-night in the village, and a barn-dance across the valley!"

"There's no chance, I suppose, of your looking in on the loft about 2 A.M. Some of our young people are going to amuse themselves with a new sacque-dance—best white flour only," said the Black Rat.

"I believe I am officially supposed not to countenance that sort of thing, but youth is youth. . . . By the way, the humans set my milk-bowl in the loft these days; I hope your youngsters respect it."

"My dear lady," said the Black Rat, bowing, "you grieve me. You hurt me inexpressibly. After all these years, too!"

"A general crush is so mixed—highways and hedges—all that sort of thing—and no one can answer for one's best friends. *I* never try. So long as mine are amusin' and in full voice, and can hold their own at a tile-party, I'm as catholic as these most mixed waters in the dam here."

"We aren't mixed. We *have* mixed. We are one now," said the Waters sulkily.

"Still uttering?" said the Cat. "Never mind, here's the

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Miller coming to shut you off. Ye-es, I have known—*four*—or five is it?—and twenty leaders of revolts in Faenza . . . A little more babble in the dam, a little more noise in the sluice, a little extra splashing on the wheel and then——"

"They will find that nothing has occurred," said the Black Rat. "The old things persist and survive and are recognised—our old friend here first of all. By-the-way," he turned toward the Wheel, "I believe we have to congratulate you on your latest honour."

"Profoundly well deserved—even if he had never—as he has—laboured strenuously through a long life for the amelioration of millkind," said the Cat, who belonged to many tile and oast house committees. "Doubly deserved, I may say, for the silent and dignified rebuke his existence offers to the clattering, fidgety-footed demands of—er—some people. What form did the honour take?"

"It was," said the Wheel bashfully, "a machine-moulded pinion."

"Pinions! Oh, how heavenly!" the Black Rat sighed. "I never see a bat without wishing for wings."

"Not exactly that sort of pinion," said the Wheel, "but a really ornate circle of toothed iron wheels. Absurd of course, but gratifying. Mr. Mangles and an associate invested me with it personally—on my left rim—the side that you can't see from the mill. I hadn't meant to say anything about it—or the new steel straps round my axles—bright red you know—to be worn on all occasions—but, without false modesty, I assure you that the recognition cheered me not a little."

"How intensely gratifying!" said the Black Rat. "I must really steal an hour between lights some day and see what they are doing on your left side."

"Have you any light on this recent activity of Mr. Mangles?" the Grey Cat asked. "He seems to be building small houses on the far side of the tail-race. Believe me, I don't ask from any vulgar curiosity."

"It affects our Order," said the Black Rat simply but firmly.

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"Thank you," said the Wheel, "Let me see if I can tabulate it properly. Nothing like system in accounts of all kinds. Book! Book! Book!—On the side of the wheel towards the hundred of Burglestaltone, where till now was a stye of three hogs, Mangles, a freeman, with four villeins and two carts of two thousand bricks, has a new small house of five yards and a half, and one roof of iron and a floor of cement. Then now and afterwards beer in large tankards. And Felden, a stranger, with three villeins and one very great cart, deposits on it one engine of iron and brass and a small iron mill of four feet, and a broad strap of leather. And Mangles, the builder, with two villeins, constructs the floor for the same, and for one big box half filled with iron and glass and water and a floor of new brick for the small mill. The whole is valued at one hundred and seventy four pounds with the new small house of Mangles. . . . I'm sorry I can't make myself clearer but you can see for yourself."

"Amazingly lucid," said the Cat. She was the more to be admired because the language of Domesday Book is not, perhaps, the clearest medium wherein to describe a small but complete electric-light installation, deriving its power from a water-wheel by means of cogs and gearing.

"See for yourself—by all means, see for yourself," said the Waters spluttering and choking with mirth.

"Upon my word," said the Black Rat furiously. "I may be at fault but I wholly fail to perceive where these offensive eavesdroppers—er—come in. We were discussing a matter that solely affected our Order."

Suddenly they heard as they had heard many times before the Miller shutting off the water. To the rattle and rumble of the labouring stones, followed thick silence punctuated with little drops from the stayed wheel. Then some water-bird in the dam fluttered her wings as she slid to her rest, and the plop of a water-rat sounded like the fall of a log in the water.

"It is all over—it always is all over at just this time.

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Listen, the Miller is going to bed—as usual. Nothing has occurred," said the Cat.

Something creaked in the house where the pig-styes had stood, as metal engaged on metal with a clink and a burr.

"Shall I turn her on?" cried the Miller.

"Ay," said the voice from the house.

"A human in Mangles' new house," the Rat squeaked.

"What of it?" said the Grey Cat. "Even supposing Mr. Mangles' cats-meat-coloured hovel pullulated with humans, can't you see for yourself—that——?"

There was a solid crash of released waters leaping upon the Wheel more furiously than ever: a grinding of cogs: a drone like the hum of a hornet and then the unvisited darkness of the old mill was scattered by intolerable white light. It threw up every cobweb, every burl and knot in the beams and the floor; and the shadows behind the flakes of rough plaster on the wall lay clear-cut as shadows of mountains on a photographed moon.

"See! See! See!" hissed the Waters in full flood. "Yes, see for yourselves. Nothing has occurred. Can't you see?"

The Rat amazed had fallen sheer from his foothold and lay half stunned on the floor. The Cat following her instinct leaped nigh to the ceiling, and with flattened ears and bared teeth backed in a corner ready to fight whatever terror might be loosed on her. But nothing happened. Through the long aching minutes nothing whatever happened; and her bottle-brush tail returned slowly to its proper shape.

"Whatever it is," she said at last. "It's excessive. They can never keep it up, you know."

"Much you know," said the Waters. "Over you go, old man. You can take the full head of us now. Those new steel axle-straps of yours can stand anything. Come along, Raven's Gill, Harpenden, Callton Rise, Batten's ponds, Witches' spring, all together! Let's show these gentlemen how to work!"

"But—but—I thought it was a decoration. Why—why—why—it only means more work for *me!*"

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"Exactly. You're to supply about sixty eight-candle lights when required. But they won't be all in use at once——"

"Ah! I thought as much," said the Cat. "The reaction is bound to come."

"*And*," said the Waters, "you will do the ordinary work of the mill."

"Impossible!" the old Wheel quivered as it drove. "Aluric never did it—nor Azor, nor Reinbert. Not even William de Warrenne or the Papal Legate. There's no precedent for it. I tell you there's no precedent for working a wheel like this."

"Wait a while! We're making one as fast as we can. Aluric and Co. are dead. So's the Papal Legate. You've no notion how dead they are, but we're here—the Waters of Five Separate Systems. We're just as interesting as Domesday Book. Would you like to hear about the land tenure in Trott's Wood? It's squat-right chiefly." The mocking Waters leaped one over the other, chuckling and chattering profanely.

"In that hundred Jenkins, a tinker, with one dog—*unus canis*—holds, by the grace of God and a habit he has of working hard, *unam hidam*—a large potato patch. Charmin' fellow, Jenkins. Friend of ours. Now, who the dooce did Jenkins keep? . . . In the hundred of Callton is one charcoal-burner *irreligiosissimus homo*—a bit of a rip—but a thorough sportsman. *Ibi est ecclesia. Non multum.* Not much of a church, *quia* because, *episcopus* the Vicar irritated the Nonconformists *tunc et post et modo*—then and afterwards and now—until they built a cut-stone Congregational chapel with red brick facings that returned itself— *defendebat se*—at four thousand pounds."

"Charcoal-burners, vicars, schismatics, and red brick facings," groaned the Wheel. "But this is sheer blasphemy. What waters have they let in upon me?"

"Floods from the back ditches. Faugh, this light is positively sickening!" said the Cat, re-arranging her fur.

"We come down from the clouds or up from the springs, exactly like all other waters everywhere. Is that what's surprising you?"

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"Of course not. I know my work if you don't. What I complain of is your lack of reverence and repose. You've no instinct of deference towards your betters—your heartless parody of the sacred volume (he meant Domesday Book) proves it."

"Our betters?" said the Waters most solemnly. "What is there in all this dammed race that hasn't come down from the clouds, or——"

"Spare me that talk, please," the Wheel persisted. "You'd *never* understand. It's the tone—your tone that we object to."

"Yes. It's your tone," said the Black Rat, picking himself up limb by limb.

"If you thought a trifle more about the work you're supposed to do, and a trifle less about your precious feelings, you'd render a little more duty in return for the power vested in you—we mean wasted on you," the Waters replied.

"I have been some hundreds of years laboriously acquiring the knowledge which you see fit to challenge so light-heartedly," the Wheel jarred.

"Challenge him! Challenge him!" clamoured the little waves riddling down through the tail-race. "As well now as later. Take him up!"

The main mass of the Waters plunging on the wheel shocked that well-bolted structure almost into box-lids by saying: "Very good. Tell us what you suppose yourself to be doing at the present moment."

"Waiving the offensive form of your question, I answer purely as a matter of courtesy, that I am engaged in the trituration of farinaceous substances whose ultimate destination it would be a breach of the trust reposed in me to reveal."

"Fiddle!" said the Waters. "We knew it all along! The first direct question shows his awful ignorance of his own job. Listen, old man. Thanks to us, you are now actuating a machine of whose construction you know nothing, that that machine may, over wires of whose ramifications you are, by your very position, absolutely ignorant, deliver a power which you can never realise to localities beyond the extremest limits

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of your mental horizon, with the object of producing phenomena which in your wildest dreams (if you ever dream) you could never comprehend. Is that clear, or would you like it all in words of four syllables?"

"Your assumptions are deliciously sweeping, but may I point out that a decent and—the dear old Abbot of Wilton would have put it in his resonant monkish Latin much better than I can—a scholarly reserve, does not necessarily connote blank vacuity of mind on all subjects."

"Ah, the dear old Abbot of Wilton," said the Rat sympathetically as one nursed in that bosom. "Charmin' fellow—thorough scholar and gentleman. Such a pity!"

"Oh Sacred Fountains!" the Waters were fairly boiling. "He goes out of his way to expose his ignorance by triple bucketfuls! He creaks to high heaven that he is hopelessly behind the new order of things! He invites the streams of Five Watersheds to witness his su—su—su—pernal incompetence, and then he talks as though there were untold reserves of knowledge behind him that he is too modest to bring forward. For a bland, circular, absolutely sincere impostor, you're a miracle, O Wheel!"

"I do not pretend to be anything more than an integral portion of an accepted and not altogether mushroom institution."

"Quite so," said the Waters. "Then go round—hard——"

"To what end?" asked the Wheel.

"Till a big box of tanks in your house begins to fizz and fume—gassing is the proper word."

"It would be," said the Cat, sniffing.

"That will show that your accumulators are full. When the accumulators are exhausted, and the lights burn badly, you will find us whacking you round and round again."

"The end of life as decreed by Mangles and his creatures is to go whacking round and round for ever," said the Cat.

"In order," the Rat said, "that you may throw raw and unnecessary illumination upon all the unloveliness in the

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world. Unloveliness which we shall, er—have always with us. At the same time you will riotously neglect the so-called little but vital minor graces that make up life."

"Yes, Life," said the cat, "with its dim delicious half-tones and veiled indeterminate distances. Its surprisals, escapes, encounters and dizzying leaps—its full-throated choruses in honour of the morning star and its melting reveries beneath the sun-warmed wall."

"Oh, you can go on the tiles, Fatima, just the same as usual," said the laughing Waters. "*We* won't interfere with you."

"On the tiles, forsooth!" hissed the Cat.

"Well, that's what it amounts to," persisted the Waters. "We see a good deal of the minor graces of life on our way down to our job."

"And—but I fear I speak to deaf ears—do they never impress you?" said the Wheel.

"Enormously," said the Waters. "We have already learned six hundred synonyms for loafing."

"But (here again I feel as though preaching in the wilderness) it never occurs to you that there may exist some small difference between the wholly animal—er—rumination of bovine minds and the discerning, well-apportioned leisure of the finer type of intellect?"

"Oh, yes. The bovine mind goes to sleep under a hedge and makes no bones about it when it's shouted at. We've seen *that*—in haying-time—all along the meadows. The finer type is wide-awake enough to fudge up excuses for shirking, and mean enough to get stuffy when its excuses aren't accepted. Turn over!"

"But, my good people, no gentleman gets stuffy as you call it. A certain proper pride, to put it no higher, forbids——"

"Nothing that he wants to do if he really wants to do it. Get along! What are you giving us? D'you suppose we've scoured half heaven in the clouds, and half earth in the mists to be taken in at this time of the day by a bone-idle, old hand-quern of your type?"

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"It is not for me to bandy personalities with you. I can only say that I simply decline to accept the situation."

"Decline away. It doesn't make any odds. They'll probably put in a turbine if you decline too much."

"What's a turbine?" said the Wheel.

"A little thing, you don't see, that performs surprising revolutions. But *you* won't decline. You'll hang on to your two nice red-strapped axles and your new machine-moulded pinions like—a—like a leech on a lily stem. There's centuries of work in your old bones if you'd only apply yourself to it; and mechanically an overshot wheel with this head of water, is about as efficient as a turbine."

"So in future I am to be considered mechanically? I have been painted by at least five Royal Academicians."

"Oh, you can be painted by five hundred when you aren't at work, of course. But while you are at work you'll work. You won't half-stop and think and talk about rare plants and dicky-birds and farinaceous flap-doodle. You'll continue to revolve, and this new head of water will see that you do so continue."

"It is a matter on which it would be exceedingly ill-advised to form a hasty or a premature conclusion. I will give it my most careful consideration," said the Wheel.

"Please do," said the Waters gravely. "Hullo! Here's the Miller again."

The cat coiled herself in a picturesque attitude on the softest corner of a sack, and the Rat without haste yet certainly without rest, slipped behind the sacking as though an idea had just occurred to him.

In the doorway, with the young Engineer, stood the Miller grinning amazedly.

"Well—well—well! 'tis true-ly won'erful. An' what a power o' dirt! It come over me now looking at these lights, that I've never rightly seen my own mill before. She needs a lot bein' done to her."

"Ah! I suppose one must make oneself moderately

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agreeable to the baser sort. They have their uses. This thing controls the dairy." The cat pincing on her toes came forward and rubbed her head against the Miller's knee.

"Ay you pretty puss," he said stooping. "You're as big a cheat as the rest of 'em that catch no mice about me. A won'erful smooth-skinned rough-tongued cheat you be. I've more than half a mind——"

"She does her work well," said the Engineer, pointing to where the rat's beady eyes showed behind the sacking. "Cats and rats living together—see?"

"Too much they do—too long they've done. I'm sick and tired of it. Go and take a swim and larn to find your own vittles honest when you come out, pussy."

"My word!" said the Waters, as a sprawling cat landed all unannounced in the centre of the tail-race. "Is that you, Fatima? You seem to have been quarrelling with your best friend. Get over to the left. It's shallowest there. Up on that alder-root with all four paws. Good night!"

"You'll never get any they rats," said the Miller, as the young Engineer struck wrathfully with his stick at the sacking. "They're not the common sort. They're the old black English sort."

"Are they, by Jove? I must catch one to stuff, some day."

. . . . .

Six months later, in the chill of a January afternoon, they were letting in the Waters as usual.

"Come along! It's both gears this evening," said the Wheel, kicking joyously in the first rush of the icy stream. "There's a heavy load of grist just in from Lamber's Wood. Eleven miles it came in an hour and a half in our new motor-lorry, and the Miller's rigged five new five-candle lights in his cow-stables. I'm feeding 'em to-night. There's a cow due to calve. Oh, while I think of it, what's the news from Callton Rise?"

"The waters are finding their level, as usual—but why do you ask?" said the deep outpouring Waters.

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"Because Mangles and Felden and the Miller are talking of increasing the plant here and running a saw-mill by electricity. I was wondering whether we——"

"I beg your pardon," said the Waters, chuckling. "*What* did you say?"

"Whether *we*, of course, had power enough for the job. It will be a biggish contract. There's all Harpenden Brook to be considered and Batten's Ponds as well, and Witches' Fountain."

"We've power enough for anything in the world," said the Waters. "The only question is whether you could stand the strain if we came down on you full head—up to, say, forty horse-power."

"Of course I can," said the Wheel. "Mangles is going to turn me into a set of turbines—beauties."

"Oh—er—I suppose it's the frost that has made us a little thick-headed, but to whom are we talking?" asked the amazed Waters.

"To me—the Spirit of the Mill, of course."

"Not to the old Wheel, then?"

"I happen to be living in the old Wheel just at present. When the turbines are installed I shall go and live in them. What earthly difference does it make?"

"Absolutely none," said the Waters, "in the earth or in the waters under the earth. But we thought turbines didn't appeal to you."

"Not like turbines? Me? My dear fellows, turbines are good for fifteen hundred revolutions a minute—and with our power we can drive 'em at full speed. Why there's nothing we couldn't grind or saw or illuminate or heat with a set of turbines! That's to say if all the Five Watersheds are agreeable."

"Oh, we've been agreeable for ever so long."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"'Don't know. Suppose it slipped our memory." The Waters were holding themselves in for fear of bursting with mirth.

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"How careless of you! You should keep abreast of the age, my dear fellows. We might have settled it long ago, if you'd only spoken. Yes, four good turbines and a neat brick penstock—eh? This old Wheel's absurdly out of date."

"Well," said the Cat, who after a little decent seclusion had returned to her place impenitent as ever. "Praised be Pasht and the Old Gods that whatever may have happened, *I*, at least, have preserved the Spirit of the Mill."

She looked round as expecting her faithful ally, the Black Rat; but that very week the engineer had caught and stuffed him and had put him in a glass case, he being a genuine old English black rat; and that breed, the books say, is rapidly diminishing before the incursions of the brown variety.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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EDUCATION IN THE NAVY

III

IN view of the dissatisfaction with our system of naval education which is felt with ever-increasing anxiety in the Service, and to which an over-worked Admiralty has once again begun to listen, it may be of interest to recall the previous attempts to place it on an adequate footing. All these attempts have been made from within, through departmental committees. Strange as it may now seem to us, who are beginning to have a serious belief in the value of education, no Royal or Parliamentary Commission has ever considered the subject. Though the whole efficiency of the Fleet rests ultimately on the training of cadets, the question has never been lifted higher in the counsels of the nation than that of anti-fouling compositions or the pattern of a cable-holder.

It is not only from the point of view of naval education that the history of the matter is worth realising. It affords also a striking study of those methods of administration which our services and institutions still manage to survive, and that too in reasonable health and vigour. The system of procedure appears to have been from time to time to call together the best authorities, listen patiently to their advice, embody it in a lucid and careful report, and then do something more or less different from what was advised. Nor is this all. In the past thirty years or so four Departmental Committees have sat on the Education of Naval Officers. After each report, something

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different from what it recommended was done, and finally a system was adopted which was essentially the exact opposite of what they all recommended. That system is the one which now holds the field to the despair of the whole Service.

Such a condition of things, when accidentally brought to light, is usually the signal for alarmist cries and much vituperation of the persons responsible. It is not, perhaps, unpardonable that it should be so. The taxpayer may at least be forgiven a trace of impatience with his rulers. He will call them evil names; he will accuse them of indifference, stupidity or worse. And yet, if he stops to think, he will know this cannot be the cause of the bewildering administration that staggers his loyalty. He will see that the explanation must lie elsewhere. The bulk of the men who become charged with the national administration he knows quite well are above the average of intelligence and capacity. For the most part they have shown some aptitude for the business, some ability for hard work, some unselfish devotion to the public good, some earnest desire to leave things better than they found them. Take, for instance, the man who as First Lord of the Admiralty instituted the existing system in defiance of all the Committees which had patiently considered the subject. He was the taxpayer's ideal Minister—a man of business, of wide experience and success, of unusual capacity and love for hard work, of unblemished integrity, and undoubted devotion. The country can never hope to recruit its administrators from men of a higher type or with better qualifications than those of Lord Goschen at his best, and yet it was Lord Goschen at his best who is responsible for the staggering step backwards that was taken when the Service was crying for the long-delayed step in advance.

It is idle in such a case to set the trouble down to want of business capacity or stupidity or inertness or corruption, or to any of the catchwords that fill exasperated leading articles and thunder from "efficiency" platforms. No; the trouble must lie somewhere else, and better than cries of alarm and vituperation would be a sympathetic effort to find out what it is that,

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in spite of high desire and ungrudging toil, prevents these admirable men from doing what is admirable. We know perfectly well they would never conduct their own affairs in such a way. We know perfectly well they enter the Administration determined to do for the public what they do for themselves, and yet in a little while the chill of Whitehall settles down upon them; the miasma from that graveyard of endeavour enwraps them; their hands shake, their eyes grow dim, their purpose falters, and they seem to hasty judgment no longer sane or honest men. Yet are they still both sane and honest, and struggling to do their best with conditions under which no private man would ever dream of conducting his business successfully, and under which he would condone the failure of his largest creditor.

Let us turn now from the general to the concrete and take the history of the particular matter in hand. The first attempt to educate cadets for the Navy was made as long ago as 1729 by the establishment of a Naval Academy at Portsmouth Dockyard. It was during the period of profound peace which marked Walpole's second Administration, and the forty students for whose reception it provided were presumably regarded as sufficient to meet the needs of the Fleet. During the long wars that followed, the demand for officers was so great that the effect of the small number issuing from the Academy can hardly have been felt, and midshipmen as a rule got all they knew from what they picked up in the course of their duties afloat. After two attempts to reform the school, in 1806 and 1816, the Admiralty in 1837 finally abandoned the attempt to teach naval cadets ashore. In that year the Portsmouth School was closed, and two years later reopened as a higher naval college which is the parent of Greenwich as it exists to-day. From that time began the disastrous attempt to teach cadets afloat. The Admiralty confined its efforts at secondary education to the improvement of Naval Instructors —schoolmasters, that is, who go to sea in active ships—and the midshipman became what he has remained ever since, a

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"half-timer," partly officer and partly schoolboy, neither long and neither adequately. For twenty years this hopeless system continued, till in the normal way an ill-waged war gave the shock that with us is the necessary preliminary to administrative reform. In the spasm of reconstructive energy that followed the humiliating experiences of the Crimean War, the old school of George II.'s time was restarted. It took the form of a stationary training-ship and became the direct parent of the *Britannia*. The course, which was originally nine months, was quickly increased to fifteen, and the age of entry fixed at between thirteen and fifteen. These are very much the same conditions that now exist, but no sooner was the undertaking started than it was found it would not do. The evils against which every one is now declaiming soon declared themselves. Fifteen months proved wholly inadequate to prepare a boy for joining an active ship. Consequently the age of entry was reduced by successive changes till it was fixed at between twelve and thirteen and a half, and in 1868 a sea-going training-ship was added in which the cadets had to pass a year after the completion of their stationary course. The following year a still further improvement was made by extending the stationary course to two years and providing another hulk for the increased accommodation required; and thus with the year in the sea-going training-ship a three-years course was ultimately reached.

It is at this point, when public attention was absorbed in Mr. Gladstone's attempt to solve the problem of national education, that our Committees come upon the stage. Up to this time, as the latest of these Committees pointed out, the tendency of the numerous changes had all been in the same direction. "The course of training," they say, "has been constantly increasing in length whilst the original training-ship has been modified by degrees, becoming at each stage less like a ship than like a school." The first of the Committees, known as Admiral Shadwell's, reported in 1870 in

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the midst of the education ferment. The situation was seized with a wide grasp, and the pith of its recommendations was that the tendency it recognised should be carried to its logical conclusion by the total abolition of the "half-timer" in active ships and the completion of the cadet's education before he went to sea as an officer. To this end they advised the suppression of the Naval Instructor afloat and the complete abandonment of the discredited attempt to teach boys at sea. The main reason for this which they gave was, in their own words, "the general incompatibility, on which many of the most experienced witnesses strongly insist, between the position of an officer and a schoolboy which it is attempted to combine under our present system." To complete the boy's primary and secondary education before he goes to sea as an officer they regarded as the only way. They, therefore, asked for three years in the stationary ship, with a summer cruise in training-brigs the last year, followed by a year's course in a sea-going training-ship, or four years in all.

Now mark what followed. Certain recommendations as to higher education led to the establishment of the present Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and after an interval of fourteen years to certain facilities being given for officers learning languages abroad. But as for the recommendations regarding earlier education they were entirely ignored—and worse; for not only was the three-years course in the stationary ship not granted, but the sea-going training-ship was abolished. Thus, in the face of the Committee's strongly held conclusion that the existing three-years course should be extended to four years, the Admiralty quietly reduced it to two!

Needless to say the system proved a failure. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that any one expected success. In less than five years' time another Departmental Committee had to be called for. This was that of Admiral Rice, which reported in 1875. With all the emphasis that a Departmental Committee can permit itself, it endorsed the rejected ideas of the Shadwell report and condemned the "half-timer." The points, as they

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said, to which they attached the greatest importance were "the relief of the midshipman from the necessity of devoting his main thoughts and time to mere school studies," and the means by which this relief might be naturally obtained.

To emphasise the error of trying to teach boys at sea they went a step farther than their predecessors and recommended the suppression of all semblance of the heresy by substituting a shore college for the stationary training-ships and the assimilation of such college as nearly as possible to the best Public Schools. The course they urged, reiterating the Shadwell idea, was three years, and the age of entry they recommended was to be as soon as possible after twelve, so that the cadets could go to sea as midshipmen before they were sixteen. In this grade they were to serve three years afloat till they could pass for sub-lieutenant, and after five years afloat as sub-lieutenant they might pass for lieutenant.

Nothing, it would be imagined, could have been better or more restrained. The reforms suggested were not revolutionary, and yet they constituted a real improvement. They proposed a thoroughly practical step forward on the general line that education everywhere was taking, and which experts for years had been specially urging for naval education. The trend of opinion was completely to sever primary, secondary, and higher education, or, in other words, to superimpose technical training upon a solid and completed foundation of general culture. It is the tendency we see working out its final stage to-day in the efforts to eliminate the "half-timer" from the national system of education and in the pressure which the best colleges in the Universities are exerting to force undergraduates to pass "Little go" and similar examinations in schoolboy work before they come into residence. The immediate adoption of so clear-sighted, practicable, and modest a report would seem to outside observers a foregone conclusion; but, in fact, nothing of the kind occurred. Of the recommendations above detailed not one was taken up even in part. The intangible frost settled down on the men who had discerned

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the evil and gone the right way to grapple with it, and beyond some slight modification of the *Britannia* course, nothing was done! With their eyes open and their zeal, no doubt, as keen as ever, they suffered to remain the system which they knew was poisoning the spirit of the Service at its springs. What wonder, then, if, when a few years later Professor Soley came over from the United States to report on "Foreign Systems of Naval Education," he could only treat that of England derisively as an example of what to avoid!

Two years later, in 1877, Mr. O. Gordon's Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. As this dealt mainly with the details of the higher education, it need not detain us further than to note that, although it was nominally higher education which was supposed to be undertaken at Greenwich, the course was really, and still is, largely occupied in endeavouring to re-teach much of what midshipmen are supposed to learn at sea, and some few of the *Britannia* subjects which the sea-going instruction ensures they shall forget.

In spite of the glaring failure of the *Britannia* and "half-timer" system, it continued to stumble on for ten years more before its evils accumulated sufficient disgust to call for a new inquiry. Admiral Luard's Committee was the result, and it reported in 1885. They found that none of the reforms to which their predecessors had attached most importance had been effected, and that many evils of which they complained had been intensified. They found the standard of attainment in the *Britannia* low, and yet they said:

> We think that the Chief Instructor rightly describes the course of study as "very severe" for boys of this age, and we are not surprised that he says that "he does not think that any but the most extraordinary young minds could have so learned the subjects as to retain them for future use."

When at the age of nineteen or twenty a midshipman came from his three years at sea to Greenwich they found that his knowledge of the elementary subjects, "though not so ill-digested and superficial as it was when he left the

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Britannia," was still "far from ready or sound." They then proceeded to condemn sweepingly the whole system as it had existed and still exists, and to endorse once more all the main ideas of the Committees that had preceded them. They then roundly went on to say that nothing but a clean sweep of the whole system would set the confusion right. So crying and critical, however, did they find the evil, that they divided their recommendations under two heads: First, reforms, or rather modifications, that might be immediately introduced pending complete reconstruction; secondly, the lines on which reconstruction should proceed as soon as practicable.

The first part of the report was presented immediately it was ready in order that steps might be taken at once. They then proceeded to the second. In introducing it they said:

> In saying that a considerable change in the system is now necessary, we mean that the present system fails to secure the best material for officers, and fails to give them that practical and intellectual training which is most calculated to secure their efficiency; and we mean further that no mere alteration of a detail here or there is likely to be effective.

They condemned the *Britannia* system from beginning to end, and even more strongly the attempt to carry on the education of young officers at sea, questions on which, as they pointed out, "the previous Admiralty Committees had reported very strongly and unanimously." "It is a system," they said, "that requires boys to study under every possible disadvantage of circumstance," and that on a foundation whose insecurity had been exposed over and over again. "The duties discharged by young midshipmen at sea," they urge, "are of small value to the Service . . . nor, again, does a midshipman on board one of the large ships get much experience even of wind and weather and of the art of handling a ship at sea." So the condemnatory sentences came out one after another like sounding whipcracks on the back of the inert and misshapen monster which we still persuade ourselves is naval education!

Having soundly castigated the thrice-scourged evil, they proceed in a masterly manner to lay down the objects to be

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aimed at in educating and training young officers for the sea, and then to elaborate a system for their attainment. Suffice it to say that in principle it is a final separation of elementary, secondary and higher education. Elementary education up to fifteen years of age was to be left to the ordinary schools of the country—the higher education entirely to the Navy after seventeen. The weak point of their plan was that secondary education was to be shared between Public Schools and the naval school in the *Britannia*, whereby the *Britannia* course was to be reduced to one year between sixteen and seventeen. But the change, be it marked, was based on the belief that the Public Schools would be able and willing to give the special secondary instruction that was required up to the age of sixteen. The Committee were at the pains to submit their proposals to the Headmasters' Conference of 1884, and found them "very generally and even warmly approved of." "The headmasters," they reported, "as a body evinced every disposition to meet the requirements of the public service, some of them offering to found classes in the special subjects." The expectations of the Committee have not been realised. The bulk of the Public Schools found it impracticable to put their good intentions into action, and they have almost entirely failed as a source upon which the Fleet can depend for cadets.

With a system, therefore, which hinged on an expectation of assistance outside the Service which was never realised we need not further concern ourselves here. The important consideration for the matter in hand is the Committee's recommendations for the immediate alleviation of the trouble pending complete reconstruction. The pith of them was an attempt to tackle the impossibility of boys learning in the two-years *Britannia* course what the Navy tried to teach them. To this end it was recommended that the age of entry should be raised to between thirteen and fourteen, in order to give an extra year to elementary education in ordinary schools and then to simplify the *Britannia* subjects down to what it was possible to teach in two years. Nothing could be more sound or simple;

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nothing easier to carry through. But what was done? The age of entry was slightly raised, so that the cadets after their two-years course left the *Britannia* just at the age at which the Committee was unanimously of the opinion that, under a perfected system, they ought to enter it. And this they continue to do to the present day. There reform ended. Of the proposed reconstruction not a note was heard.

But even this is not the last or the worst word. Had the Admiralty been able to keep their hands off even the minute improvement, which was all they adopted from the Committee, some good might have come. True, these small reforms were only intended as a temporary expedient to last a couple of years till the proposed reconstruction could be carried through. Still, it was at least an advance towards the goal, on the lines every expert had more or less approved, and not a step backwards. But this the Admiralty found it impossible to do. As the Fleet increased, and with its growth the demand for officers, the limits of the *Britannia* accommodation were reached and something had to be done to swell the flow of cadets into the Service. Surely it would be thought that at such a moment, when the old system had developed a new defect, when the public were keenly alive to improving the Navy, and when such a man as Lord Goschen was at the helm, the opportunity would have been seized to take the taxpayers into confidence and ask for the means for a complete reconstruction. Nothing of the kind was attempted. Instead of turning to the special knowledge that had been obtained through the series of Committees, three Public School masters were called to counsel. The idea, no doubt, was to tap the Public School supply, and also, perhaps, to ascertain whether they really meant to supply the secondary instruction which they had led Luard's Committee to expect. However this may be, the only visible result was that Latin was made compulsory for the *Britannia* entrance. The staff of the *Britannia* were also applied to, and their answer gives a hint of why the Public School masters were approached. The question sent

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down to the *Britannia* was to ask the best way to increase entries of cadets and midshipmen into the Fleet in view of the ship being quite full. The answer was that it might be done in three ways: (1) By allowing a certain number of entries into the Fleet up to the age of seventeen direct from Public Schools. (2) By fitting up another *Britannia*. (3) By reducing the time in the *Britannia* to one year.

Now it will be remembered that the last Committee had been for reducing the *Britannia* course to one year. True the recommendation was a nicely fitting part of a complete system no fragment of which had yet been introduced, and true it was that it was recommended on the distinct condition that the age should begin at sixteen after the boy's secondary education had been half completed in special classes in Public Schools. Still they had recommended the reduction, and that was enough to justify a cheap escape from the deadlock. The suggestion was jumped at as one divinely in harmony with the traditions of the public service. So another patch was torn from the soiled and tattered fabric, and naval education was brought back exactly to the point from which it started after the Crimean War.

Thus incredibly, and yet beyond all contradiction, was instituted the final form of that system on which the greatest fleet in the world depends for its brains. Comment is as needless as it is impossible. To scold and rail would be unjust; no conceivable stupidity could achieve such folly; no treachery could be so ingenious; no laziness take such useless pains. We can only hold our breath as we contemplate the fantastic edifice standing somehow without balance or foundation and remember that it was completed by one of the most level-headed, practical, and zealous administrators of our time!

Where, then, lies the explanation? The answer is plainly given by two of the Committees. It is simply that it is nobody's business at the Admiralty to watch the system of education, and the strain of the great service is so severe that, unless a piece of work is told off to a special quarter, it never

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can get itself done. The last Committee set its finger plainly on the weak spot. Before Admiral Shadwell in 1870, Captain Sherard Osborn had said:

> I think the whole subject of education of the Navy, both in its junior and senior branches, is one which is so important at this moment that I would advise that a distinct branch or Secretaryship of the Admiralty should be formed for the purpose of watching over it with a view to keep the education of the Navy in harmony with the general movement that is taking place throughout the country.

To formulate systems of education, to gather knowledge from the ends of the earth by Committees is useless unless there be some one to turn precept to practice. Admiral Luard's Committee plainly said so in words that deserve remembrance:

> However careful [they say] and judicious the report of a Committee may be, it must of necessity fail somewhat in effect from the absence at the Admiralty of any specially qualified officer whose duty it would be both to judge of the recommendations and to advise the Board in regard to them; who would, moreover, watch the effectual carrying out of their Lordships' decisions, and thus secure a continuity of educational progress which appears hitherto to have been lacking.

To characterise what they knew of the course of naval education as an apparent "lack of continuity" must have demanded the pen of angels or that sense of humour that is the saving grace of the Navy. Nor were their recommendations less restrained. Without entirely adopting Captain Osborn's proposal, they recommended that the "President of the Naval College" should be made Director-General of Education.

Of the comparative merits of the two proposals others must judge. The point is that both were ignored and that both trace the stagnation to the same cause—the absence of machinery at headquarters. All along we have been expecting the laden train to move without an engine, and when from time to time we have awakened to the fact that it remains at a standstill we have in childish hope unhitched a truck or two—and yet it does not move.

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A mere glance at the present distribution of work at the Admiralty is enough to convince us how wholly inadequate is the motive power. The direction of naval education—not only of officers, but in all its branches—is assigned to the Second Naval Lord. Along with this vast and intricate subject he is also responsible for such trifles as Manning the Fleet; Mobilisation of the Fleet and of Reserves so far as relates to *personnel;* Royal Marines; Steam Reserve as regards officers and men; Coast Guard; Royal Naval Reserve; Naval Volunteers; Interpreters; Medals; appointments of all ranks from Lieutenants down to Boatswains, including Engineers; Deserters; Character, Conduct, and Badge Questions; Naval Prisons; and Minor Collisions. How any man can be expected to give adequate attention to this distracting complexity of work and at the same time originate and carry through radical reforms in any part of it needs no argument. Any one can see it for himself. Until we are willing to give the First Lord an adequate staff nothing can be done. It is not the will, or the knowledge, or the capacity that is wanting. At this moment, under the restless energy of its present head, the Admiralty is an ebullient chaldron of committees inquiring with fervid zeal into every corner of the Service. But without funds and without staff how shall their toil come to fruition? The moral of it all he who runs may read in this plain tale of Naval Education: The mountain has been in labour so often; so many mice have been born.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

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THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

WHAT is the French-Canadian? What position does he hold in the British Empire? How far and in what direction can he affect the destinies of that Empire? These are questions which very few British statesmen and publicists think worthy of their consideration.

To the superficial observer the numerical strength of the French-Canadians in the British Empire is insignificant: about 1,600,000 souls, including the Acadians in the Maritime Provinces, out of 400,000,000. But in all problems—and more especially in racial and political problems—the effective value of figures lies entirely in their relative position.

The British Empire is not a mere aggregation of human beings ruled by one law, and kept together by brute force, or even by the will of a majority of its total population. Its political structure cannot be altered without the free consent of its self-governing component parts—not to speak of India and the Crown Colonies. Of the self-governing possessions of Great Britain, Canada is the most important. If Canada has a word to say in that reorganisation of the Empire of which we hear so much, the sentiments of its French-speaking population cannot be ignored.

From 60,000 people, mostly peasants, left by France in 1760 on the banks of the St. Lawrence, has sprung a thrifty, active,

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hard-working and well-educated people, at least 3,000,000 strong. This human group is possessed of strong ethnical characteristics both moral and physical. In other words, it forms a race by itself. Nearly one half of them live in the United States, where, while adapting themselves to American institutions, they successfully resist racial absorption. Were it not for this exodus, the French-Canadians would now be a ruling majority in Canada. As figures stand to-day, they are nearly one-third of the total population of the Dominion. They hold the province of Quebec, the second in the Confederation. In the English provinces of Eastern Canada, including the Acadian groups of the Maritime Provinces, their relative position, both in number and influence, is gradually becoming stronger.

By natural increase, the French-Canadian element grows much faster than the English-speaking population. It doubles in number about every quarter of a century. Within the last few years emigration to the United States has greatly slackened. The development of mines and manufactures in Canada, as well as the prosperous condition of agriculture, are now operating the other way; and every year thousands of French-Canadians are brought back from the United States to Canada.

It is sometimes said of the French-Canadian that he does not show the same aptitude as the Scotch or the English for money-making, and mining or manufacturing enterprise. True; though, unaided as he was by outside capital and foreign relations, isolated in the midst of an alien element on the continent of America, he has made for himself a most creditable position in trade and finance.

But there is one undisputed fact, and it is that the French-Canadian is the best *défricheur* and settler in the world. He takes hold of forest lands which repel all other settlers, he clears them, and he sticks to the soil, not as tenant, but as free and permanent owner. This colonising spirit has preserved, as the basis of the French-Canadian race, a sturdy and sober

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population of small land-owners who have a right to vote and take much pride in using it.

In the higher spheres of education, of intellectual training, of professional pursuits, the French-Canadian is easily equal, if not superior, to his Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizen.

In the opening up and development of the country, in the framing of its constitution, in the making of laws, the French-Canadian has played his part successfully. As regards the codification and harmonising of laws, old and new, the province of Quebec is unquestionably at the head of the Confederation. It alone has a code of civil law, in which the old French custom, the modern provisions of the *Code Napoléon*, and several of the English statutory laws have been brought together.

From all these facts it may safely be assumed that the French-Canadian will continue to occupy a strong position in Canada, and to exert his influence on its national policy; and as time goes on, this position and influence cannot but acquire strength.

That, with all his marked peculiarities, and with that conservative frame of mind which makes him refractory to assimilation, the French-Canadian should have adapted himself so thoroughly to British institutions seems almost incredible. And indeed, such has been that adaptation that he is more sensitive than his English-speaking fellow citizen to any attack from within or from without against the constitution which they have obtained in partnership from the Parliament of Great Britain. A careful study of historical causes and developments would soon enable the sociologist and even the politician to understand this phenomenon.

To say that British institutions are prized by the French-Canadian in the same sense and for the same motives that they are dear to the British is, of course, preposterous. Neither has he been brought to accept them in order to be saved from anarchy or from the tyranny of corrupt rulers, as was the case with many of the nations of India. He has accepted

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British institutions because he was well prepared by his hereditary instincts to receive them, because he has fought to get them, and because he has shown himself as able as his co-partner, the Anglo-Canadian, to make them work to the benefit of Canada. He has made them his own, and he takes as much pride in their enjoyment as any other British citizen.

But to draw therefrom the conclusion that he is ready to follow the rest of the British world in a deep evolution and to assume new imperial burdens is an altogether different thing.

Even in Canada the French-Canadian is not well understood by his English-speaking neighbour; and this, no doubt, is largely due to the fact that so few Anglo-Canadians think it necessary to become acquainted with the language and real ethics of their French-speaking fellow citizens. As a result, they are apt to misjudge their national aspirations.

Many Anglo-Canadians believe that, with the help of a few leaders of his own blood, the French-Canadian may be easily induced to accept a closer union with Great Britain and the Empire. To others he remains a half-acclimatised scion of the French race, still entertaining vague aspirations towards France, and resenting the easy pressure of British rule; and he will have to be forced by the strength of the majority to accept what is now termed—though seldom defined—"the full responsibilities of Imperial citizenship." Others again, who know more of his present situation than of his past struggles, consider that the French-Canadian owes such a debt of gratitude to Great Britain and to the English-speaking majority that he should not hesitate a moment to pay that debt by accepting new obligations towards the Empire.

All these opinions are delusive and dangerous; and the sooner they are dispelled, the better for the peace and welfare of Canada and of the Empire at large.

What I propose to develop in the limits of two articles is: (1) The ethnical and political formation of the French-

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Canadian; (2) How he views the new problems of Imperialism.

I

The bulk of the settlers of New France crossed the ocean in the latter part of the seventeenth and the earlier half of the eighteenth century. The early settlements for purely mercantile purposes soon failed. The enterprises of the Hundred Associates and the West Indies Company were never very prosperous and shortly disappeared. The real and vital New France was founded by practical and disinterested idealists such as Champlain and Maisonneuve, by monks and priests such as Lallemant, Brébeuf, and Laval, by nuns like Jeanne Mance and Marguerite Bourgeoys, and by a choice population of good French peasants, law-abiding and peace-loving, moral, strong-willed, and persevering.

Of a purer and sounder origin there is no example in the history of all transplantations from the Old to the New World. The vigorous morality which has preserved this little human group through a long train of adverse circumstances is no doubt due to the special care with which female immigration was controlled by the Church authorities. Curious records are kept in the Quebec archives of women sent back to France because their morals were not pure enough to entitle them to become the worthy mothers of the colony.

Another peculiar feature of this early immigration is its ethnical origin. Most of the settlers of New France came from the western and northern provinces of France: Anjou, Poitou, Perche, Normandy, and Picardy—that is, from regions which had been for centuries in close contact with England. The Normandy names, manners, and accent are still predominant in Quebec. All these immigrants came at a time when the political system of France was largely decentralised; when each province had its Parliament, its military and civil government, its laws and *Coutumes*.

French immigration to America stopped forty years before the Revolution had smashed up all local institutions and made

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room for the great work of national unification performed by the Napoleonic *régime*. In other words, the French-Canadian nationality, born at least two hundred years ago, was severed from the motherland half a century before the modern French nationality was completed. The more nervous, enthusiastic, brilliant, and talkative southern spirit, which has been mixed up with the sturdy, shrewd, and conservative northern temperament to form the French of to-day, was totally absent from New France. A complete estrangement of nearly a century followed the period of secession from France. Meanwhile new blood from the British Isles continually poured into the Anglo-American colonies, whereas in Canada the French-Canadian element has received no additional influx from France. So that the actual French-Canadian is, in many respects, a very different human type from his European kinsman.

What his sentiments, personal and political, are towards the land of his national birth, I shall define later on. Let it suffice to say now that, even before the Cession, the difference between the Old Country folk and the new settlers was already quite marked.

The adventurous life of the New World soon developed in the colonists the love of personal and social liberty, natural to all healthy and strong men. This love of freedom did not manifest itself with the same stern passion which permeated the Pilgrim Fathers of New England: they had not suffered persecution for their political and religious faith, and no instinct of social revenge was bred in their hearts. They had a gentler disposition towards dissenters, a broader sense of toleration, a more humane spirit of proselytism with regard to the natives.

The constant necessity of defending their settlements against Indian aggressions developed in them an unbounded love for their adopted country, as well as a joyful and unswerving disposition to fight. The long wars with the New England settlements, coming soon after the struggles with the Iroquois, still further accentuated those warlike propensities.

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But if the Canadians came to love fighting, they meant to fight in their own way. For a free expedition on the borders of Massachusetts or Nova Scotia they were always ready, providing they could return for their crops. The permanent, regular military life in camps and forts they cordially hated. In his letters to the French authorities, Montcalm frequently refers to the difficulty he finds in keeping the Canadian militiamen and officers on good terms with the regulars under the yoke of a common discipline.

From a military point of view, Montcalm had good reason to complain of the parsimony of the French Government in the sending of regular troops to the colony; but as the fate of New France was to be sealed sooner or later, it was a boon to the Canadians that the influx of the military element was not stronger. A few thousand soldiers more, which France could then have easily spared, though they might have retarded, could not have stopped the conquest. And their presence would have rendered more difficult the work of pacification.

The war once over, all the high officials, both military and civil, the latest troops sent from France, and several of the wealthiest colonists returned to the motherland. The clergy, the nuns, and the people remained, with the firm determination of settling peacefully and observing loyally the terms of surrender.

It may fairly be considered that the partial exodus of the aristocratic element was an actual loss to Canada, the country being thus deprived of a large number of its most prosperous and influential inhabitants. But the absence of any other privileged class than the clergy made for a better understanding between the victor and the vanquished, and for the safer protection of the latter. Aristocrats are apt to manifest their qualities, good or bad, in a more decided form than the humbler classes. A French-Canadian aristocracy would have either kept up racial feuds or cringed before the conqueror, as did most of the few nobles who remained. Aggressiveness

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and servility were the two faults which the new subjects of the British Crown had to avoid.

The only leading class left in the country was the clergy. Apart from the high moral authority which they naturally exercised over a deeply religious population, they soon acquired a marked social and political ascendency. The people felt that their bishops and priests were their natural guides and their best leaders, both for the management of their local and individual affairs and for the protection of their national existence.

The official recognition of the Church, the preservation of the legal status of the episcopal and parochial corporations, and also the civil and racial rights guaranteed to the French-Canadian people, are sometimes quoted as an evidence of generosity, nay, of excessive benignity, on the part of Great Britain.

No doubt the French-Canadians occupy to-day a most enviable position: they enjoy religious and national rights such as are possessed by very few minorities in any country. But it must be remembered that those rights were but gradually won, and after years of painful struggles.

The rudiments of those rights were secured, first, by the capitulation of Montreal (1760); secondly, by the Treaty of Paris (1763). But these conventions, the latter especially, were not the result of mere generosity on the part of the victor. British arms were victorious in America; in Europe their success had not been so decided. The Treaty of Paris was a matter of give and take on both sides. France procured a few paltry advantages in Europe, England enormous gains in America and India. On the whole, the treaty was almost to the exclusive advantage of England, and probably out of proportion with her gains on the battlefields of the Seven Years War. Had the corrupt government of Louis XV. and Choiseul had a more accurate conception of the future of New France and India, England would not have acquired her new empire so easily.

The concessions granted to the French-Canadians and the

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Roman Catholic Church in Canada were not only the very cheap price paid for that immense territory; they were the best means of pacification. And, curiously enough, they eventually proved to be the only safeguard of British power in America.

When the struggle became acute between the Home government and the Anglo-American colonies, the British Parliament wisely broadened the measure of liberty granted to the inhabitants of the new colony. Good results soon followed: for not only did the French-Canadians refuse to join hands with the rebels, but they voluntarily took up arms to repel American invasion. Even after France had come to the rescue of the new-born Republic, they remained unflinching in their fidelity.

Of course, this most remarkable manifestation of loyalty on the part of the French-Canadians, coming at a time when the wounds of the struggle against England were hardly healed, was due to various causes. One of them was their antipathy of old standing against the "Bostonians," as they called the settlers of New England, with whom they had much more frequent and fierce encounters than with the Old Country soldiers. Then, the development of their own nationality, as I have previously explained, and the remembrance of the light-heartedness with which the French Government had abandoned them to their fate and bankrupted their colonial administration, must have weakened the effect of the warm appeals of Lafayette. But these were already distant motives. The actual fact, most patent to the French-Canadians, and especially to their ecclesiastical leaders, was the comparison they made between the *régime* under which they lived and the harsh treatment which the Roman Catholic Church was receiving at the hands of the Anglo-American colonies.

A few years later, France was passing through the Revolutionary storm: the traditional basis of things was displaced; religious orders, priests and bishops were dispersed and persecuted; ecclesiastical properties were seized. The Canadian

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clergy, no doubt, made comparisons altogether favourable to British rule. This sentiment was so strong, that during the Napoleonic war, when the British Government found itself in such a stress as to be forced to appeal to voluntary subscriptions in order to fill its empty exchequer, the Sulpicians of Montreal, most of them French born, went to the length of subscribing funds to carry on the war against the French Empire. The last blow struck at the Corsican giant, at Waterloo, was celebrated by solemn *Te Deums* in the churches of Montreal and Quebec. This has often been considered as an excess of loyalty, not far distant from sycophancy. But acts of this kind must be judged according to the moral ethics of those days. In the eyes of the Canadian clergy, the French Revolution was an abominable subversion of all principles of Church and State; the Empire was Revolution legalised; Napoleon was the Pope's gaoler: his downfall was not only, in their mind, the deserved punishment of his crimes, it was the salvation of the Church and of France herself.

Again, in 1812–13, the French-Canadians were led to fight for England against the United States through causes similar to those which had been at work in 1774–76. Circumstances, however, were somewhat altered, and in such a way as rendered more meritorious the attitude of the French subjects of the British Crown. True, there were, this time, no French on the American side to appeal to the racial feelings of the French-Canadian. On the other hand, his old antipathy against the Americans had largely abated; and although he had won valuable concessions from the British Government and Parliament, he was in the midst of his struggle for responsible government, and had to fight strenuously against the exactions of an oligarchic rule, as explained hereafter. Some of his political leaders had been imprisoned, and the Church authorities themselves had to fight against the Governor to preserve their right of nominating ecclesiastical functionaries. But, as on the eve of the American rebellion, the British authorities and the Governor gave way at the right moment;

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and the people stood once more by the Crown, at the urgent appeal of their bishops and priests, and once more Canada was spared to be a British possession, thanks to her French inhabitants.

Apart from the predominant influence of the clergy, the French-Canadians were driven to accept British authority by an imperative need of rest. Indeed, dark in their life was the day when they witnessed the old white flag giving way to the colours of the enemy, and leaving for ever the banks of the St. Lawrence; but the bitterness of their sorrow was no doubt greatly smoothed by the thought that peace had at last come to remain.

As I have stated, the French-Canadians, like all rural populations, were soldiers neither by taste nor by trade. They had been driven to war by necessity; but the moment that necessity disappeared, their natural instinct asserted its rights again, and they gladly returned to their peaceful avocations. So powerful was the reaction that it is still felt. The aversion of the average French-Canadian to war, to militarism, to soldierly rule and manners, is general and deeply seated.

Turning from war to politics, let us briefly examine the establishment of representative government in Canada.

Martial law, followed by a purely autocratic government, lasted until 1774. Then it was that, frightened by the spreading revolt of the Anglo-American Colonies, the British Parliament passed the Quebec Act, which has always been considered by the French-Canadian people as their Magna Charta. It was still a rudimentary constitution. It created no elective body. But the Church organisation, the jury system, the French civil laws, the territorial administration, were acknowledged and settled. The Government was still purely autocratic; but the Governor had a board of advisers, to which he appointed an English-speaking majority, with a few representatives of the colonists; he also nominated from their ranks judges and magistrates, and captains of militia.

A large and worthy class of citizens, known as the United

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Empire Loyalists, had been driven by the American Revolution from the southern colonies. Some of them went to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; the others came to Canada. They were generously received and treated. A portion of them were given free lands in the eastern townships of the province, and others were settled in the western section, now Ontario.

But agitation was growing in favour of more liberal institutions; and in 1791 a new constitution was enacted by the British Parliament. It divided the colony into two distinct provinces: Lower Canada, which included all the French district with the eastern townships, and Upper Canada. This division was made at the urgent request of the new settlers in the west, who did not want to be swamped in the legislative body by the French representatives. In each of the two provinces an elective House of Assembly was created, based upon a very broad suffrage. But the executive power, with the control of the expenditure and the right of appointment to judicial and administrative positions, remained vested in the Governor, who had no advisers responsible to the House. A Legislative Council was established under the direct authority of the Governor, who nominated its members for life. In other words, the system had become less autocratic, but essentially oligarchic.

Then began a fifty years' tug-of-war between the two Houses. The fight was more or less acute, according as the governor in office showed more or less tact and exerted more or less pressure upon his nominees and creatures in the council; it was incessant, except, as I have stated, for a couple of years, at the time of the Anglo-American war of 1812–18. Not only did the governors exercise the exclusive power of nominating all holders of public offices, but they scandalously filled the council with judges and public officers, that is, with men under their direct influence and favour; they endeavoured to wrest from the Assembly a civil list of salaries for the King's life. The Assembly demanded the full and permanent control of the

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exchequer; not having the right to direct the appointment of judges and officials, they wanted at least to reach them indirectly by granting or refusing their salaries according to their conduct.

The struggle grew fiercer and fiercer every day. The Legislative Council spent their time in sending back to the House the Supply Bill, that it might be amended to please the Governor; and the Assembly persistently refused its consent. Judges sitting in Council and public defaulters were impeached by the Assembly and maintained in office by the Governor. Supplies were totally refused by the Assembly; but the Governor went on collecting taxes through his officials and paying salaries to himself and his staff, though holding back the salary of the Speaker of the House. Members of the House and journalists were imprisoned. Parliament was dissolved time and again, but, inflamed by the splendid obstinacy of their representatives, the people invariably sent them back to Parliament.

These frequent appeals to the electorate had no other effect than that of unifying and strengthening the popular sentiment, and bringing closer to the mind of every citizen the problems of representative institutions and self-government. I daresay that the average French-Canadian farmer then became much more conscious of his citizenship, much more imbued with the sense of his political rights, and even more familiar with the spirit of British institutions than the average British citizen of that time. And the reason is obvious. There was no privileged and wealthy class to dispose of the constituencies and to hand them over to representatives of their choice. Most of the candidates were men of some education and means; but they lived in close contact with the people and appealed directly to the electorate. They did not and could not expect any remuneration or office. They fought with the people and for the people. The highest problems of constitutional government were the sole and constant topics of electoral contests. At nearly every election the acknowledged leader of the

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nationalist party, Papineau, went from one end of the province to the other, preaching the principles of British institutions, claiming the right of the people to self-government, urging them to demand the creation of a responsible executive body, the control of taxation, expenditure and patronage by the elected Chamber, the reform of the judiciary and of the Upper Chamber.

For fifty years the representatives of the Crown ruled against the will of the representatives of the people and never succeeded in breaking the majority, either by corrupting the electorate or by seducing their leaders. Petitions and delegations were sent to the British Government; but all successive cabinets in London, Whig or Tory, stood by the Governors.

There is no more interesting and pathetic feature of British history than the spectacle of that isolated group of French-born people, struggling against the representatives of the British Crown to secure the acknowledgment of the very principles for which the British people themselves fought so long. The history of that struggle may be summed up by saying that the French-Canadians were the pioneers of British institutions in America.

The same oligarchic rule had been extended to Upper Canada, and created there a reform party among the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists.

The struggle culminated in armed rebellion in both provinces. Several of the leaders were arrested; some were executed, others banished; the constitution was suspended and military rule established. Moved at last, the British Parliament voted a new constitution giving to the colony the full powers of responsible government. This reform was coupled with an attempt to swamp the French element. In 1791, when the French population was overwhelmingly preponderant, the English province had been granted a separate organisation. In 1841, when from the influx of new comers from the United States and Great Britain, the population of

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Upper Canada had largely increased, both provinces were re-united, in the expectation that the Western Province, with the help of the English-speaking community of Lower Canada, would soon override the French element. In spite of the fact that the population of Lower Canada was larger than that of the Upper Province, they were both given equal representation in the new House of Assembly as well as in the Legislative Council. Upper Canada electing an entirely English-speaking representation, and ten or twelve constituencies in Lower Canada returning also English-speaking representatives, the minority had thereby a more numerous representation than the majority.

Moreover, the exchequer of the newly constituted province was saddled with the debt of the two old provinces. This was a manifest injustice to Lower Canada, which was practically free of debt, whilst Upper Canada was on the verge of bankruptcy. It was stated, at the time, that the British Parliament had been induced to enact this unfair provision by the influence of Baring Brothers, who had discounted the Upper Canada bonds.

However, the French-Canadian representatives formed an alliance with the Upper Canada reformers, and after a few years of more or less strained relations with the governors, who accepted most reluctantly the new order of things, Canada enjoyed at last the full privileges of self-government and the French-speaking inhabitants their share of national citizenship.

Another change was soon to be effected.

So long as the population of Upper Canada remained inferior in number to that of the French province equality of representation was maintained; but the moment figures were reversed an agitation was started in favour of representation by population and kept up until the demand of the people of Upper Canada was complied with. This led to the adoption of the present constitution under which the whole of British North America, Newfoundland excepted, was gradually grouped under the Federative system.

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Both in the framing and working of this new constitution the French-Canadians concurred most willingly. From the division of the country into provinces they secured at last the control of their most cherished privileges: religious organisation, civil laws, education, municipal administration. They also had their share of federal representation.

On the whole the system has worked well. For the purpose of this study there is, however, one fact to point out: whilst in the province of Quebec the English-speaking minority received at the hands of the French majority not only a full measure of justice but the most generous treatment that a minority has ever enjoyed in any country, the French-speaking and catholic groups in the English provinces saw their rights or their privileges successively curtailed in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and unsuccessfully but fiercely assailed in Ontario.

The above synopsis shows that if the French-Canadian enjoys to-day, under the British Crown, the largest amount of liberty, with which he is certainly satisfied, this result is as much due to his own efforts and to outside circumstances as to the generosity of either the British Government or the English-speaking majority in Canada. With that characteristic joyful and careless disposition of his he has easily forgotten the past struggles and the long-suffered ill-treatment. Indeed, he is even disposed to express his gratitude to the British nation for the good treatment which he was given of late; but, enlightened as he is by historical facts, he does not think that such gratitude calls for any greater sacrifices on his part than those which he has already made when the fate of the colony lay in his hands. Should the necessity of an unbounded love for Great Britain be too strongly insisted upon he might recall the heavy instalments of the price he paid for his liberty. He might also remind Great Britain and the Empire of his past contributions to the integrity of the Empire. Had it not been for the assurance given to him that his religious and national privileges

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would be respected he would have joined the Anglo-Saxon rebels in 1774, or the American Republic in 1812; and the power of England would now be extinct on the Continent of America—as extinct as the domination of France. The British Army would be deprived of an alternative and quicker route to Australia and India; the British Navy would be deprived of two valuable coaling- and repairing-stations for its North Atlantic and North Pacific Squadrons.

To sum up, British power and French-Canadian loyalty are united by various ties, the ligaments of which are composed of affection and self-interest, of services mutually rendered and broad respect for national feelings. These bonds, if properly understood and dealt with, are safer than sentimental and noisy declamations. But if they are to endure they must not be strained by fresh ties which the French-Canadian does not feel bound by his past relations with Great Britain to accept.

Now, given all these facts and features of the national development of the French-Canadian people, how is this element likely to consider the new problems of Imperialism which have been so strongly brought to light by the participation of the colonies in the South African War?

The answer to this question will form the topic of another article.

HENRI BOURASSA.

(Member of the Canadian Parliament.)

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AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S COLONIAL EXPERIMENT

WHEN, at the Berlin Congress of 1878, Austria-Hungary received the mandate to occupy the provinces of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, a new epoch in the history of the Dual Monarchy began. The important losses of territory in Italy, and of influence in Germany, were compensated for by an extension of territory and of influence in the Balkans. Austria's experiences as a colonising power are extremely interesting and instructive in themselves, apart from their bearing on her general policy, and a tour through the "Occupied Provinces" is well worth the trouble.

What first strikes one on entering Bosnia-Herzegovina is the sharp contrast between East and West, between the old order and the new. Austrian rule has spread a layer of Western civilisation over the land, but beneath it there is a people as backward and conservative as any in the East. Our geography books may tell us that Bosnia-Herzegovina is in Europe, but the moment we cross the frontier from Dalmatia or Croatia we feel ourselves to be in another world. The natives, in fact, call any one, from the Monarchy or from other Western States, "Europeans." At Sarajevo, the capital of the occupied territory, there are modern streets, electric light and trams, shops stocked with Vienna goods, and "European" hotels. But go beyond the Franz Josef Strasse into the bazar or *čaršija*, and you are at once in the Orient. There are wooden booths,

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where befezzed and beturbaned natives ply their various trades, sell embroidery, chased silver-work, red slippers, gay caparisons for horses, delicious sweets, and many other strange Eastern wares. Here and there rise the graceful minarets of the mosques, whence the muezzin's weird invocation calls the faithful to prayer.

The Oriental character of the country and its people is the result of over four centuries of Ottoman rule. Previously Bosnia had been, on two occasions, the nucleus of a great Servian Empire,[1] but religious dissensions made the Turkish conquest an easy task. A large proportion of the inhabitants went over to Islam, partly on account of the cruel persecutions which the Bogomile heretics had suffered, and partly because the feudal nobility wished to preserve their lands and their position under the new rulers.

In all Eastern lands religion is a stronger tie than race or nationality, and Bosnia is no exception. Although all the natives belong to the Serbo-Croatian race, like those of Dalmatia, Croatia, Servia, and Montenegro, religious differences have divided them into three distinct elements, hating each other with a bitter fanaticism. Each has adopted a distinct national name—the Mahommedans call themselves "Turks," the Orthodox Christians "Serbs," and the Catholics "Croatians." Austria's task in subduing and governing this unruly people has proved no light one, and order was not established until after severe fighting. The Mahommedans, fearing to lose their predominant position, and even their liberty of worship, offered a desperate resistance, which obliged Austria to send 250,000 troops into the country. Three years later, in 1881–82, the Serbs revolted on account of the conscription, and the insurgents kept the field for a year. Since then the *pax Austriaca* has reigned in the land, but the Government has had serious difficulties to contend with in trying to reclaim it to civilisation. The Turkish blight had not fallen on the Mahommedans alone,

[1] In the twelfth century under the Nemanjid dynasty, and in the fourteenth under Stjepan Dušan.

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but even on the Christians, and, where once the Ottoman has set his foot, progress has a terribly uphill fight.

The international position of Bosnia-Herzegovina[1] is a very peculiar one. The terms of the Austrian occupation were arranged by the Austro-Turkish Convention of 1879. Its duration, however, was not fixed, but it is clear that the *Doppelaar* has come to stay. The "Occupied Provinces" are still nominally a part of the Sultan's dominions, but the only sign of his sovereignty is the fact that the foreign consuls at Sarajevo do not receive their exequatur from the Austrian authorities. Otherwise all the prerogatives of Government are exercised by Austria-Hungary, including the imposition of taxes and the levying of troops. There are four Bosnian regiments, the greater part of which are quartered in the Monarchy, while the XVth Austro-Hungarian Army Corps maintains order in Bosnia. A still more anomalous state of affairs prevails in the Sandžak of Novibazar. This district is still governed by the Turkish authorities, but Austria has the right to place troops in any part of it. Hitherto she has limited herself to garrisoning the three fortified camps of Plevlje, Priboj, and Priepolje. From time to time there have been rumours that the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina was about to be proclaimed, but their anomalous *régime* still remains unaltered. There are various reasons in favour of it. In the first place, were they to be annexed, the question would arise as to which section of the Dual Monarchy they should be attached: this, of course, would produce complications of all kinds. Otherwise the Constitution would have to be altered so as to make a separate State out of Bosnia, and this could not be done without bringing up the whole question of the rival nationalities in the Monarchy for discussion. Secondly, under the present system the Bosnian administration is free from Parliamentary control, an almost unmixed blessing. Thirdly, the Berlin Treaty being an international agreement,

[1] This is the correct designation, but "Bosnia" alone is often used for brevity.

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the consent of other Powers would have to be asked before a formal annexation could take place. Annexation, however, is merely a question of time, and for the present there is no hurry.

Austria-Hungary has set about putting order into Bosnia-Herzegovina in a spirit of thoroughness. The administration of the provinces has been extolled to the skies by some as a model which every colonising Power should copy; by others it has been decried as brutal, unjust, and incapable. But whatever its results may be, one is bound to admit that the Austro-Hungarian officials have tried to do their best, that impartiality to all creeds has been the keynote of their policy, and that peace and order now reign supreme in a land which was once among the most lawless in the world. These are no small achievements.

Austria's first act was to disarm the population, which was undoubtedly a most prudent measure. As a high official said, "You cannot argue with armed men." During the first years of the occupation the Government was a military one, and officers of the army were given political powers. But in 1882 Herr von Kállay, the Common Finance Minister for Austria-Hungary,[1] visited the country and organised an elaborate civil Government. As the expenses of the occupation were shared by Austria and Hungary, the new territory was placed under the control of the Common Finance Ministry. All laws and all the more important acts of the executive are decreed from Vienna, and Herr von Kállay goes through Bosnia every year to study its needs as they arise.

"Servia," a Bosnian official once said to a traveller, "suffers from too much democracy; there are too many people who wish to rule." The same criticism might be applied to Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece, but it certainly does not apply to Bosnia. Austria understood that, in spite of racial

[1] The Dual Monarchy has three Finance Ministers, one for Austria, one for Hungary, and one for the expenditure common to both sections—*i.e.*, on the Army, the Navy, and the Foreign Office.

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affinities, centuries of Turkish misrule had made of the natives a very different people from her own Slav subjects, while the co-existence of three hostile and fanatical religious communities rendered anything in the shape of self-government out of the question. The administrators regard the Bosniaks as grown-up children who are incapable of thinking or acting for themselves, and perhaps they are not far wrong. The Government, therefore, is an absolute, if beneficent, despotism. It is answerable to no one but the *Reichs-Finanz Minister*, and he is only responsible to the Delegations of the two Parliaments, but their control over his action is of a very shadowy nature, as they may not reject or even modify the Bosnian budget.

Supreme power in the Occupied Provinces is vested in the *Landeschef*, his Excellency Field-Marshal Baron von Appel, who is also the commander of the garrison. But all affairs are practically in the hands of the *Civil Adlatus*, Baron von Kutschera. The country is divided into six *Kreise* or prefectures, and fifty *Bezirke*. There are in all about 2000 civil servants, which seems a large allowance for a population of under 1,600,000. The higher officials are men of considerable ability and upright character; Herr von Kállay, moreover, has had the good sense to keep them in the country for many years, so that they have come to know it thoroughly. Baron Appel has been nearly twenty years at his post, Baron Kutschera about fifteen. The latter had also had previous experience of the East when at the Austrian Embassy in Constantinople, and is a man of great diplomatic tact and courtesy. The six *Kreisvorsteher* have all been twenty years or more in Bosnia. Many of the inferior employees, too, are capable men, but the same cannot be said of all of them. Some have been transferred to the Occupied Provinces because they did not give satisfaction in the Monarchy—they are *in Reparatur*, to use the official expression. Other appointments are distributed so as to meet the political exigencies of the moment. On the other hand many young men of good family and private means deliberately prefer a

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Bosnian career with its freer and more interesting life and greater responsibilities to a good appointment in the Monarchy. On the whole the administration is capable and proceeds with absolute regularity. Every official speaks the language of the country—*Bosnisch* it is called so as not to offend the Serbs by calling it Croatian nor the Croatians by calling it Serb. Only a very small number of natives are employed in the administration, but most of the appointments are held by Slavs who are less alien to the people than Germans or Magyars would be. They are all very hard worked and have but short holidays. They seem devoted to their duties and try to be in sympathy with their subjects. "Wir müssen mit den Einheimischen harmoniren," is their motto.

The one thing on which the authorities are uncompromising is criticism of the existing order of things. The Press is strictly muzzled, and there is a rigid censorship on all literature native or imported. Gendarmes patrol the whole country, and the movements of natives by rail or road are carefully watched. Even petitions or deputations to the Emperor are not allowed to approach nearer than Herr von Kállay's room at the Common Finance Ministry, and travelling Archdukes are carefully protected from importunate petitioners. Still the complaints are not altogether neglected, and if the Sovereign does not hear of them the officials do, and grievances are surreptitiously redressed sooner or later.

Social life is, of course, purely official throughout Bosnia-Herzegovina, the immense majority of "Europeans" being officials, civil or military. There is an excellent club at Sarajevo to which strangers, if provided with introductions, may be admitted. Strangers are, in fact, treated with every consideration by the authorities. Baron Appel, Baron Kutschera, and Baron Benko, the *Sectionschef*, all entertain and are admirable hosts. The natives do not mix very much with "European" society as their ways of life are so different, and, in most cases, their means so limited that they find it difficult to keep up appearances in a suitable way. But some of the Mahommedan

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begs, and even their wives occasionally, attend receptions. In the summer society moves to the neighbouring watering-place, Ilidźe, where Madame von Kállay always spends a few months and holds a sort of vice-regal court. Many officials stay at Ilidźe and go "up to town" every morning by train or bicycle. There are horse-races, lawn-tennis, and even polo. "*Wir poliren in Bosnien*," as an official said to me.

Justice is administered in a regular and fairly satisfactory manner. There are, however, no juries, as it would be impossible to get Mahommedans to convict a co-religionist or acquit a Christian, and *vice versâ*. Absolute separation between the executive and the judiciary, which in England is deemed indispensable, does not obtain, the judges being in a measure under the control of the political authorities.

Austria has maintained and regulated the local government which existed under the Turks. The towns have a mayor and a deputy-mayor, who are nominated by the Emperor-King, and a town council, of whom one-third are also nominees, while the rest are elected by the community in proportion to the different religions. Thus, at Sarajevo, the Council consists of twelve Mahommedans, six Orthodox Christians, three Catholics, and three Jews. The deliberations of these bodies are supervised by a Government commissioner so that they may not waste public money, a danger by no means peculiar to Bosnia-Herzegovina. I was told, however, by the *Kreis-vorsteher* of Sarajevo that in that town the council fulfilled its duties with intelligence and economy, and that its members were on good terms with each other in spite of religious differences. The *Srpska Opčina*, or Serb commune, has also been preserved in a somewhat modified form. It is a local body composed of the Serbs of each town or village who regulate their own affairs, such as those connected with the Church and the school; it is the stronghold of Serb orthodoxy. Its deliberations are subject to Government approval and it can no longer appoint its "pope."

The population at the last census was 1,591,036. Of these

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35 per cent. are Mahommedans, 48 per cent. Orthodox Christians, and 21 per cent. Catholics. There are also 8000 Jews, mostly of Spanish origin. In no department is the policy of the Bosnian-Herzegovinian Government more instructive than in religious matters. It has guaranteed absolute freedom of conscience and treated all religions impartially. "We are eqally fanatical for all three confessions," is its watchword. At the same time it has not forgotten that religion is also a powerful instrument of political influence.

The Mahommedans, although not the most numerous, are the most influential and also the most interesting section of the population. The begs [1] and agas [2] and the majority of the town dwellers are Mahommedans. The former are the descendants of the old Christian feudatories who became renegades after the Turkish conquest. But they preserve their Christian escutcheons and pedigrees, and are the only Mahommedans in the world who have surnames. A curious instance of this mixture of traditions is the present mayor of Sarajevo, Mehmed Beg Kapetanović, who has also been created an Austrian baron. Before the occupation it was said that these begs were only waiting for the advent of a Christian government to return to the faith of their ancestors. But events have falsified the prediction, and the number of conversions since 1878 does not run into three figures. On the contrary, in no country are the followers of Islam so fanatical to this day as in Bosnia. Their manners and customs are purely Oriental, their women are closely veiled and kept in rigid seclusion, they are silent, proud, dignified, and hostile to all progress. They do not, however, practise polygamy. Under the Turks they were the ruling caste, and far more powerful than the Ottoman Vizirs and Valis sent to govern them. After their resistance in 1878 had been overcome by General Filipović a number of them emigrated to Asia Minor rather than be ruled by a Christian Power and placed on an equal footing with the despised rayahs. The Austrians, however, did all they could to conciliate them, hoping to

[1] Nobles. [2] Landlords.

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convert them into loyal citizens. In order to show respect to their feelings guns are fired from the forts at the hours of prayer and at the beginning and end of Ramazan, the sacred green flag is hoisted on the Imperial mosque at Sarajevo on certain days, the authorities attend the Moslem religious festivals in full state, grants are given to build and repair mosques, arrangements are made for the Mecca pilgrimage, and even the howling dervishes are maintained. In the towns Mahommedans are usually appointed mayors. The officials with whom I spoke all agreed that the "Turks" are reliable, honest, straightforward, and agreeable to deal with. Government contracts are awarded to them by preference. Herr von Kállay described them as "dieses staatlich-fühlende Element." As Moslem law and religion are almost inseparable, special law courts have been instituted for cases relating to family matters, inheritance, and religion. As the "Turks" are extremely sensitive about such affairs being discussed by "unbelievers," the judges appointed are native Mahommedans educated at the Sarajevo *Scheriat-schule*. Here fifty young law students are taught Koran law, several Eastern languages, German, and the elements of Western culture and jurisprudence. It is a handsome building in the Oriental style, with a good library, a mosque, commodious lecture rooms, and cubicles for the students. The course lasts five years.

The appointment of the Mahommedan clergy was a very difficult question which required much tact. Before the occupation the Bosnian Muftis or Elders were nominated by the Sheik-ul-Islam of Stambul. But since 1882 he has renounced his authority in favour of the Emperor-King, who now nominates the Reis-el-Ulema[1] and his councillors. These receive Government stipends and nominate all the inferior clergy. The latter are paid by the Vakuf, a Moslem pious foundation, the income of which is also devoted to maintaining mosques, schools, hospitals, &c. Its property is managed by a board of Mahommedan notables, but their deliberations are subject to

[1] The head of the Bosnian Mahommedans.

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Government supervision. Lately some friction has arisen in this connection, and the "Turks" have been asking for the removal of these restrictions, hitherto without success.

The Mahommedans are not quite content with the present *régime*. They cannot forget that they were once a ruling caste, and like their co-religionists in other lands they prefer a bad Mahommedan government to a good Christian one. When they saw that they were being favoured in many ways, they hoped to regain their old influence, and were disappointed to find that the Government did not mean to grant all that they demanded. But a part of them at least are becoming reconciled, and the emigration to Asia Minor has ceased. Many of the younger men are educated in the Monarchy, and enter the army or the civil service. Above all, they know that if Austrian rule is not an ideal one for them, they are infinitely better off under it than they would be under a purely Slavonic Government.

The Orthodox Christians or Serbs are the most numerous section, and from them, too, Austria has encountered some opposition. They were the life and soul of the revolts against the Turks, as they were most cruelly oppressed by the Mahommedans, but Austrian intervention did not appear to them the most satisfactory solution. They hoped for the formation of a great Serb State, to include Servia and Montenegro. After the occupation they were disappointed because Austria would not confiscate the estates of the "Turks" and divide them among the Christians. They still indulge in nationalist aspirations, which are all centred round their religion. Religion alone distinguishes them from the Croatians, and their popes have always been their political as well as their spiritual leaders. The Government allows them full freedom of worship, but, as in the case of the "Turks," it exercises a control over the appointment of the clergy. Before 1878 the popes were elected by the Serb communes, and the election of the bishops had to be confirmed by the Œcumenical Patriarch. Had the country been formally annexed by Austria, the Patriarch's

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authority would have lapsed *ipso facto*. As Bosnia is still nominally a Turkish province, Austria could not disregard his rights, which would have been supported by the Sultan, and possibly by Russia. So a curious agreement was made with the Patriarch, by which he delegated his authority to Francis-Joseph in exchange for a tribute equal to that which he formerly received from the clergy of the provinces. The bishops and chapters are now appointed and paid by the Government, and they appoint the inferior clergy. Their position is more dignified than it was when they depended entirely on the offerings of the faithful, and they are, on the whole, far better educated and more respectable. But the congregations who were used to a somewhat democratic form of Church government, do not quite trust these nominated pastors, and have doubts as to the orthodoxy of their political views. In some cases they have actually initiated a sort of religious strike, and refuse to go to church, so as to emphasise their disapproval. They are extremely susceptible where their religion and their nationality are concerned. An instance of this touchiness was the case of Monsignor Kossanovic, the Archbishop of Sarajevo, whose popularity was seriously impaired when it was known that in corresponding with the *Landesregierung* he used the Latin alphabet instead of the Cyrillic, like a good Serb! Perhaps the Government has been a little precipitate in its dealings with the Serbs, and has not quite understood their susceptibilities.

With the Roman Catholics there has been very little trouble. They are not numerous, although they have increased lately owing to the influx of colonists and traders from the Monarchy; they are out of sympathy with the Serbs, and have no "irredentist" aspirations. Under the Turks they had no secular clergy, their spiritual needs being ministered to by native Franciscans. After the occupation a regular hierarchy was established, and bishoprics created. As the Franciscans, who had worked in Austria's interest before, felt somewhat sore at the loss of their monopoly, many of the parishes and

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one bishopric were given to them, for the present, at all events.

Viewing Austria's religious policy as a whole one is bound to admit that it is skilful and prudent, and may be described as combining absolute liberty of conscience with a strong hold over the clergy. The people, as they find that their forms of worship are respected, and that their priests, if they have ceased to be political agitators, are certainly more honest and better educated, will in time be influenced by them in the interests of peace and order. Had a similar policy been followed in Ireland the conditions of that country would have been to-day more satisfactory than they are.

The land question was another difficulty. The soil, with the exception of the land of the Vakuf, and that covered by houses and gardens was, under Turkish rule, the property of the State, who leased it in perpetuity to a number of Mahommedans in exchange for a land-tax of one-tenth of the produce. These estates, which are never very large, are divided into holdings cultivated by Christian *kmets* or serfs. The kmets paid the landlords from one-fifth to one-third of the produce as rent. As I have said they hoped that Austria would disregard the landlords' rights, and give them the full ownership of the soil. But the Government wisely refused to do anything in the nature of confiscation, and maintained the old Turkish law, but mitigated its harshness and protected the kmets from extortion and oppression. It granted them facilities for emancipating themselves by means of loans advanced by the *Landesbank*, which, by the way, are made by preference to the "well-disposed." The *Beziksunterstützung-Fonds* makes further loans to enable the emancipated kmet to cultivate his property. In this way the number of peasant-proprietors has risen to 15,000, but their conditions have not always proved satisfactory. Many are unable to make good use of their farms; they contract debts which they cannot pay, are sold up, and find themselves worse off than when they were kmets. But others have been more successful, and their general condition is improving. A certain

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amount of land is also held on the system of the *zadruga*, or South-Slavonic house-community.

The Government is making every effort to introduce agricultural improvements, and has instituted a number of model farms and dairies, which are also schools of agriculture. I visited one of these at Butmir, which seems to be a very well-appointed establishment. Twenty young Bosniaks are maintained free of charge for three years and initiated into the mysteries of scientific agriculture and dairy farming. Their subsequent careers are followed, and the manager told me that they really do utilise their knowledge satisfactorily. There is a stud farm near Sarajevo for the improvement of the native breed of horses. At Mostar there is a Government wine farm where the excellent white *Žilavka* is produced. As tobacco flourishes in Bosnia a Government factory has been opened at Sarajevo which employs 450 men and girls.

Cattle breeding is an important source of income, and Bosnian cows and sheep are exported in considerable numbers. Fruit is grown in all parts of the country, and the plums of Northern Bosnia, which are used for making *Slivovitz*[1] have long been famous.

The amount of land under cultivation has greatly increased under the present Government, and agriculture, although still primitive in many districts, is becoming less so. The land tax, it is true, weighs heavily on the rural classes, and the fact that it has to be paid in cash instead of in kind is regarded as a grievance. But it only falls on agricultural land, and cattle is untaxed, while the taxes on sheep and on fruit-farming are light. Considering the improvements made the taxation cannot be said to be extraordinarily heavy. Life is, of course, more expensive, and, as an official declared, the needs of the population have increased more rapidly than the means of satisfying them.

Much has been done to revive old industries and introduce new ones. At the Government carpet factory at Sarajevo

[1] A sort of plum brandy.

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Oriental carpets are woven, but from an æsthetic point of view the work produced is not very beautiful and is greatly inferior to the real Turkey carpets preserved in the museum or in the mosques, but the industry pays and gives employment to a large number of girls. The same criticism applies to the Government arts and crafts workshop, where copper- and brass-ware is made and silver filigree inlaid in wood, everything being rather of the *Andenken aus Bosnien* type. The embroidery of the Bez-Weberei is far better.

Another curious experiment in State Socialism is the institution of the *Landesärarische Hotels*. One of Herr von Kállay's objects has been to attract tourists to Bosnia-Herzegovina, and as in many places ordinary landlords would not have cared to risk building hotels, the Government has built them on its own account. These hostelries are plain, but comfortable and well managed, and crowded at certain seasons. Where there are no hotels, decent accommodation and food are provided at the gendarme stations. But Herr von Kállay has gone even further, and has created a Government watering-place at Ilidže, with three good hotels, a casino, baths, and charming grounds. The *Fremdenindustrie*, however, is not as yet very flourishing, for the country, in spite of its fine mountain scenery and its picturesque Oriental character, is too far out of the way of the ordinary tourist from Western Europe to compete with Switzerland, Tirol, or the German baths. The visitors are from Austria-Hungary; only a small number come from Germany and other countries.

These experiments may appear to be of doubtful legitimacy to the orthodox economist. State-managed industry, monopolies, concessions (for all three are resorted to), have an unpleasant flavour, but in Bosnia it was a case of these or nothing, and in the end the country cannot fail to profit by the mere fact that the establishments are there, on whatever lines they may be worked. Moreover, they help to pay for all the material improvements. Private industry, except in one or two branches, has not succeeded. Manufacturers, attracted

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by the "boom," started various industries, but they found that in so poor a country there was no local market for their wares, while the distance from the great centres of European trade is too great for exports to be profitable. The iron- and coal-mines, however, are worked with good results.

Education is well cared for, and both denominational and undenominational elementary schools are provided, as well as gymnasiums and technical schools. There is no university in Bosnia-Herzegovina, as the authorities wisely wished to avoid flooding the country with educated unemployed—the curse of the other Balkan States—but promising young Bosniaks are given university scholarships at Vienna or Graz, provided they join no political clubs.

Communications being a most urgent necessity, in order to reduce the expense of building railways, the narrow-gauge system was adopted, and there are now over 1000 kilometres of track throughout the country. Excellent military roads exist everywhere, and the post and telegraph services are under efficient military management.

On the whole, it may be said that Austria has accomplished her task wisely and well. If she has made some mistakes, it must be remembered that this is her first Colonial experiment, and that she has avoided many into which other colonising Powers who ought to have known better have fallen. If a part of the population is still discontented, Austrian rule is the only one possible. Neither a return of the Turks, nor a great Servia, nor a great Montenegro, nor an independent Bosnia is within the range of practical politics; and were any one of these alternatives possible, it would simply mean the supremacy of one religion and the oppression of the others. The evils of Austrian rule are nearly all those natural to a rapidly imported civilisation in a barbarous land. The Austrians, however, have done all in their power to make the transition with as few changes and as little uprooting of old ideals and customs as possible.

The question which now arises is: What are Austria's aims

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in Bosnia-Herzegovina? What is her future policy? The occupation is not an end in itself, and it is pretty clear that it forms but a stepping-stone to other grander projects. It has been said that the Dual Monarchy is divided into Cisleithania, Transleithania, and *Kállay*thania, the third section being constituted by all the South-Slavonic lands of Austria-Hungary, in which, as well as in Bosnia, Herr von Kállay is a power. His object for the present is to keep the Occupied Provinces apart from the racial struggles of Dalmatia and Croatia, because they have another *rôle* to play. This spring the railway from Sarajevo to the borders of Novibazar is begun. Its continuation through the whole of the Sandżak to Mitrovitza is only a question of time. At the latter place it will meet the line to Salonica, and thus direct communication between Vienna and the Egean will be established without passing through Servian territory. I have no further space to discuss Austria's ambitions in this direction, but one has only to look at the map to realise the importance of such a line in its bearing on the Eastern question. Bosnia-Herzegovina is thus a most useful asset in the furthering of the *Drang nach Osten* policy, and the fact that it is independent of Parliamentary control greatly enhances its value. When and if a new South Slavonic partner is added to the Austro-Hungarian firm the Occupied Provinces will doubtless help to constitute it, but for the present they remain a *Reichsland*. Whatever their future may be they are the one part of the Balkans, with the exception perhaps of Montenegro, where there is absolute security, a decent government, and a certain amount of progress. This in itself is an achievement of which Austria may well be proud.

L. Villari.

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THE POSSIBILITIES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

THE recent disturbance in cable shares, resulting from Mr. Marconi's trans-Atlantic performances, is still existent, notwithstanding speeches from Sir J. Wolfe Barry, Sir James Pender, Mr. F. A. Bevan, and others, partly based on official reports of two wireless telegraphy experts—Principal (now Sir Oliver) Lodge and Sir W. H. Preece. Such speeches in small print do not, unfortunately, always reach the average country shareholder, whereas the scare does—thundered forth very often in large-typed headings. The scare became somewhat inflamed, owing to the fact that Mr. Marconi was "warned off" the coast of Newfoundland—his experiments being said to be of a "poaching" nature—by those holding exclusive telegraph rights on that shore. It was further inflamed by the statement, reported as having been made by the chairman of another company, to the effect that had Marconi's trans-Atlantic attainments been made known earlier, he doubted whether the new American Pacific Cable would have been undertaken.

And so it is that a large quantity of telegraph stock has changed hands, and that buyers are still not readily to be found. Much the same panic occurred amongst holders of gas shares on the first practical introduction of the electric light in the early "eighties," though those concerned in electricity had a sufficient idea of what would follow to induce them to buy

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up gas stock on a large scale. There is, in fact, no more ground for the "slump" in cable shares than there would be for a similar fall in railway stock on account of motor-car progress, or, indeed, in tramway shares, owing to M. Santos-Dumont's air-ship having accomplished a journey round the Eiffel Tower unaccompanied by disaster.

This article has, then, a double object:

(1) To show that wireless telegraphy cannot, at present, be regarded as a serious competitor with cable telegraphy on a commercial basis; and

(2) To point to the varied possibilities of ætheric, or so-called "wireless," telegraphy, even in the form we now know it.

The somewhat dramatic policy pursued by Mr. Marconi has one advantage, if no other. It arouses attention to scientific possibilities—even if of the future—in a direction that the ordinary dividend-seeker of this country has not, as a rule, shown himself capable of appreciating or of interesting himself in. On the other hand, there is a certain irony attached to Mr. Marconi's selection of the three dots representing the letter S for his Atlantic experiments; for, apart from simplicity, it is just three such S's that spell sureness, speed, and secrecy—the three factors, which, at present, prevent ætheric telegraphy seriously jeopardising submarine cable enterprise.[1] By way of substantiating the latter statement, we must turn from the pre-arranged Atlantic S signals (not messages), about which we have no details, to Mr. Marconi's best attainments in actual and accurate messages between ships and between ship and shore, at a maximum distance of about 250 miles, under

[1] The absence of sureness seems to be recognised even by the most ardent exponents of "wireless" telegraphy, if only in the wide publicity given whenever a few signals are successfully transmitted at an indifferent speed through a more or less moderate distance—such as would be a matter of every-day occurrence by wire. In these advanced days it should scarcely be necessary to convince emperors and kings of the possibility of exchanging signals from the fore- to the after-deck of a ship if so much more is practicable.

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more or less favourable conditions. This, be it noted, is a very different sort of thing to surmounting the earth's curvature across the Atlantic, corresponding to a mountain over 100 miles high. The difference should, moreover, be realised between catching a few more or less pre-arranged signals across the Atlantic, and that of an Atlantic cable system working continuously at a duplex, automatic, speed of nearly 100 words a minute, 90 per cent. of which are cipher and code messages.[1]

In taking 250 miles as the approximate maximum distance at which the Marconi system is capable of being worked on a practical commercial scale, similar—though at a materially lower speed—to that of day and night cable telegraphy for the same distance, it must be remembered that a comparison can only be usefully made where the conditions and results are the same. But—apart from the want of sureness and secrecy—no matter how short the distance is, the working speed by the wireless telegraphy of to-day can never approach that which is possible where a cable is employed with the apparatus now available; an average distance is, therefore, here taken.

The Marconi system, which has, so far, done most of the practical work in wireless telegraphy, is fundamentally based on the coherer receiving relay, which is an excessively sensitive and delicate instrument.[2] Whilst having obvious advantages,

[1] As regards distance, there are those who fancy that relays may come to the rescue and give wireless messages a little refreshment on their journey across the Atlantic. It may be presumed, however, that this fancy is strictly confined to those who do *not* "go down to the sea in ships."

[2] Mr. Marconi has recently lodged a "disclaimer" regarding this apparatus which reads as follows in the Official Journal of the Patent Office, published a few weeks ago:

"1901

18,105. GUGLIELMO MARCONI seeks leave to amend the Application for Letters Patent, numbered as above, for 'Improvements in coherers or detectors for electric waves,' by converting it into an application for a patent for an invention communicated to him from abroad by the Marquis LINGI SOLARI, of Italy."

In the above Lingi is clearly a misprint for Luigi.

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an apparatus of this character is, of necessity, extremely liable to get out of adjustment. For this reason it is somewhat unreliable and apt to give confused and false signals. The Marconi coherer of 1896 is, moreover, more or less readily affected by its surroundings and general conditions, including atmospheric and other natural and electric disturbances. Thus, Mr. Marconi's Atlantic experiences have been sometimes attributed to this cause alone—atmospheric "strays,"[1] and the question has naturally been raised as to how the apparatus would behave in the presence of a lightning storm. To these objections no very satisfactory answer is forthcoming at present; and until further particulars—indeed, proofs—are available, it is not unnatural that impartial authorities should question the likelihood of Marconi's system becoming a practical commercial telegraph for bridging long distances. We may turn to an article on "The Practicability of Wireless Telegraphy" in the June number of the *Fortnightly Review* without securing much nourishment, though, the author being Mr. Marconi himself, it is only reasonable to suppose that his very latest and best achievements are here presented.

In this article there is a good deal of general chatter, partly concerning "wireless" performances (more or less successful) on the Royal Yacht and S.S. *Ophir* of some time back, but not a word in regard to his Trans-Atlantic telegraphy! We read how that Mr. Marconi had to remove his "wireless" camp from the field of the United States Navy Department, owing to a call from our Government for attendance at the seat of war[2]; but Mr. Marconi tells us nothing about his work at the Transvaal—whether it was a failure, or otherwise; and if so, whether this was due to the mountainous character of the

[1] Others have attributed Mr. Marconi's experiences to induced currents from the neighbouring cables, or to earth currents.

[2] It is stated that the United States Navy intend giving a further, and very complete, trial to wireless telegraphy at their forthcoming naval manœuvres.

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country.[1] These are points on which we should have been glad to receive enlightenment. Mr. Marconi informs us, however, that his system is "in every-day use on seventy ships and twenty-five land stations"; moreover, that "one American liner received 8050 words during sixteen hours in home waters." This is, no doubt, intended as an answer to—and does to some extent refute—the criticism that has been made by an eminent authority, that "after ten years practical work no examples are to hand of commercial practical telegraphy."

Perhaps the most important question in connection with the practical advancement of wireless telegraphy just now is to what extent syntony can be usefully applied for guarding against foreign influences in the form of interruptions, "eavesdropping," and errors, due to natural causes or otherwise. The mutilation of messages by an intervening party was forcibly illustrated during the famous *Shamrock II.* and *Columbia* yacht race of last year, as well as on other occasions; but it is believed that Mr. Marconi has effected considerable improvements in tuning the period of oscillation in his recent receiver; and his Lizard Station is said now to be more or less unaffected by the large electric-power house seven miles off. It would appear, however, that, without a monopoly of the atmosphere or an absolutely perfect screening, no "wireless" apparatus could be really free from surrounding conditions and the effect of other instruments to which no limit can be placed. For this reason it has been doubted (1) whether there is any money in the invention as a system of commercial telegraphy; and

[1] Land has the effect of breaking up ætheric waves; but by increasing the electric energy employed and using his new magnetic detector Mr. Marconi has, within the last few weeks, succeeded in transmitting certain signals from the Poldhu Station in Cornwall to Cronstadt, 1200 miles distant, land and sea—a performance the more notable in that the obstructing element had to be overcome at the outset rather than at the finish. This was a considerably greater achievement than the recent interchange of signals at sea with the SS. *Philadelphia* at a distance of 1550 miles; but more information and experience will be required before arriving at any very definite or enthusiastic opinion.

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(2) whether it is likely to prove useful on a large scale for strategic purposes. There seems to be no question about the possibility of "tapping" a message at will—at any rate, with an untuned receiver. On the other hand, there appears to be no absolutely sure means as yet of preventing a third party (or climatic conditions) effecting such interruption. Whilst it is perfectly true that by the use of a code the secrecy of messages is to a great extent assured, it may reasonably be doubted whether ætheric telegraphy—as yet, at any rate—is sufficiently reliable and accurate for code or cipher work. To render wireless telegraphy a really practical business and an efficient means of "All-British" communication in times of war as in peace, the following conditions will require to be attained: (1) The apparatus must be capable of being "tuned" to a certain pitch—*i.e.*, a certain number of vibrations in a given time—in such a way that the message is strictly confined to that particular receiver; (2) On the other hand, to meet naval requirements the apparatus on board a war-ship should be capable of picking up the tune of any of the enemy's ships; (3) Yet again, means will have to be found for overcoming the possibility of a message being rendered a mere jumble by the intervention of a third party, or of the elements.

Having dealt with two of the conditions under which it is contended ætheric telegraphy cannot at present be said to compare at all favourably with telegraphy by cable, we now come to the question of speed. The working speed attained on "wireless" coherer circuits is exceedingly low as against that on cables, where the conditions are the same. On the average the relation is propably about one to ten. "Wireless" speed tests do not, however, appear to have been extensively made—at any rate, they have, as a rule, not been published amongst the other varied matter which has, somehow or another, found its way to the public. The United States Navy Report on the Marconi system says: "The rapidity is not greater than 12 words a minute for skilled operators"; and as this is quoted by Mr. Marconi without comment, or amend-

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ment, in his *Fortnightly* article, it may presumably be taken as something like a maximum speed for short distances. When it is remembered that, with the modern automatic (machine) working and with duplex apparatus—or in short cables, the quadruplex or multiplex system, where warranted—the speed of cable working is practically only limited by the size of the conductor adopted for carrying the traffic, it will be understood that in the matter of signalling speed ætheric telegraphy, as we now have it, makes a very poor show against a cable system. The fact is, that though Marconi's application of the original Branly coherer to his system of telegraphy through space is very ingenious, the result is a comparatively slow-working instrument. Attempts at adding to the speed by increasing the sensitiveness of the coherer unfortunately has the effect of rendering the apparatus more prone to atmospheric and other surrounding influences. Of late, therefore, an opposite course has been pursued, and the already high electric power employed has been further augmented to make up for the reduction of coherer sensibility.[1] For increasing the speed of wireless apparatus this plan has, it is believed, been found to be very effective.

Some consider that by syntonic methods the sending of several simultaneous messages may be possible on the same circuit. This may reasonably be doubted; but it is fairly certain that owing to the comparatively low speed obtainable by the present "wireless" system a number of circuits would require to be set up between given points if such a system is to make headway as a successful messenger on a commercial basis, assuming that the tariff would be distinctly low. On the other hand, from what has been already stated, until a reliable method of confining—or, indeed, focusing—the paths

[1] The power used even on short "wireless" circuits is enormously greater than that employed on cables. Through the latter, messages have been successfully transmitted by the primitive agency of a lady's thimble filled with sulphuric acid and a mere fragment of zinc. This now classic experiment was performed on the first Atlantic cable.

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of Hertzian waves has been invented otherwise than by cable, it will be seen that a definite limit must be put on the multiplicity of "wireless" stations within a given area in order to avoid a perfect "Babel" of "wirelessness," with all its concomitant jumbling of words and confusion of messages: the confusion would be similar to that brought about in the ripples of a pool of water when more than one stone is thrown into it. It should be remembered by those who expect too much of ætheric telegraphy that a cable acts as a guiding line for æther waves, concentrating extremely feeble electric impulses. It, in fact, does for ætheric telegraphy exactly what is there wanting; and—as has been before remarked—if the order of the inventions had been reversed, what a Godsend the telegraph cable would have been considered at the moment of its introduction!

The advances effected from time to time by Mr. Marconi and others in ætheric telegraphy have been reported at considerable length, and with conspicuous fairness, from the very first by the *Electrician*, the organ of the Associated Telegraph Companies. Recently, too—when the depression in cable stock set in—the *Electrical Review* appealed to various experts for their views on the merits of wireless telegraphy as a practical opponent to cables; and it is worthy of note that the opinions of these gentlemen were in close agreement to the general effect that ætheric telegraphy, whilst having an undoubtedly useful sphere before it, was not likely to serve as a successful competitor to cable telegraphy on a practical commercial basis. The writer of this article summed up his opinion at the time by describing ætheric telegraphy as an inferior method; and if its position be admitted as that of a second-rate and cheap article—useful for emergencies of cable congestion, breakdown, interruption, or absence—a proper understanding would be arrived at.

It is to be hoped that some better understanding will soon take place; and that the cable companies will be in a position to view and adopt the ætheric system as a ready hand-

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maid.[1] It should prove especially applicable to inter-island communication as well as between islands and the mainland, on account of the more or less constant cable breakdowns due to irregularity of the sea bottom, earthquakes, volcanic tendencies, &c., though it might be too much to expect an ætheric circuit to work during, or after, a volcano, or even an earthquake! Then again, as offshoots, or "feeders," to a trunk line, the wireless method—even if only as an auxiliary for busy moments — should have a useful sphere, besides, of course, during repairing periods and for communication with cable repairing ships.

From a strategic point of view, as well as from a general maritime and life-saving standpoint, Great Britain and Ireland should be provided with a complete system of telegraphic communication round the entire coast, putting every coast station into connection with various inland centres and military stations. It is a piece of work which would be most effectively accomplished by wireless methods in preference to overhead lines, assuming for the moment that the strategic requirements set forth in this article could be met. For maintenance reasons, too, cables are inefficient here, owing to abrasion against rocks, strong tides, kinks, &c. Wireless telegraphy is admirably suited for lightship and lighthouse communication with the shore, to assist navigation in avoiding collisions due to darkness and fog, and also for the mercantile marine service, for vessels in distress, &c.; indeed, in any case where cables cannot be usefully turned to account, or where mere signalling, rather than high speed commercial messages, is the order of the day. May it not be asked—in the public interest, as well as in the cause of science—who is to blame for the fact that so little really useful and practical work of this description has been accomplished? Surely it cannot be the Government telegraph monopoly that blocks progress? The latter cannot, at any

[1] Those organising the different rival wireless systems must also come to a better understanding than is indicated by the refusal of messages sent by a rival system.

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rate, stand in the way of wireless communications on the high seas; and with so persevering a worker as Mr. Marconi we may, indeed, look forward to the days when the fact of setting forth on a voyage need not necessarily imply being cut off from communication with the rest of the world: thus those who aspire to having news continually served up to them, even when at sea, may yet live to see their ambitions realised in a really practical way. Further, for weather reports and predictions of storms, &c., how invaluable should the new telegraphy prove, as also in exploring expeditions. Might not the Meteorological Office weather forecasts from the West of Ireland, regarding an important change, frequently become known some twelve hours sooner by ætheric telegraphy from a distant ship? Again, apart from its utility to shipping and for helping to diminish the loss of life and property at sea, it should have a future as a cheap method of communication for unimportant and purely social messages. In that way, moreover, it should serve a good end in opening the public mind to the possibilities and service of rapid communication with the rest of the Empire and with our friends abroad. The system of deferred messages advocated by Sir Edward Sassoon and others—as recommended recently by the Cable Communication Committee—might be suitably dealt with at times by wireless circuits. Finally, if Tesla's theories are ever to take practical shape, the æther should eventually be available for the transmission of mechanical force. We should some day be able to run electric motor cars and torpedoes, as well as to fire mines, with apparatus similar to that employed in wireless telegraphy, without any heavy or bulky accumulators.

From an historical and patent rights point of view, Mr. Marconi has lately descended from Carlyle's gospel of silence by entering into a wordy correspondence with so doughty an investigator as Professor Silvanus Thompson in the columns of the *Saturday Review*. History forms no part of our present theme, and it is not proposed to follow up the *Saturday* article or letters, nor yet the more recent *Times* correspond-

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ence thereon. On the other hand, by way of suggesting that wireless telegraphy has now been in the air—metaphorically as well as physically—for a considerable time, it may be of interest to note the names of some of those identified with the various researches and developments which, in one way and another, led up to the ætheric telegraphy of to-day. This investigation takes us back to the year of Queen Victoria's accession to the Throne, which was contemporaneous with Cooke and Wheatstone's first electric telegraph. The pioneer list runs as follows: Steinheil, Morse, Lindsay, O'Shaughnessy, Dolbear, Edison, Melhuish, Stevenson, Willoughby Smith, and Preece. The preceding relate mainly to inductive telegraphy. But Lord Kelvin in 1852 discovered, Clerk Maxwell investigated mathematically and Heinrich Hertz experimentally, the transmission of electric oscillations through the æther of the atmosphere, which culminated in the ætheric or space telegraphy due to Hughes, Lodge (who holds the valuable American patent rights) and Marconi turning to account the inventions of Righi and Branly. There are also valuable patented "wireless" methods emanating from Popoff, Slaby, Fessenden, Braun, Cervera, Guarine, Castelli, Ducretet, and De Forrest, of various nationalities.[1] Indeed, the present year's crop of "wireless" inventors is increased almost weekly; but the above list alone serves to suggest that wireless telegraphy like most, if not all,

[1] Wireless *Telephony*—possibly in store for a future generation—is not seriously considered in this article; but the attention already paid in some quarters to the Armstrong-Orling system—nothwithstanding the absence of detailed technical particulars from independent parties—seems to contradict the idea that we are still a conservative nation as regards things scientific. All that we know technically at present about this domestic variety of ætheric telegraphy is that the relay employed is said to be fifty times more sensitive than the Thomson siphon recorder. On the other hand, things are so far advanced from the business standpoint that the annual royalty which will be asked for is already fixed at a figure considerably below that charged by the National Telephone Company; but it may be questioned whether a licence will ever be granted by the Post Office, even if the method be shown to be practicable either on the Exchange system or otherwise. Other inventors in wireless telephony are Herr Ruhmer and Mr. A. F. Collins.

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great inventions, is the work of many hands, and should any one be in doubt on this point, the complete treatise by Mr. Fahie makes it abundantly clear.[1] The Castelli telephonic apparatus is described as costing only 6*d.*, and to be extremely simple; but there is some doubt whether a telephone could be relied upon for commercial "cabling" across our seas—to be confirmed only by mail several days or weeks after. To select between the value of these systems would be an invidious task, neither is it in our present province. Practical commercial results are often the best test: certainly Mr. Marconi has more completely effected these than any other inventor; his agreements with the Canadian Government, as well as with Lloyd's, go to prove this, and Marconi has lately—at 27 years of age—achieved waxwork posterity at the hands of Madame Tussaud. As is so often the case in such matters, there has been occasionally a lack of distinction between Sir Oliver Lodge's scientific experimental researches in Hertzian waves and wireless telegraphy on the one hand, and Mr. Marconi's practical applications and adaptations for commercial purposes on a larger and more useful scale. To each is due a very considerable share of credit, as well as to Sir William Preece and Mr. J. Gavey (now engineer-in-chief to the Post Office), who have done a great deal of really useful practical work in wireless telegraphy; also to the others—perhaps in a minor degree—whose names are mentioned above. In illustration of his modesty and of the proper view taken by him on the subject, it is due to Mr. Marconi to quote the following concluding words from a recent article of his: "In my apparatus I have made use of known ideas. My instruments are improvements of my predecessors', with the introduction of a few developments which, from my observation, seemed necessary."

That the wireless system has come to stay is fairly obvious; but what its possibilities may reach we cannot at present foretell. Its inferiority, however, to telegraphy by cables is, at

[1] "A History of Wireless Telegraphy," by J. J. Fahie, M.I.E.E. (London: Blackwood & Son).

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present, as marked as would be the delivery of our letters on the pavement—to be picked up by any one—instead of in the letter-box. Cable shareholders may therefore take comfort in feeling that the day has not yet come—neither can we, as yet, foresee that it will come—when copper wires, gutta percha coverings, and iron sheathings will be relegated to the Museum of Antiquities. On the other hand, it seems clear that wireless telegraphy will have a general awakening effect as to our telegraphic needs, just as the electric light, by raising the standard of light demanded by the public, has enabled us to rejoice in the incandescent gas mantle in cases where the still better illumination obtained from electricity is conspicuous by its absence.

CHARLES BRIGHT.

P.S.—In his Royal Institution Lecture delivered on June 18, Mr. Marconi seems to suggest that, compared with his system, cables are equally, if not more, liable to be electrically affected by surrounding influences. This, however, would scarcely be admitted by others. With the exception of the description of the magnetic detector as a substitute for the coherer, this lecture did not provide any fresh material for consideration, for here again no account was given of actual practical telegraphy such as had been talked about.—C.B.

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THE DECIPHERMENT OF THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS

IT is twenty-three years ago since I made a discovery which threw a new light on the art and archæology of Asia Minor and the relations of Syria to the world of the West. At Boghaz Keni and Eyuk in Cappadocia rock-sculptures and palace ruins had been found in a peculiar style of art, which closely resembled that of a figure of an armed warrior carved on the cliffs of the mountain pass of Karabel, a few miles eastward of Smyrna. This armed warrior had been known to Herodotus, who saw in the figure a monument of the Egyptian conqueror Sesostris. In this, however, the "father of history" was mistaken; there was nothing Egyptian about it, and it pointed to Cappadocian conquest rather than to invasion from the shores of Egypt.

Far away from the neighbourhood of Smyrna, at Ivriz, in the mountain range which forms the northern border of Cilicia another rock-sculpture had come to light. Here a priest is represented adoring the Cilician Herakles, who holds in his hands a cluster of grapes and a sheaf of corn. The images of the priest and god are accompanied by hieroglyphs, the first of the kind that had been seen by European scholars.

Similar hieroglyphics, however, eventually turned up, not in Asia Minor but at Hamah, the ancient Hamath, in Syria. They were engraved in relief on blocks of basalt, and were first noticed by the great traveller Burckhardt. But it was not

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until 1872 that they became known in Europe, when the late Dr. William Wright took casts of them which he sent to England. It was soon recognised that the "Hamathite" characters and the hieroglyphs of Ivriz must belong to the same system of writing.

In 1879, on the eve of an exploratory journey in western Asia Minor, the identity of the art of Ivriz with that of Boghaz Keni and Karabel suddenly flashed upon me. It followed that the "Hamathite" characters were Asianic rather than Syrian, and that we might expect to find them on the Asianic monuments. As a matter of fact, the photographs of Perrot showed that an inscription in the same characters was cut on the rocks of Boghaz Keni, and hieroglyphs, supposed to be Egyptian, were said to be associated with the monument of Karabel. I prophesied in the *Academy* that these latter would prove to be Asianic and not Egyptian, and staked the correctness of the discovery I had just made upon their being so. A few weeks later, with an escort of soldiers, I visited that haunt of brigands, Karabel, and there took squeezes of the hieroglyphs in question. They turned out to be, as I had prophesied, identical with the hieroglyphs of Ivriz, of Boghaz Keni, and of Hamath.

Meanwhile the site of the old Hittite capital, Carchemish, had been found by Skene and George Smith in the mounds of Jerablûs on the Euphrates. Excavations undertaken on the spot by the British Museum, about the time that my visit to Karabel took place, resulted in the discovery of more monuments in the same peculiar style of art as that of Asia Minor, and of the same peculiar system of writing. Art and writing alike thus belonged to the Hittites, and the fact that the human heads depicted among the hieroglyphs are identical in head-dress and features with the heads of the sculptured figures made it clear that the system of writing must be of Hittite origin. Other facts soon came to support the conclusion; the boot, for example, with upturned point, which appears among the hieroglyphs, is found not only in the rock-sculptures of Asia

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Minor, but also distinguishes the Hittites of Syria portrayed on the Egyptian monuments.

The Hittites are alluded to in two or three passages of the Old Testament, but it is only since the decipherment of the Egyptian and cuneiform inscriptions that we have learnt what an important part they once played in the history of the East. The Hittite monarch, whose southern capital was at Kadesh on the Orontes, contended on equal terms with Egypt in the plenitude of its power, and summoned to his standard not only the Lycians of Asia Minor but Mysians and Dardanians as well. The Egyptian inscriptions bear the same testimony as the sculptured warrior of Karabel to the extension of Hittite influence in the West. Northern Syria had been wrested by them from Egypt after the fall of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and when the Assyrians first became acquainted with it they were so far the dominant people in it as to cause even Palestine to be ever afterwards known at Nineveh as "the land of the Hittites." When the Hittite empire was broken up a fragment of it, under the name of "Hittite," still continued to exist to the south of the Gulf of Antioch, and the kings who engraved the cuneiform inscriptions of Armenia found Hittites in the neighbourhood of Malatiyeh.

Ever since my discovery of the origin and connections of Asianic art I have kept the problem of the decipherment of the "Hittite" hieroglyphs continually in view. I had tried, or believed I had tried, every possible and impossible clue, only to find myself confronted by a blank wall. Eight months ago I still held that the problem was insoluble without the help of a long bilingual inscription. How it has been solved without any such help I will now try to explain.

As far back as 1880 I brought to light a short bilingual text, in Hittite and cuneiform, engraved on a silver "boss," and being a royal name, the Greek form of which is Tarkondêmos. The text gave us the ideographs of "king" and "country," as well as the phonetic value of *me* for another character; but otherwise the reading of both the Hittite and

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the cuneiform texts was involved in difficulties, and, as far as I know, was necessarily misleading. What, therefore, we might have hoped to have been the Rosetta Stone of Hittite decipherment ended only in leading the decipherer astray.

At the same time I pointed out another fact. The Hittite proper names preserved in the Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions show that the usual termination of the nominative singular was *s*, while an examination of the texts makes it clear that this termination was represented by the picture of a yoke. It is also clear that the grammatical forms of the language were expressed by suffixes, and that the substantive and adjective agreed with one another as in Latin or Greek. Another discovery of mine was the ideograph or "determinative" of divinity, which is prefixed to the name of a deity, and seems to present a sacred stone wrapped in cloths. German scholars next drew attention to the use of another sign as a word-divider, words being divided by it one from the other; while it had been recognised from the outset that the inscriptions are written in *boustrophedon* fashion, and must be read from the direction towards which the hieroglyphs look.

With these preliminary data the decipherers set to work. System after system of interpretation has been proposed, each put forward with an equal amount of confidence, but satisfying none but its author. Before a system can be accepted it must fulfil three conditions. The phonetic values assigned to the characters must be such as to enable us to read, without forcing, the geographical names of the localities in which the several inscriptions are found—the name of Carchemish at Carchemish, of Hamath at Hamath, of Tyana at Tyana; the suffixes must reveal a consistent and coherent grammar to which parallels can be found elsewhere; and the inscriptions must yield a rational sense. Only when these conditions are fulfilled can the problem of decipherment be considered to have been solved.

What has principally stood in the way of the solution has been, not only the scantiness and imperfection of the texts

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we possess, but, still more, the inaccuracy and untrustworthiness of our copies of them. It is only recently that squeezes, casts, and photographs have at last given us accurate reproductions of such of the inscriptions as are not in the museums of London and Berlin. And one of the first results of a study of these was to show me that the ideograph of "country" or "district" had been confounded with that for "king," though the bilingual "boss" of Tarkondêmos had long ago given us their distinguishing forms. The error had been committed by myself in the early days of Hittite research, and I have been followed in it by subsequent decipherers. But the error was vital. It prevented us from detecting those geographical names, through which alone, without the help of a bilingual, the decipherment of the texts was possible. As soon as I found that the native scribes have always carefully distinguished the two ideographs from one another, all the conditions were changed: I now knew in what group of characters I had to look for the geographical names.

Recent additions, moreover, to the number of texts known to us have also assisted the decipherer in another way. The same suffix is represented in them by more than one character; thus, in the case of the nominative singular, the goat's head (which must therefore have the value of *s*) interchanges with the yoke. Thanks, too, to the fact that the hieroglyph of a man's head, surmounted by the priestly tiara, is attached to the figure of the high-priest at Fraklin in Cappadocia, I was able to read the group of phonetic characters accompanying the ideograph in the inscriptions of Carchemish, the native form of the Cappadocian word for "high-priest," having fortunately been given by the Greek writers Strabo and Hesychius. From this it resulted that the rabbit's head denoted the syllable *ka*.

Now in the inscriptions of Carchemish, and in them only, we find a geographical name, or territorial title, to which alone the determinative of "district" is attached. It consists of four characters, the last three of which are the rabbit's head, the character which the bilingual "boss" had long ago told us has

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the value of *me*, the head of a goat, while the first character is one which is not met with elsewhere and may therefore be assumed to express, not a simple, but a closed syllable. As the last three characters read *ka–me–(f)s* it is obvious that the first must be *Kar*. We thus get the name of Carchemish just where we should expect to find it. Besides the uninflected *Karkames*, an adjectival form of the name also occurs, which enables us to fix the values of some more characters.

There are two characters which, from the frequency of their occurrence and the fact that they can be inserted or omitted at will after other characters, have long since been recognised to be vowels. For reasons, which it is needless to detail here, I have succeeded in fixing the value of one of them as *a* and of the other as *i*. The values of a few other characters have been obtained through their employment as suffixes. One or two Hittite suffixes have been made known to us through the proper names contained in the Egyptian and cuneiform inscriptions; thus, Khatti–na–s is "Hittite," Samal–i–u–s is "Samallian." The Hittite inscription on a bowl found in Babylon, again, has furnished us with the suffixes of the accusative singular, the first person of the verb and probably of the dative case. It begins with an ideograph, which Dr. Leopold Messerschmidt, has shown from a comparison of texts is the demonstrative "this"; then comes the picture of a bowl with a common suffix, denoted by the hieroglyph of a sleeve; then the name of a deity with its suffix; and finally the mason's trowel, which other texts show must have the signification of "mating" and to which a suffix is attached. The whole phrase must have some such meaning as "This bowl I have made for the god X," and the sleeve will denote the suffix of the accusative.

The decipherment of the suffixes has disclosed an interesting fact. They agree in form and use with those of a language first made known to us by the famous cuneiform tablets of Tel el-Amarna. Among these tablets are two in an unknown language, one of which is addressed to, or by, a certain Tarkhundarans, king of Arzawa. The name of the king is Hittite,

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and so raises a presumption that the language of the letters is Hittite also. The presumption has been confirmed by the excavations of M. Chantre, at Boghaz Keni. Here he has found other cuneiform tablets in a language closely allied to that of Arzawa. Thanks to the ideographs and stereotyped formulæ that occur in the letters of Arzawa, the meaning of several words and grammatical forms in them can be made out: thus, the termination of *-s* marks the nominative of the noun and *-n* the accusative. The remarkable agreement of the Hittite and Arzawan suffixes goes far to show that my reading of the Hittite characters is correct.

So, too, does the fact that the right geographical names occur in the inscription in which we should expect to find them. A stela, for instance, has been discovered on the site of the ancient Tyana which begins with the name of a priest-king. This is followed by his territorial title, to which the determinative of "district" is attached. The title, according to the values I have obtained for the characters, reads **-a-na-a-na-a-s*. *Nas* is the suffix of a gentilic adjective with the nominative termination; the same suffix is found not only in the name Khatti-nas, which I have quoted above, but also in the Arzawa letters. Stripping the title, therefore, of its suffix, there remains **-a-na-a*. What else can this be except Tu-a-na-a?

What I have said will, I hope, explain my method of decipherment. But it is usually only the proper names and suffixes that are written phonetically. The roots or stems of the nouns and verbs are more commonly expressed by ideographs. The pictorial nature of Hittite writing, however, not unfrequently gives us a clue to the meaning of the latter. And when once the texts are broken up into their constitutional parts so that we know where the name of an individual or of a country is found, and where we may look for the verb with its subject and object, the translation of the ideographs is comparatively simple.

But it must be understood that the decipherment of the

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inscriptions is still only in its initial stage. If it took half a century to complete the decipherment of the Persian cuneiform texts we must not expect to decipher the Hittite hieroglyphs in a day. All I can claim to have done is to have made a start and pointed out the road that others must follow.

Meanwhile such Hittite inscriptions as we possess have yielded little that is interesting. The three shorter inscriptions of Hamath record the restoration of a temple. The most perfect of the Carchemish texts is a long list of the titles of the priest-king. Two facts, however, have resulted from the decipherment which, to me at least, were unexpected and surprising. On the one hand the name of "Hittite" is confined to the inscriptions of Syria and the districts eastward of the passes of the Taurus; in the inscriptions of Cilicia and Cappadocia it does not occur. On the other hand, the language that has been revealed to us is, on the grammatical side, extraordinarily like Greek. Thus the priest-king who is commemorated on the rocks of Bulyar Mader calls himself *Sandanyas*, "of the city of Sandes," the Cilician Herakles. The same perplexing similarity recurs in the case of Lycian grammar: how it is to be explained I do not know. Apart from its grammatical forms I see nothing in Lycian that is Indo-European; and Hittite seems equally to be an Asianic tongue. Can it be that Greek is really a mixed language, the product of early contact on the part of an Indo-European dialect with the native languages of the coast of Asia Minor?

A. H. Sayce.

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THE BETTERMENT OF LONDON

IN a letter lying before me as I write, from Andrea Mantegna to Marco Marziale, there is a sentence in which, referring to the death of his fellow pupil Crivelli, he alludes to the latter's fondness for rich architecture, and then proceeds to give his views upon what was desirable in this direction. It would seem that Marziale had been made uneasy in his mind by the comments then being passed on Gentile Bellini's work in the Ducal Palace, which he was helping to execute, and had written to Mantegna as a sort of authority as to how much opulence of colour was permissible in classic times. Mantegna professes ignorance—we must remember that the grottesche had not then been discovered—and goes on to say (I translate into modern diction):

> Carlo [1] and I spent our youth under Squarcione, and news came from Ascobi a few months ago to me that he [1] was dead. It pains me much. When his services had been engaged for the chapel [2] where I was painting, we disputed much about how heroic architecture was to be represented—and when the negotiations fell through and promises were broken, he went to Naples, and has since shown in his paintings what he desired. Though desiring such, to me it seems impossible. Not even the ducal chapel [3] has such richness of relievi, marbles and bronzes, and what is too costly to be provided there still less can be provided elsewhere. And there is something of the unreal in showing architecture that cannot be constructed.

A slight reference to Ludovico (the reigning Duke), and the letter ends.

[1] Crivelli. [2] Of the Eremitani. [3] *I.e.*, St. Mark's.

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If one may judge by his picture in the National Gallery, Marziale held no such severe rules as to what is actually possible in coloured architecture, and though his work at the Ducal Palace is now all gone, and the Venice of that day has to be imagined from his master's picture in the Academy at Venice—the sight of the letter set me thinking whether we could reproduce in London some of the coloured glory that burned in Venice in those times.

At first the idea raises a smile. Colour in London? We seem to have travelled very far from such a notion. What with our fogs, our smoke and corrosive atmosphere, how should marbles and frescoes stand here, seeing that they have perished off the walls in the happier climate of Italy. The world was younger, in Mantegna's day—younger and less discouraged. They painted vast palaces and streets in fresco and for a long time it was thought that its rapid decay was not inevitable; that the slight shelter of cloister or loggia roof would be sufficient to guard it to an age coeval with its contemporary within, and each time the scaffolding was struck and hoarding removed the artist gazed on his work with the hope that at last here was permanence come. The tradition still lingers. To this day houses on the Riviera and in Italy are painted with chequers, diapers, and enrichments handed down to us from the times of Giotto. But we, with the mouldering traces only of all that splendour, sigh that the world cannot be as we would have it and try to persuade ourselves that we have gained in comfort, in the ordering of our homes, what we have lost in beauty.

Is it well to be so resigned? Are the beautiful conceptions of Gianbellini and Carpaccio but the dreams of a painter of bygone times and as brief and baseless as the "snows of yester year?"

It is not for want of skill. If the painters of to-day are not to be called Titians and Giorgiones, they are, at least, the equals of the artists by whom the bulk of the external fresco work was done. Nor is there lack of material. Whatever there was in those days, marble, bronze, mosaic, faience, we have

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now, in both more widely varied quality and in greater quantity. It is true that the cost of making and working some of these things more than counterbalances the advantage of their initial cheapness—but in the occasional case, when cost does not enter into consideration, these materials are not used. And it is, indeed, a question how and where these materials should be used. Let us recall what was the practice in the days when they were used, and for convenience let us take such a period as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And, to limit our survey, let us exclude the Oriental countries of India, China, Japan, and the then barbarous countries of North Europe and the Americas. Also, to keep clear of conjectural or disputable evidence we will confine our attention to the lands bordering the Mediterranean, but including, however, the distant country of Persia.

It would be vain, indeed, in any consideration of the application of colour externally to buildings, to disregard or exclude the influence of Persian art, or to assume that such influence was merely local. It was very far from being that. Persian art at this time flourished outside Persia as well as within—in Syria, in the Holy Land, in Egypt, Tunis, and North Africa generally, and in Spain. Wherever the "Moors" were, there were Persian craftsmen in their train. The Arab followers of Mahomet had no pictorial or decorative art in themselves, but they impressed it from the nations they subjugated. But before they captured Constantinople, that city had been influenced by Oriental art. Through its gates passed the stream of commerce from the Far East that afterwards was diverted to Venice and thence to Amsterdam, and the rich products of Persia were frequent objects in the houses of Byzantium. Stories of the mosques and gateways and courtyards, of Tabriz, of Ispahan, of Meshsed, of domes and minarets, plated and encrusted with tiles, of palaces that commanded a perpetual garden within their walls, made not so much by nature as by man, of oases of colour set like jewels in the grey, stony desert. Though the last crusade was spent a hundred years

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before, there was the fireside tradition of our ancestors' experience, of the wonderful things they had seen, over and above the visible remnants of spoil that had been brought back from the land of the infidel. The feet of the religious enthusiasts had marked out and formed the tracks which afterwards became the routes of trade—the fierceness of antagonism had gradually abated in the face of so much bravery and repulse; and outcast as both Jew and Moslem were regarded, the one was tolerated for the commercial advantages he brought, and the other respected for the power he represented. And to confirm and swell the tale of Oriental splendour came back those unfortunates who had been made captives by the enemy on land or by the pirates at sea. The fall of Constantinople occasioned a flight westward of artists who were familiar by eyesight as well as report with the ideals of decorative art as understood by the Oriental. Europe was then gay with colour—some of it permanent, in imitation of the Roman methods of encrusting buildings with sheets of coloured marbles, with gilt bronze enrichments, and in the more important edifices with gilt bronze roofs—some of it permanent with marble mosaic, glass mosaic, some of it permanent so far as gilding, fresco and tempera painting would permit—and some of it temporary for festival wear, by means of bunting, arras, painted cloths, and rich carpets. Europe was then young and had a fine appetite for colour, a healthy digestion enabled her to assimilate it in all forms and in limitless quality, and a careless inattention to any but the broad effects of nature, engendered by contact with and contest against her savage forces and encroaching powers, forced the peoples of that date to use the means that were simplest and readiest to their hands, to work uncritically and with something of the freedom of irresponsibility. But the exodus from Byzantium stimulated and enforced the already growing desire for scholarship. Old manuscripts, antiques, cameos, fragments of any and every kind of the indisputable past were exalted as the products of the golden age, as the standard of perfection. The ruins of classic buildings were

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ransacked, surveyed and measured. Externally, time and the elements and the greed of man had peeled off the coloured decoration, and the investigators found the walls as bare as bones and much the colour of them. Internally, the siltage of centuries had preserved the colouring, and the conclusion arrived at was that serious architecture should aim at being sculpture with no more distraction of colour upon it than was to be found on an antique by Praxiteles, so far as its exterior was concerned. So the gay marble incrustation at Florence was voted impure; the fanciful marble inlay at Lucca, childish; the stripes and cheques of marble at Siena, Pisa, Genoa, bizarre; the amber splendour of marble at Venice, Byzantine and exotic; and architecture (external) settled down into cold scholarship and began to talk about the dignity of its art. Not without a struggle, however. The house decorator on his stucco, the artist on his fresco, kept up with their paint-pots what defence they could against the chill rectitude of academic taste; but the hungry salt sea air bit into the paintings of the great artists employed and the ruin of their masterpieces discouraged their patrons, who could not afford to stoop from their connoisseurship to employ inferior hands for such work, and one can discover now in Genoa and Venice only traces to show how widely accepted, there and elsewhere, was this treatment of decorating houses in colour. Thanks to the high standard of technical and pictorial excellence so evolved, the fresco artist and his palette have disappeared, but the humbler colourist with his paint-pot and broom still holds on, for man cannot do without colour. Where Nature is prodigal in her bestowal man need not ask for more—but nature is not uniformly lavish; and it is worthy of remark that it is where nature is most niggard that man has done his most to supplement her shortcomings.

Take the Persian examples, for instance. Their mosques, courtyards, khans and garden enclosures are all plated with marble mosaic or enamelled tiles, and then consider the setting in which these jewels find themselves. For the most part of

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the year, the towns in Persia are set in a dreary stony wilderness. So it is in India, in North Africa, and the South of Spain, where external decoration most abounds. For months and months the landscape is a monotonous grey. The hills are barren, the plains burnt up. Overhead is the sky, too brilliant to be blue, too blinding to gaze at. The want of variety in the monotone becomes a pain, a torture. Nor is the joy of Nature's colouring unknown.

The spring comes, with a breath of blossom, and spreads a flush of coloured snow over the almond trees. The willows shake a tender rustle of fresh green along the stream's side, the streams of the melted snow on the hill sides, wide patches of sprouting corn and breadths of matted herbage gemmed with iris, anemone and crocus, convert the desert suddenly into the meads of Paradise. A few weeks and all is over. The grass has been sunned into a pale brown velvet, and the dust has blanched the leaves of every shrub. Inside the town, the resource of the residents has prolonged the season. In the tended garden the rose blooms, and the jasmine loads the evening air with its heavy scent. But even under the most favourable conditions, it is almost impossible to preserve the verdancy and refreshment of the garden by means of the living and changing colours of the plants enclosed, and the Persian constructs, by aid of his marble and tiles, a spring and summer that he can command, and that shall be about him always. The real foliage is kept green and lush by the rills that wander through his garden, and when he goes thence to the mosque or the bazaar he finds in their shelter the wealth of colour that he has girded himself with at home.

As we reach more fertile lands, the brilliancy and copiousness of the architectural decoration diminishes. There is no such thing as rivalry with Nature's palette; where she colours by the acre, man can only follow by the yard—she has room to mix and blend her innumerable ingredients, while he has to peddle in restricted panels with the few colours he can use. Moreover, she is never still—each hour produces some change

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—new forms arise, blow and give place; at times there is a general consent of colour, and again the landscape is a mosaic of a myriad of hues. Competition is not to be thought of; nor should opposition be entered into without much consideration. The obvious course is to dip into the treasury from which she makes her effect and let the buildings grow out of the ground, from the rock and clay which have determined her field of operations and which sustain the materials of her effects. The whole country-side speaks the soil that underlies it—the very skies overhead tell a different blue—whilst the native copse and woodlands proclaim the geology in terms that outstrip in clearness the Ordnance Survey. As soon as the first rawness is past, a structure built of local materials subsides quickly into the general picture, adding in the general fusion of colours one concordant item. Whereas the upstart, in its imported casing and garniture, stands out as a blot on the landscape until, by slow attrition, time blunts down the poignancy of its impertinence, and Nature flings over it a fold of her garment as she sweeps up it and everything (if not resisted) into her lap. Beside the luxuriant variety and unceasing gradation of colour in Nature, there is her restless activity of handiwork. All day long, and in the watches of the night, whilst he sleeps, she beleaguers the erections man has made: she batters at every wall, plants the seeds of disintegration in every cranny, probes the joints of their harness not once merely, but incessantly. The moment a house is built, her claws are upon it, without pity and without rest. Much of her work we admire and count upon, not so much for its picturesqueness as for the history that underlies the changes. Man has been there: has triumphed: and failed. Other men with different needs have succeeded to his seat; but ever the building is being assimilated to its surroundings. *Tamen usque recurret.* We may pluck it from the grip of Time for a season—but only for a season. Time's hold is still upon it, and it relapses again, the moment we cease our hold, into the multitudinous devouring forces that surround it.

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In "the changeless East," time moves slowly, and a decoration that is permanent and almost unassailable by the elements is there in consonance with the *genius loci*, whilst here it would be in strange dissonance. It is enough to look into a village churchyard to see the painful impropriety of using marble for the tombstones. Nature cannot assimilate such incorruptible obstacles to her scheme of colouring, so after such endeavour to temper and modify them as the circumstances may allow, she squirts her filth over the offending intruders, and leaves them to their sullied obstinacy. But when men begin to collect together, and amidst a huddle of streets manufacturing industries make themselves felt by the darkened air and blasted vegetation, we are ever renewing the fork wherewith we have expelled Nature, and defeating her contrivances to return. We have her ravening tooth—the full set of 'em—but of her colour harmonies, and tender shaping of our raw masses, we have none. The corroding acid that we pour on our buildings, and the pelt of grime with which we encrust all the surfaces to which soot and dust can be induced to stick, can hardly be laid to Nature's blame—unless we call these effects her revenges. We have made our streets as barren of colour as the stony wastes and barren hills of Persia, the deserts of North Africa, or the arid sierras of Spain; the green of herbage and foliage that gets renewed each year, has but a bare six months' life; the buds unfold hesitatingly in the stringent air, scorched by the burning acids and strangled by the thickening film of soot and impurities in which the wind covers them; the young green soon becomes darkened to a leaden hue, and at the first yellow of autumn they fall unregretted, and are swept from our sight as promptly as possible. It is seldom that the sky counts in any positive way to us as colour, and we are left consequently to our own efforts to construct the colour that we require in our manufacturing cities.

If Master Mantegna—now these many years dead—could be brought to life again for a space and conducted through the streets of our capital, one could conceive him saying a host of

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polite things—our bridges, our river embankment, our immense engineering constructions, would come in for astonished praise, but the thing which would be most inexplicable to his mind would be the laborious aimlessness of our play; and, following out his particular bent, especially so in our buildings. Harley Street he would understand, but not Shaftesbury Avenue. Harley Street represents the need for shelter met in the simplest and most direct way consistent with honest building, and the bulk of the dwellings at Mantua had no more to show. But the architectural pretensions of Shaftesbury Avenue would be a puzzle. "After all your expenditure of detail and material, what have you got?" one might suppose him to say. "For the sake of your credit I will assume that the houses are convenient—but, though I see you have been trying, what architectural quality have you got for your money? There is the ordinary stock-in-trade haberdashery, but with it there is neither proportion, nor light, nor shade: the conditions of modern life, you say, prevent the one, and the heavy ground-rents force the buildings in your streets to be lofty, and consequently deny you the other. Our buildings grew up joyously, but I cannot understand the fun in your streets. The only quality that I can conceive left to you is that of colour—and that you seem afraid to use." Crivelli might have been more outspoken. He came from Venice, the city most dependent on artificial colour for its beauty, because it has least natural colour—set as it is in the sea, it had that and the sky alone—there are no fields, and in his day no signs of trees, and gardens were, as now, few. And so Venice, at the date of my letter, was the richest coloured city to be found in Europe.

We might reply that colour had been tried and point to the present state of Venice to show how quickly its paintings have perished, and at the time that Crivelli was living such an answer might have been conclusive, but it is not so now. We have in our glazed ware colours that can defy the worst that time and our chimneys can do, and many of us put

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ourselves under obligation to paint the *façades* of our houses periodically. One of the few pleasures that the traverser of our streets secures is the painted sweep of the quadrant of Regent Street, and the pleasure is heightened when the colouring is done afresh and he views it clean. Doubtless the fine sweep, the broad unanimous treatment of the architecture has much to do with his pleasure—but so also has the broad treatment of the paint brush. Colour must be laid on in large masses and gradation got—for the most part—by throwing over it a network of trellis or delicate filagree of diaper—and not by accentuating members of the architecture or by using it in small spaces. An insufficient treatment is sure to be spotty and irritating. The usual window flower-boxes, like so many straps of coloured plaster across a negro's face, fail from insufficiency—nor can one house though painted in vermilion from basement to parapet be more than an annoyance. There must be a principle in the scheme of colouring and co-operation. Such a principle is indeed already accepted and in force in a small way, so small that in many instances it passes unrecognised. The Royal Mail uses the royal scarlet: the liveries have red, the carts are painted red, and so are the letter-boxes. Each parish colours its own lamp-posts, standards, &c., the parish colour. The railways, the omnibuses, and tram-cars, have their proper tinctures to tell us in the moving heraldry of our streets, to what systems and clan they belong. Why should we stop there? I do not advocate that all the houses in each parish should be painted the parish colour all over; but the front doors and area railings might bear the parochial colours, so that besides something gained in the way of uniformity, a stranger might be able to discover at a glance in what locality he found himself. But much more might be done than this. Buildings such as public libraries, town halls, and museums, that in themselves afford enough space for adequate colour decoration, might be treated wholly in colour, the electoral as well as the parochial colours being worked into the scheme. Why should we not be beholden to

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colour for some of our information? Colour has played a great part in the heraldry of past time, why should we deny ourselves the advantages of it in the heraldry of to-day? We can still distinguish in advance of us the apothecary's dwelling and the pawnbroker's, and sometimes descry the barber's pole and basin. The angler's gold fish and the tobacconist's Highlander have become rarities, and it may be proper that we should bid them good-bye—but are we to be so much the poorer in colour as well by our loss? In our cities, the colour in our skies has gone; it has been smudged out of tree and shrub; it has been overlaid with grime on our buildings; it has faded out of our clothes—it remains only in the shop windows and on the hoardings. Is this enough? If so, then what means this desperate exodus from town to be seen on every railway platform every evening? Why is all this people so anxious to escape from the masterpieces of their own construction, of which they are so proud, that most of our new buildings claim to be only slightly adapted copies of the triumphs of our matured scholarship? Is not the hunger and thirst for colour one of the chief, if not the avowed reasons for this daily stampede? To get to somewhere where the skies are blue above us, the grass green beneath our feet, where the plants blossom and fruit, and we can enjoy the changing beauty of garden and orchard, and at the week's end rest in the comfort and shelter of the colour that Nature beneficently bestows on every object under her care. We have been brought up in a jewelled world—we have no country that is a desert, no hills, no plains that are not a feast to the eyes in all seasons and under all conditions, and we carry this innate proprietary right to colour with us into our cities, and not finding it there our chief hope is that when the time comes we may escape. This is an age of mercy; we will not willingly see any suffer; we spend large sums annually in the relief of sorrow, pain, and crime; can we not in our streets do something for the poor prisoners enclosed therein?

HALSEY RICARDO.

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THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

III

WE left the Kano school last at Kimura Sanraku, the pupil of Yeitoku, and the successor of that master in the decoration of Taiko Hideyoshi's palaces. A pupil and adopted son of Sanraku was Sansetsu, a painter whose genius is insufficiently recognised, perhaps because the master's fame has overshadowed that of the pupil. Herein is a great injustice to Sansetsu, whom I believe to have been the equal of his master. He was no slavish follower of Sanraku in his manner, but rather turned to the earlier Chinese style which had first inspired the work of the Kano school. Sansetsu is a Kano painter still, by his work as much as by his artistic ancestry, but he would seem to have gone back over the heads of Sanraku, Yeitoku, Shoyei, and Motonobu, to take his teaching from old Masanobu himself, and he chose rather to endow his work with the classic restraint and severity of the older painter rather than with the dash and freedom of his adoptive father. But that there was nothing of "tightness" about his work will be seen by a glance at the splendid monochrome *Rainstorm*, which is numbered 1274 in the British Museum collection. Here, with a few masterly splashes of the brush, Sansetsu has drenched his picture, so to speak, with a driving downpour. Not a touch more is on the paper than is needed to carry the suggestion to the imagination of the beholder; yet none but the blankly unimaginative can fail to feel the triumphant force with which the suggestion is made. Here

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Landscape in Rain and Mist, *from a Makimono by Kano Sanraku (British Museum Collection)*

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indeed, in his own "branch of calligraphy," Sansetsu has written that "voiceless poem" which was the aim of all the masters of Nippon.

The second specimen of his work in the same collection, the *Quails and Millet*, is excellent also, in another style, and it notably exhibits Sansetsu's delicate precision and firmness of touch, when those qualities were demanded by the subject. But the picture is in poor condition, and for that reason gives no idea of the painter's command of colour. That he was a great colourist, however, is amply proved by a small kakemono in my own collection, the subject being a flower, with buds and leaves. Here the rich though quiet harmony of the green, purple, gold, and white, is such as one may see in the flower-pictures of the Chinese masters of the Sung dynasty, and the picture, in truth, might well be mistaken for the work of Oguri Sotan. Sansetsu, who was born toward the end of the sixteenth century, probably died in 1651, though other dates thereabout are given by the native authorities, who are rarely found to agree in a matter of chronology. His age was sixty-two.

Another important pupil of Sanraku was Shokwado. He was a priest of Nara, and his work is not common. The most of it is of very rapid, summary, and masterly execution in monochrome, with a personal and somewhat eccentric character which startles and perhaps puzzles the eye at first sight, though its peculiar charm soon reveals itself. But beyond this Shokwado has executed work in colour which, like everything he touched, was of a markedly individual character. He sought for strange new tints, gentle and low tones, and when he pleased he could give his sketches, often apparently careless, a firm severity, comparable with that of the greatest of the early masters in ink. Although a pupil of the Kano school, Shokwado's manner is so peculiar to himself that he is usually called an independent artist. He died in 1689, leaving two or three pupils of smaller abilities.

During the seventeenth century the last great development

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of the Kano school was effected by a very brilliant family of painters, to trace whose origin we must for the moment go back to Kano Yeitoku, grandson and pupil of Motonobu. Beside his great pupils of other families Yeitoku taught two sons of his own, painters merely of the second or third rank—Mitsunobu and Takanobu. Takanobu, though himself the least distinguished painter of his family, had three sons of the highest abilities, whose names are among the most famous of the Kano school. They were Tanyu, Naonobu, and Yasunobu, in the order of their years, and they were left orphans by the death of their father in 1618, when Tanyu, the eldest, was sixteen years of age, and the others were fifteen and five respectively.

Takanobu's brother, Mitsunobu, had a pupil, Yamamoto Ko-i, of a talent equal—indeed, I think, superior—to that of his master; and when Takanobu died the artistic education of his children was undertaken by this painter, whose name has come down to us with an added lustre by reason of the triumphs of these three brothers, whose performance so far exceeded his own.

Tanyu, who is said in his early days to have supported his fatherless family by making and selling toys of tinsel paper, became one of the greatest masters of the Kano school, and altogether the most famous. He painted in a much freer, looser style than his predecessors, and his manner influenced the methods of all his contemporaries and successors, so that the Kano school, for the last two hundred and fifty years, might almost as well have been called the Tanyu school. His powerful, dashing brushwork has always a character of careless ease—almost of recklessness; but it is always expressive to the last degree, and its very quality of apparent carelessness is one of its greatest charms in the eyes of the amateur of Japanese taste. This display of heedless dash, indeed, was sometimes pushed perilously near to affectation, and it is a common thing to find the figure of some symmetrical object flung lopsided on Tanyu's paper, like the wine-jar in the

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example illustrated. In the delight of his power Tanyu was something of a swashbuckler in art, and he loved a touch of bravado. One can almost imagine him foreseeing the doubts of the timid philistine, and throwing blots and splashes from his great brush purely for the bedevilment of those dullards of a later age whose pictorial ideal will be attained with the invention of photography in colours. There are pictures by Tanyu which seem to have been deliberately designed to carry their message to kindred spirits, and to remain meaningless to all others. A landscape on silk in the British Museum collection (No. 1286) is one of these. Other Japanese painters have painted just such pictures, but none so often as Tanyu, and none, except Korin, of whom I shall speak presently, with a flatter defiance of the outsider: a creature, it would seem, wholly foreign to Japan; for it is a fact that there Tanyu remains the most popular painter of his school.

I should have liked to illustrate with a landscape by Tanyu —preferably the one I have mentioned; but the camera and the zinc block, inadequate in the most favourable cases, are useless in this. The delicate washes and gradations which express the picture cannot survive the process. Another very excellent landscape in the Museum collection is numbered 1278. It is expressed with more definite detail than the other, but the grey distance, although it might possibly be photographed, would be lost on the zinc block. For a reason which I cannot fathom, Dr. Anderson has questioned the genuineness of this picture, which, nevertheless, is a true Tanyu, unmistakable by any student familiar with the master's work. The notes of interrogation lavished on this kakemono would have been better employed elsewhere in the catalogue—on the pair of alleged Tanyu immediately preceding the landscape, for instance.

The Museum has two very glorious pictures of Kwannon, by Tanyu, of large size. Both are admirable, but of the two I think I prefer the smaller. In each case the figure of the goddess is drawn with noble feeling and great distinction of pose.

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I have had great difficulty in selecting an example of Tanyu for illustration, and I have selected the *Philosopher and Boy* chiefly because it is on paper, and was therefore likely to make a fairly clear photograph. But the reduction alone has destroyed much of the value of the illustration. The figure of the boy is a specially good example of Tanyu's line, in the original, where it measures nearly six inches in height, but in the reproduction the character of the work is scarcely to be discerned at all. However, some little hint of the artist's freedom and power may be seen in the figure of the man. The original picture is coloured in faint tints.

When he pleased Tanyu could moderate the force of his brush, and could touch in birds and flowers with unspeakable lightness and grace. I have a small kakemono on which, with a few dozen strokes of a small brush and a touch or two of pale blue, he has left a delightful picture of a slender stem of bamboo, about which and its lower twigs a flowering convolvulus climbs and hangs, while a sparrow clings and sways on the topmost shoot. This picture is all too delicate for the process block, or I would have reproduced it beside the other.

Tanyu, who very frequently lengthened his name to Tanyusai, and sometimes called himself Morinobu, attained to great favour at the Imperial Court, being employed to replace the outworn pictures of sages which had been painted on the walls of the palace at Kioto by Kosé no Kanaoka eight hundred years before. He was also appointed keeper of the Imperial collection of pictures, and was given the high priestly rank of Ho-in. He died in 1674.

Naonobu, who during his life was more often called Shumei, had many of Tanyu's great qualities, joined to a grace and suavity all his own. There are Japanese connoisseurs who rank him even higher than Tanyu, and though I cannot go so far as that, I can well understand that some would prefer the delicacy and sweet fluidity of Naonobu's brush before the reckless strength of his elder brother's. Not that Naonobu lacks in power; he is, indeed, one of the strongest as well as

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Chinese Philosopher and Boy Attendant. *From a watercolour by Kuan Tao-sheng. Walter A. Fairservis Collection.*

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Sunbeam on Willow, *from one of a set of three*
tokimono by Kono Nanaoka
(Weiss's collection)

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one of the most individual of the Kano painters; but his manner is more reserved than that of his more famous brother, and he uses his power as a means rather than as an end in itself—a means to the attainment of pure beauty. I have read somewhere, in a European treatise, that Naonobu "imitated" Tanyu. It is the sort of statement that might be expected of a wholly ignorant foreigner who may have seen a single drawing of each painter, and was altogether incapable of understanding the style and technique of either. Naonobu had much of Tanyu's freedom of execution, it is true, but his work is so unmistakably his own that a careful study of half a dozen good examples of each painter is almost enough to enable any amateur of good judgment to separate the works of the two men infallibly wherever he may meet them. There is a kakemono by Naonobu in the British Museum collection which is catalogued as by Tanyu, because of a spurious seal placed on it by some unpardonable dealer. It is numbered 1285, and the subject is Fugen Bosatsu seated on an elephant. A comparison of this picture—which is a very good example—with any genuine figure-painting of Tanyu should make plain the difference between the styles of the two artists; and a short examination of another good Naonobu in the same collection—a bird over a pine-tree, numbered 1267—will prove how, spite of his obvious power, a quiet discipline governs the work of the younger brother.

The photograph which illustrates Naonobu in this paper is taken from the right-hand kakemono in a set of three. The centre picture is one of Fukurokujiu, genius of wisdom, with his staff and roll, and that placed to the left shows a crow on a broken pine-branch. I have selected the sparrow and willow to give some idea of the delicacy, suppleness, and certainty of Naonobu's hand, though I fear the half-tone process may defeat me here, as it already has done in other cases. I wish I could have presented photographs of the three pictures in position, for a more perfect example of composition and placing I have never seen; but the space was too small if they

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were to be of a moderately visible size. As it is, a sacrifice is made of almost the chief charm of the example photographed, standing by itself; for the picture is an unusually long one, and the tall blank space which has been cut away from above the bird has an extraordinary effect of atmosphere in the original; while the placing of the subject on the paper—nearly four times as high as wide—is quite triumphant. But the shape of the page gave no choice, and I must wait for some other opportunity of exemplifying the fact that the Japanese masters made their blank areas as much parts of their pictures as the rest.

Naonobu was a year younger than Tanyu, but he died long before his brother; at the comparatively early age, in fact, of forty-seven. For this reason his works are rarer than those of Tanyu.

Yasunobu, youngest of three brothers, was born in 1618, and outlived both the others, dying in 1685. His method was commonly more reserved than that of either of the other two, and at times he reverted to the Chinese manner, painting very much in the style of Sesshiu. There is a very fine screen of six folds in the British Museum, painted by Yasunobu with a Chinese landscape, in what may be called an almost purely Sesshiu style. This screen, by the way, is most uncommonly well preserved for its age, and it affords an opportunity of examining the work of an old Kano painter almost as it was when it left his hands, untouched by that mellowing of tint, the product of age, which, while it undoubtedly adds a charm, at the same time often gives to an inferior old work, or a contemporary copy, an air of quality very apt to deceive the amateur.

In the more strictly Kano manner Yasunobu painted many magnificent landscapes. He was a master of subtle suggestion, and with a score or two of individually shapeless brush-strokes he could present the spirit of the mountains and torrents and mists of Japan with a force and feeling equal to those of his brother Tanyu. He was especially able in

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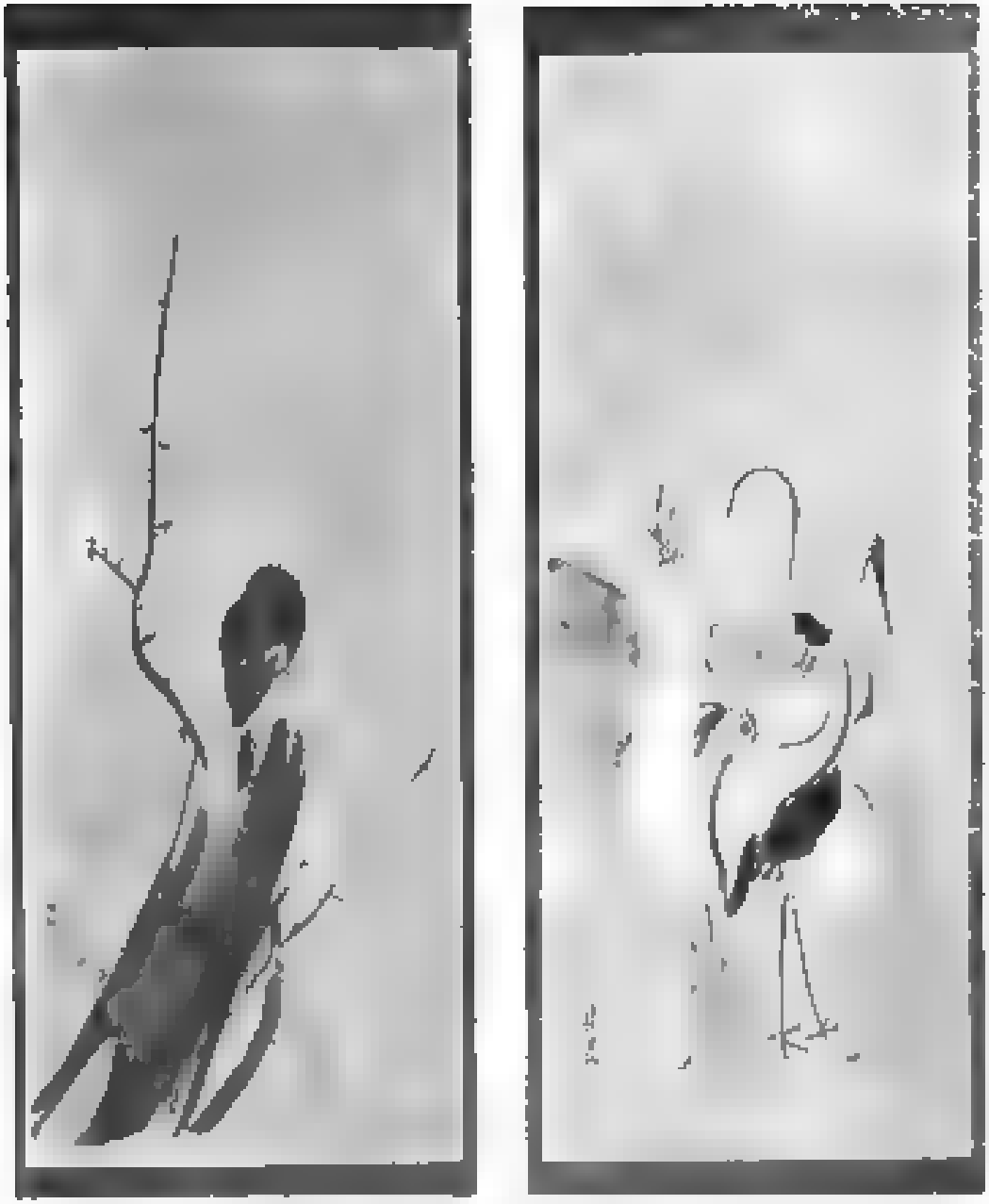

Bird on Peach Branch, and Fish, with Song and Yuan Dynasty Seals of a set of three collaborations by Zhang Daqian and Pu Ru (Chinese)

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the expression of great ideas with few materials. I have a kakemono of which the whole picture consists of no more than the white peak of Fujisan rising above a drift of cloud and mist, which latter Yasunobu has put in with half a dozen or fewer twists of a wide brush; but it is a great picture, charged with a feeling of lonely majesty; and the sense of vastness and depth in the drifting mist—here a thin wreath of vapour, there a driving thunder-cloud—is most impressive. I have already printed a photograph of a drawing by Yasunobu —that of a bamboo stem, in the first paper of this series; and I think that will be sufficient as an example of the painter's brushwork. Other pictures which I have in mind would suffer far more in reduction and etching.

Beside the screen, the British Museum has an excellent figure piece by Yasunobu—the priest Botankwa riding on an ox —and a good little landscape, both on silk. Both these pictures carry the signature Hogen Yeishin, a name commonly used by Yasunobu in his later period.

Yasunobu occasionally painted in the Tosa style, and very excellently, though examples of his work in this manner are rare. He had a particular ability in the painting of men in armour, and in a kakemono now hanging before me, in which several such figures occur, one man holds a prancing horse which is as finely modelled as are the horses of the great Yamato painters of the fourteenth century.

The three brothers had many excellent pupils. Highest in rank among those of Tanyu was Iyemitsu, the Shogun of the time, a great patron of the arts and a painter of some talent; but in the matter of ability I think Morikagé was Tanyu's chief pupil. That, at any rate, was Tanyu's own opinion. Morikagé's work on paper and silk is rarer than that of his master, the most of his time being given to the decoration of pottery, in which he achieved splendid effects. Another of Tanyu's pupils turned his brush to the same use—Tangen, who first painted the pottery of Satsuma.

Morikagé married a niece of Tanyu, also a pupil. Her

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name as a painter was Kiyohara Sesshin, and she was an artist of surprising vigour and ability, and a fine colourist. I have seen a figure drawing of hers which, for colour, should be placed among the greatest works even of such masters of colour as the Japanese painters.

Tanyu taught another important pupil in To-un, also called Masunobu. This latter name, by the way, is written with two characters, of which that for *Masu* may also be read *Yeki*, and that for *Nobu* may also be read *Shin;* but it is wholly incorrect to speak of To-un's alternative name as Yekishin, as is done in some European treatises, for that reading was never used by the painter himself. To-un was a very able painter, who worked with an elegant line and had a fine command of colour. Several of his works are in the British Museum, among which a small kakemono with a figure of a Chinese warrior is notable for its colour, and some very small unmounted landscapes exhibit excellent brushwork in black. To-un married Tanyu's daughter, and survived his father-in-law by twenty years.

Tanyu's son Tanshin, also called Morimasa, was a very considerable artist, who worked very closely in his father's style, but with less power; though one chiefly judges this by what he left unattempted, so well did he understand his own limitations. Still he was a strong draughtsman, and he had an exquisite sense of colour. The picture of a Chinese sage, numbered 1316 in the British Museum collection, is an excellent specimen of his work. Conscious of his advantages as well as of his limitations, he made more use of colour than most of the Kano painters of his time. Tansetsu, a younger brother of Tanshin, was a good painter, but of a smaller talent.

Naonobu's chief pupil—in fact, his only pupil of the first class—was his son Tsunenobu, born in 1638. Tsunenobu is held in very high esteem among the Japanese, and deservedly so. Technically he is one of the first flight of their painters, and in other respects he must always rank high. I am the more anxious to give him the high place I believe he deserves

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Kwannon, *from a kakemono by Kano Yasunobu*
(*British Museum Collection*)

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because European critics, with the exception of M. Gonse, have scarcely done him justice. Indeed, I think I have read somewhere that he was little better than a very clever imitator of Tanyu. This statement is singularly like the one I have mentioned when speaking of Tsunenobu's father, and it is almost as little justified. It is true that Tsunenobu's work is rather more like Tanyu's than his father's, but that is all. I think that western critics are apt to take altogether too superficial a view (when they consider the matter at all) of the qualities and comparative styles of brushwork among the Japanese painters. It is a very difficult thing for a European to understand, it is true, and there are pitfalls everywhere. At the outset the European amateur, if he trouble so far as to give the matter a thought, will perceive certain different methods of drawing a line practised by the painters of the diverse schools, the wider variety being perceivable in the work of the Kano men. He sees, perhaps, in one picture that painter A builds his line of a succession of strong, splintery strokes, thick where the brush strikes the paper and thin where it leaves it. In another picture B is seen to draw a long line in a single stroke, thicker in the middle than at the ends. In a third C carries his brush hither and thither without a lift, spreading it wide here, turning it there with a hair-stroke, bringing it up in another place with a splashing blot; and so with other men and other manners. Whereupon the student hastily concludes that herein lies all the difference between the brushwork of these painters, and that he is armed to judge and to separate their pictures wherever he may find them. But, in fact, he must go far deeper. The diverse methods of drawing lines which he has observed are merely some of a score, taught, with variations, to all the pupils of all the schools, and often used, every one of them, by a single painter. True it is that certain artists especially favour and more commonly use certain methods; but that fact only leads the wanderer deeper into the mire, for it helps to confirm his delusion. The distinctions are really far more intimate and subtle than he supposes. There is

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something wholly personal, something temperamental, which must be sought and recognised; something altogether beyond written words to describe. Our nearest analogy is in handwritings, though the use of a hard steel pen is destructive of all the finer shades of character possible with the brush. I think if I were to attempt to indicate—nobody could *express*—the difference between the brush-stroke of Tanyu and that of his nephew Tsunenobu, I should say that while Tanyu's seems to proclaim an exultation in the sheer unrestrained power he was wielding, Tsunenobu's expresses a delight rather in the beauty he was suggesting and creating, and in the reserve of force of which he was showing no more than the needed glimpse.

Tsunenobu had, beyond the common, the art of building a picture as much with the paper or silk left untouched as with the ink and colour of his brush; he was distinguished as a master of the art of omission even among painters who generally so well understood it as those of Japan. For the rest, he had his full share of the best qualities of the chief Kano painters: high conception, broad execution, and fine colour. I am reproducing a very fine picture of Kwannon by Tsunenobu, from the British Museum collection. The original is faintly tinted in colour, and is a work of the painter's early period, offering a specimen of admirable drawing with a small brush. As an example of his work with a larger brush and a grey wash I have added the *Herons and Lotus*. This picture, like that of Kaihoku Yusho, printed with the last paper, shows still water and wet mist, expressed with the same force and quality; but the beautiful low tones of the original are destroyed by the reproduction process. Each of these pictures is on silk, the first a few inches less and the second a few inches more than three feet high, exclusive of the brocade mount.

The British Museum has a good example of Tsunenobu's later work in a landscape with Chinese sages in a boat—the kakemono numbered 1805, and another, of a sage by a lake, numbered 1313. A very fine set of three (1309 to 1311) must not be taken as typical work of Tsunenobu, though they are

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White Herons and Lotus in Mist *from a kakemono by Kōrin Tawaraya (Winter's Collection)*

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admirable examples of his command of the brush. They are in the Sesshiu style, being, in fact, copies of a set by Sesshiu himself.

Tsunenobu's most famous work is to be seen on the walls of a corridor in a temple in Kioto, painted from end to end with enormous chrysanthemums, five or six feet high, in heavy body-colour. He occasionally painted screens with birds and flowers in the Tosa style, in this way producing some of his finest work.

Yasunobu, youngest of the three brilliant sons of Takanobu, taught many pupils. Among them was a son of his own, Tokinobu, a painter of merit, who died young; and more important, Taga Choko, afterwards famous as Hanabusa Itcho, one of the most original painters of the school, of which he founded a new section. Itcho was a great painter and a great humourist—I think that, personally, he might even be called a wag: fond of practical jokes, given to pictorial "chaff" of persons in high authority, and falling into one scrape after another—one at least involving imprisonment—because of an incurable irreverence and an unfortunate habit of poking fun. But he kept his spirits up through it all, and even adopted a new pseudonym after a release from gaol, recording the situation of the window through which the gaoler had handed his food. This pseudonym appears above the name "Itcho" in the signature to the picture photographed for the accompanying illustration.

Itcho, unlike the other Kano painters, went to the common life of the streets and villages for most of his subjects—a thing only done very exceptionally by his predecessors. For this reason Dr. Anderson has classed him with the Ukioyé school; a total mistake, since Itcho's painting was always Kano, and pure Kano, though without doubt it exerted a considerable influence on many of the Ukioyé painters of later years. No Japanese would ever dream of calling Itcho a member of the Ukioyé school, and every native authority puts him in his proper place, with the Kano men, at the most going no

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further than to place him at the head of a section of his own.

Itcho was one of the greatest colourists Japan has produced, and his serious pictures are full of grace, sweetness, and dignity. It is amazing to observe how little his overmastering sense of humour interfered with his high artistic qualities, even in his wildest moments. Indeed, I cannot remember observing an instance in which it has interfered at all; though of course the humour of the subject is apt to distract attention from the beauty of the treatment. His figures are full of action and "go," but they are never there merely for themselves—they are always part of an admirable picture; and his funniest drawings are always "serious" pictures in the sense that they are always seriously intended works of art. Often the joke is not clear to the foreigner, but there is always a picture full of spirit, movement, and fine line. The drawing reproduced is in faint colour, and as in the case of the Naonobu, a large part of the kakemono has been excluded from the photograph, in order to bring the figures (which are a foot high in the original) to a reasonable size.

The British Museum collection is not well off for genuine work by Itcho, but it has one good little kakemono, a picture of Ebisu dancing on a temple gate, holding a fish above his head. And there is a pair, representing street dancers, painted by Itcho and two pupils—Ittei and Nobukatsu—in collaboration.

Itcho was born in 1651, the son of a physician at Osaka. He came to Yedo at the age of fifteen to study under Yasunobu, and he died, aged seventy-three, in 1724. It should be mentioned that the picture of a blind beggar carried away by the thunder-god, which is given as a specimen of Itcho's manner in *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*, is *not* by Itcho, nor at all like his work.

Another important pupil of Yasunobu was Tawaraya Sotatsu, who became one of the greatest flower-painters of Japan—some say the greatest—and the master of the famous

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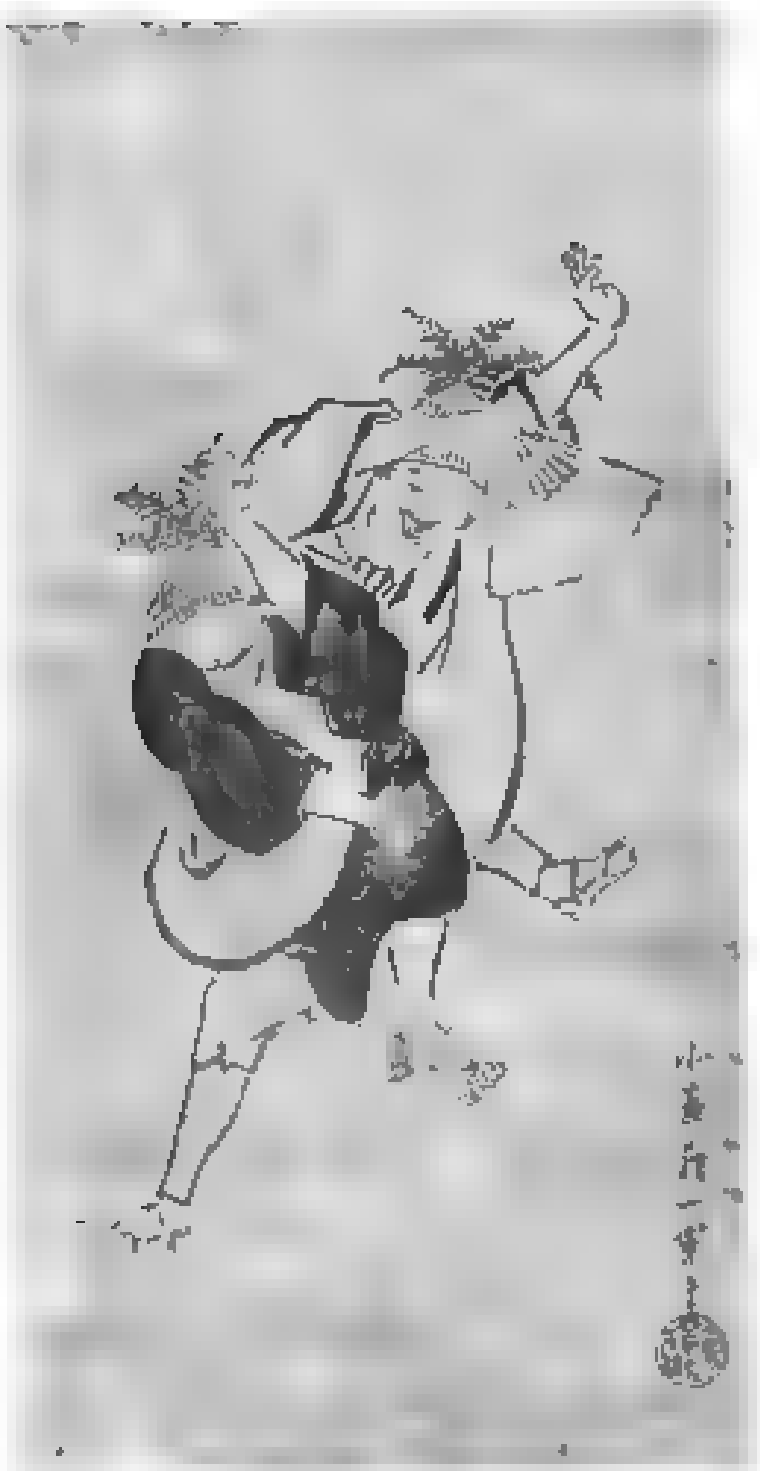

Street Dancers. *From a kakemono by Hasunuma Hōkei*
(Fraser's Collection)

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Korin. Sotatsu afterwards became a pupil of Sumiyoshi Jokei, or Hiromichi, of the Tosa school; and this may conveniently bring us to a short consideration of the Tosa school in the period during which we have been following the Kano painters.

Mitsuyoshi, son of Mitsushigé, was the last Tosa painter I have mentioned. Mitsuyoshi had two sons, Mitsunori and Hiromichi, both able painters, though the younger, Hiromichi, was altogether the more original. He adopted a strong and bold style of painting on paper, and in this manner he executed many figures of ancient Japanese heroes and princes. The unsigned kakemono No. 258 in the British Museum collection is one of these—a portrait of Sugawara no Michizané, not of Shotoku Taishi, as catalogued. But Hiromichi also painted in an alternative manner, altogether original, using some of the methods of the Kano painters. The British Museum has a very fine set of three kakemono in this style, one of which I have had photographed. The pictures are in colour, and a careful examination will show what I believe to be the germs of the style of painting, which, transmitted through Sotatsu, developed, in the hands of his pupil Korin, into the style associated with the name of that original genius. The name Sumiyoshi Jokei was conferred as an honour upon Hiromichi by the Emperor, and it is as Sumiyoshi Jokei that he is chiefly known among the Japanese.

The work of his pupil, Sotatsu, comprises some of the most exquisite in all Japanese art, but to attempt to give an idea of it without the use of colour would be hopeless. The British Museum have one very unusual specimen, a figure piece—Manzai dancers—but that is not in first-rate condition, and to photograph it at all is something near an impossibility. Still the picture—which is uncatalogued—is a fine one, of uncommonly direct and large execution, quite in the old Tosa manner.

We come now to Ogata Korin, in all respects one of the most remarkable figures in the history of Japanese painting.

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He sought instruction, as I have said, from more than one master, and Kano Yasunobu is mentioned as one of them, in addition to Sotatsu. An older painter named Koyetsu, pupil of Kaihoku Yusho, is also spoken of by some authorities. Koyetsu was a man of all-round genius—painter, poet, calligraphist, and connoisseur of sword-blades; but I cannot believe that his accomplishment went so far as the teaching of painting to a man born twenty-three years after he was dead. It is probable, indeed, that Korin studied and learnt from the works of Koyetsu, and perhaps, also, in the manner of Japanese painters, acknowledged his mastership by adopting the first syllable, or rather character, of his name; but any more personal connection was impossible, for the conclusive reason I have named.

Korin is a painter whose work is apt to strike the European student with something of a shock; it is something wholly different from anything he has met. Korin was not only a great painter, but also one of the very foremost lacquerists of Japan, and his work in both departments has a daring originality that is apt to take away the breath of the unaccustomed foreigner. Under a first appearance almost of childishness—nobody could say of crudity—Korin nearly conceals—never quite—a mastery of form and colour that are an unending delight to the true amateur of art. But his accomplishment cannot be understood by the majority, and his manner puzzles them sadly. It so far disturbed Dr. Anderson that he describes a very fine specimen of Korin's work in the British Museum collection—in fact, the only genuine Korin there—as "a fair example of the worst style of the artist."

Korin, as a fact, cared nothing for the mass of unessentials that go to the making of a mediocre picture, and to the disguise of the merits in a good one, in Europe. He was concerned with the spirit of his subject and the decorative quality of his work. But in this matter I think I can scarce do better than quote M. Gonse, who has shown a juster appreciation of Korin than any other European writer with whose work I am

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Lotus and Mandarin Ducks, *from one of a set of three kakemono by Sesson Shūkei* (*Hōsen Museum Collection*)

acquainted, and who puts the master's qualities admirably into words, so far as that is possible:

Korin [says M. Gonse] est peut-être le plus original et le plus personnel des peintres du Nippon, le plus Japonais des Japonais. Son style ne ressemble à aucun autre et désoriente au premier abord l'œil des Européens. Il semble à l'antipode de notre goût et de nos habitudes. C'est le comble de l'impressionisme, du moins, entendons-nous, de l'impressionisme d'aspect, car son exécution est fondue, légère et lisse; son coup de pinceau est étonnament souple, sinueux et tranquille. Le dessin de Korin est toujours étrange et imprévu; ses motifs, bien à lui et uniques dans l'art japonais, ont une naïveté un peu gauche qui vous surprend; mais on s'y habitue vite, et, si l'on fait quelque effort pour se placer au point de vue de l'esthétique japonaise, on finit par leur trouver un charme et une saveur inexprimables, je ne sais quel rythme harmonieux et flottant qui vous enlace. Sous des apparences souvent enfantines, on découvre une science merveilleuse de la forme, une sûreté de synthèse que personne n'a possédée au même degré dans l'art japonais et qui est essentiellement favorable aux combinaisons de l'art décoratif. Cette souplesse ondoyante des contours qui, dans ses dernières œuvres, arrondit tous les angles du dessin vous séduit bientôt par son étrangeté même. J'avoue très sincèrement que l'art de Korin, qui, dans les premiers temps, m'avait passablement troublé, me donne aujourd'hui les jouissances les plus raffinées.

I suppose there is no Japanese painter whose qualities can so little be exhibited in a process-block as Korin. Still, I have had the pictures of two kakemono photographed, in the hope that merely as diagrams they may make understood some part at least of what I have said, and of what I have quoted from M. Gonse. The originals are two of a set of three, of which Fukurokujiu, genius of wisdom, on his stag, is the centre. They are on silk, each more than a yard high, and painted in a very delicate scheme of soft colour. They are excellent examples of Korin's beautifully fluid line and sense of pictorial arrangement, but the photographs do inexpressible injustice to the originals. The quality of the varied greys and blacks on the bird's back and on the broken tree-trunk is exquisite. Many Japanese artists have taken trouble to moderate the traditional height of Fukurokujiu's head, by way of saving the dignity of the figure; Korin wilfully exaggerates it, and so achieves the great composition at which he is aiming, a composition not a

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whit less great because of its studied *bizarrerie*. And through all his work Korin, by some magic of his own, expresses the subtle essentials of form, in spite of, even by means of, a calm disregard of its apparent elements. I am thinking of a little group of mice, put on paper, as it were, with heavy drops of thick grey, that—but there! the thing must be seen to be understood, and the pity is that Korin's work is rare.

Korin died in 1716, aged fifty-six. He left few immediate pupils in the art of painting, the chief being Watanabé Shiko. Korin's younger brother, Kenzan, who became as famous in pottery as was Korin in lacquer, painted also, much in the elder brother's style. But Korin's most famous follower among the painters was Hoitsu, who revived the style toward the end of the eighteenth century, and with whom I shall deal later.

I have said that Tosa Hiromichi, master of Sotatsu, was son of Tosa Mitsuyoshi, whose elder son was Tosa Mitsunori. Mitsunori, early in the seventeenth century had two important pupils. One was his son Tosa Mitsuoki, born in 1616. Mitsuoki worked with extreme elegance in minute, almost microscopic touches, with an exquisite perfection of finish, painting flowers, birds, and landscapes without a trace of spottiness or undue labour, notwithstanding the astonishing fineness of the touch. The British Museum has a very small album of his work, numbered 492 in the catalogue, in which the painter's name is not given.

The second of Mitsunori's important pupils was Iwasa Matahei, founder of the Ukioyé school of painting. And with Matahei we come within reach of the later styles of the art, those with which Europe is least unfamiliar. Matahei and his new school, therefore, may well make the opening of the next paper.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

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SAMUEL BUTLER

IT would hardly be possible to find two men more diametrically opposed in mental qualities than the pair whose obituary notices appeared side by side in the *Times* on June 21 last—Lord Acton and Samuel Butler—and the contrast is rendered more striking by the fact that Lord Acton, a type of the academic student, was not educated at a University, while Samuel Butler, a thinker of singular independence and originality, was a graduate of Cambridge. It is with no feeling of disrespect for Lord Acton's extraordinary gifts that I venture to quote him as an example of that brilliant sterility which too often seems to be the result of the modern system of education. Lord Acton's reading was very wide and his memory was singularly retentive. All his life long he was engaged in accumulating facts, but if we ask what was the result of this unflagging industry, and in what way the world at large has benefited by Lord Acton's portentous erudition, the answer cannot fail to be disappointing. Lord Acton wrote little. A few magazine articles, an introduction to an edition of Machiavelli's "Prince," and a University address represent the sum of his labours, and these are written in a style so crabbed and allusive as to be barely comprehensible. His learning paralysed his productive power. His mind was so crammed with other men's ideas that his own had no room to germinate. In the history of modern culture he stands like some vast monument erected in a blind avenue, stately and imposing in itself, but leading nowhere.

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Samuel Butler, on the other hand, owed very little to either predecessor or contemporary. Shrewsbury and Cambridge gave him a solid foundation of scholarship, but his methods of thought were singularly untainted by academic convention. He was a daring and original thinker and the master of a style which for easy and forcible command of expression has not been surpassed in our time. His interests were varied and he touched nothing that he did not illuminate. He passed from social and ethical questions to scientific controversy, from classical literature to problems of art and archæology, from Shakespearean criticism to theological polemics; he was a poet, a painter, and a musician. Yet his bitterest opponents—and he had many—never called him a trifler. To whatever he did he gave the concentrated energy of his intellect. He was versatile without being superficial and minute without being narrow. It was characteristic at once of his independence and of his sincerity that when he attacked a subject it was at the fountain-head. His investigations into the Trapanese origin of the Odyssey were conducted not in the Reading-room of the British Museum, but in Sicily itself, and when he devoted himself to the study of Shakespeare's Sonnets he began not by reading the lucubrations of his innumerable predecessors, but by learning the entire series of the Sonnets by heart.

Samuel Butler was the son of a clergyman and the grandson of a bishop, and was himself designed for the Church. The development of his views upon dogmatic religion made it impossible that he should fall in with his father's wishes in this respect, and soon after taking his degree at Cambridge, where he was bracketed twelfth in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1858, he joined the Canterbury Settlement in New Zealand. There he remained for four years, devoting himself to sheep-farming in an inland district not far from the eastern slopes of the New Zealand Alps. But even upon the banks of the Rangitata literature claimed her own. A collection of Butler's home letters, describing the first year of his life in New Zealand, were published by his relations, and admirably racy

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they are. More important from the point of view of his subsequent activity are certain articles which he wrote for Christchurch newspapers. One of these, published in 1868 as "Darwin among the Machines," was subsequently incorporated into "Erewhon" in a revised form. Butler returned to England in 1865, and for the next few years devoted himself principally to painting, though he found time to contribute scientific articles to various London periodicals. His success as an artist was not commensurate with his ambition. He worked for the most part at Mr. Heatherley's studio in Newman Street, which he immortalised in one of his best or, at any rate, most successful pictures, "Heatherley's Holiday," in which Mr. Heatherley is represented as employing his leisure in mending the studio skeleton. The picture was hung in the Royal Academy in 1874 and attracted a good deal of notice. In the autumn of that year Sir F. Broome suggested that Butler should enlarge his published articles and make a book of them. He did so, setting them in a framework of imaginary adventure, and "Erewhon" sprang into being.

"Erewhon" experienced the difficulty, not unfamiliar to works of genius, of finding a publisher. It passed through the hands of Mr. George Meredith, who was then reader to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. He advised its rejection, describing it as a philosophical work little likely to be popular with a large circle of readers. Finally it was published by Messrs. Trübner in March 1872. Its immediate success is a matter of history, though it is worth noting that certain critics described it as an imitation of Lord Lytton's "The Coming Race," which had been published during the previous year. Butler attributed its success largely to two reviews which appeared respectively in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Spectator*, but even if the attitude of the reviewers had been less sympathetic than it was, it is impossible to believe that "Erewhon" could have passed unnoticed. The plan of the work—the adventures of a traveller in an imaginary Utopia—was, of course, traditional, but since the days of Swift it had not been handled with more

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conspicuous vigour and success. Butler was a master of delicate and trenchant irony, and he spared none of the follies and superstitions of modern life. The nucleus of the work, the reduction of the Darwinian theory to absurdity, may have lost some of its power to interest a twentieth-century audience, but the satire of the conventional attitude to religion in the chapter on "Musical Banks" remains as mordant as ever. Butler was a born story-teller, and the romantic framework of the satire is delightfully fresh and spirited, while the Erewhonians themselves, with their topsy-turvy notions about disease and morality, are as different as possible from the pasteboard figures which masquerade as human beings in most satires of this kind.

Thirty years after the appearance of "Erewhon" Butler published a sequel to it, "Erewhon Revisited," in which the hero, who at the close of the earlier work had escaped in a balloon, returns to find himself the central figure of a new religion founded upon the supposed miracle of his ascent to heaven. Even the natural inclination of mankind to find a sequel less interesting than its predecessor could not blind critics to the strength of "Erewhon Revisited." As a work of art it is infinitely superior to "Erewhon." The earlier book, written as it was at different times, pieced together by the hand of a literary novice, and dealing with subjects of various quality and interest, inevitably lacked regularity and cohesion. The later work is a more harmonious whole. The interest is concentrated upon a central idea, the story is developed with a firmer and more vigorous touch, and the writing has a maturer felicity of style. "Erewhon Revisited" has been somewhat crudely described as an attack upon supernatural religion. It should more rightly be termed an attack upon the abuses and absurdities which in modern times have taken the place of supernatural religion. Butler used to speak of himself as belonging to the advanced wing of the Broad Church party, and there is little in his attitude towards religion that can offend those who find themselves in sympathy with the views

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expressed in Canon Cheyne's "Encyclopædia Biblica." The history of all religions follows a beaten track, and the development of "Sunchildism," as the worship of the deified adventurer is termed, unquestionably has certain points in common with the development of Christianity, but though the satire directed against the miraculous element of religion is unsparing in its grave severity, it serves but to illuminate the central truth of religion with a purer radiance. Even those to whom Butler's attitude towards Christianity is incomprehensible or distasteful cannot but recognise the sincerity of the feeling which prompted his satire. He would tear from the figure of the Founder the trappings with which ages of ignorance and credulity have obscured it, only to restore it to its pristine beauty and majesty.

The plan of the two "Erewhons" suggests a comparison with "Gulliver's Travels," but, as a matter of fact, Butler had little in common with Swift. He had not a touch of that "hatred of the animal man" which coloured everything that Swift wrote. Even in the descriptions of Hanky and Panky, the professors of Worldly and Unworldly Wisdom, in whose persons he lashes the inherent vices of academicism, there is barely a trace of the ferocity with which Swift scarified the Struldbrugs and Yahoos of his time. Butler was like Swift in one respect: his imagination was eminently reasonable. His two "Erewhons" are a triumph of logic. As in "Gulliver," if you grant the author's premises, the developments follow as a matter of course. But in the main Butler's attitude to life was utterly different from Swift's. His humour was rich and copious, and his irony was all the more trenchant for its unfailing urbanity. Even when he is most severe he seems to have a lingering sympathy for the object of his satire. His irony was so delicate and so skilfully veiled that he sometimes succeeded in deceiving the very elect. His greatest triumph in this respect was "The Fair Haven," the sham biography of a supposed apologist for the miraculous elements of Christianity, which was accepted by many seriously minded persons as a

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valuable contribution to Evangelical literature. A long review in a well-known religious paper, claiming the work as a confutation of the theories of unorthodox critics, was one of Butler's most cherished possessions. But, on the whole, his reputation as a *mystificateur* did him harm with his contemporaries. An acknowledged humorist is not easily accepted as a teacher, and in an age of specialism Butler's versatility was an argument against him in the minds of scholars. It was often convenient for those who found his arguments unanswerable to take refuge in the pretension that the author of "Erewhon," whatever he chose to write about, was not to be taken seriously; and Butler, though he justly resented this attitude, could not resist the occasional temptation of playing into his opponents' hands by juggling with paradoxes *pour épater les savants*. With the diminution of public interest in Darwinian matters, Butler's scientific works have unavoidably passed into the limbo appointed for forgotten controversies, but I am told by those who are better read than myself in the literature of the subject that some of the conclusions enforced in "Life and Habit" and in his other scientific works are now generally accepted and duly appear in modern text-books, though without any acknowledgment of the source from which they are derived.

During his later years Butler devoted much time to the study of Homer, producing in succession complete prose translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and a critical work entitled "The Authoress of the Odyssey." The translations were avowedly undertaken for the benefit of those who were unable to read the original. Butler aimed above all things at being readable, and readable he unquestionably is. He believed that he could convey the freshness and simplicity of Homer to unlearned readers more truthfully by using current forms of phraseology than by adopting the antiquated style of diction which in our day has been generally accepted as the conventional medium for Homeric translation.

There is much to be said for his theory. The Wardour

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Street English of Messrs. Butcher, Lang, and Co. may or may not be a successful imitation of the Authorised Version of the Bible, but in any case it starts heavily handicapped by being confessedly a sham. Butler's Tottenham Court Road English, as he used to call it, whatever its faults may be, is pre-eminently sincere. Butler carried his views to an extreme limit, it must be confessed. He sacrificed dignity to colloquialism. His gods and goddesses, as has been justly observed, often talk like angry housemaids. But in his hands Homer is alive. Butler will give a modern reader a better idea of how the Iliad struck a contemporary than the laborious archaism which excites the easy adoration of undergraduates.

In "The Authoress of the Odyssey" Butler advocated two theories: one that the Odyssey was the work of a woman, the other that it was written at Trapani, in Sicily. That his conclusions were not accepted by scholars is not surprising, but his arguments have never been refuted. Their improbability is nothing to the point, and their impossibility has yet to be demonstrated. That the weight of academic authority is against Butler counts for nothing to any one who knows the history of Homeric criticism. Let those who regard the *dicta* of Oxford and Cambridge as final remember that Bentley read the Iliad and Odyssey without suspecting that they were the work of different generations, a fact which Sir Richard Jebb now claims to be beyond dispute. It has been urged in opposition to Butler's theory that, from the days of Sappho to those of Christina Rossetti no woman-poet has met with marked success save in works of brief compass and limited scope. Yet it is worth pointing out that a woman wrote the great Japanese classic romance "Genji Monogatari," a work which occupies to a certain extent the same position in Japanese literature that the Odyssey occupies in the literature of Greece. As a matter of fact, the notion of the female authorship of the Odyssey dates back to a very remote antiquity. Only a few weeks before his death Butler, to his great delight, found a passage in "Eustathius" which

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supported his theory, and it was a bitter disappointment to him that he was not well enough to write to the *Athenæum* about it. The passage in question runs thus:

> 'Tis said that one Naucrates has recorded how a woman of Memphis named Phantasia, daughter of Nicarinus, a professor of philosophy, composed both the story of the Trojan war and that of the wanderings of Ulysses, and placed the books in the temple of Hephæstus at Memphis, whereon Homer came there and, having procured a copy of the originals, wrote the Iliad and Odyssey. Some say that either he was an Egyptian born, or travelled to Egypt and taught the people there.

In later times Butler's theory of the authorship of the Odyssey had been adumbrated by various critics. Bentley himself observed that the Iliad was written for men and the Odyssey for women, and Colonel Mure pointed out that in Phæacia "the women engross the chief part of the small stock of common sense allotted to the community." But the attitude of a writer towards the sexes is, of course, not conclusive, otherwise we should have to admit the femininity of the author of "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts." Even the extraordinary blunders in the Odyssey with regard to matters of common knowledge—the ship with a rudder at both ends, for instance, and the ewes which the Cyclops contrived to milk after their lambs had been with them all the night—need only persuade us that the poet was not a sailor or a farmer. But whether we agree or not with Butler's conclusions, "The Authoress of the Odyssey" is not a book to be received with contemptuous silence. It is the work of a man to whom the Odyssey was something more than raw material for the scalpel of scholarship. To Butler the Odyssey was first and foremost a supreme work of art, and its author a poet for whom he felt something like a personal affection. His enthusiasm breathes from every page that he wrote, and it is this rather than the theories which he advocates that must commend his book to a man who looks for something more in Homer than a nice balance of aorists. This, too, I am inclined to suspect, was the root of the objection

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of dry-as-dust scholars to Butler and his theories. They did not so much resent the suggestion that the author of the Odyssey was a woman; they could not endure that he should be treated as a human being.

When Butler passed from Homer to Shakespeare, his attitude was the same. He would have nothing to say to the popular conception of Shakespeare, which is crystallised in Matthew Arnold's famous sonnet. He refused to look upon Shakespeare as an impossible demigod, and in his book on the Sonnets he frankly faces the fact that the poet was a man of like passions with ourselves. Nothing moved his scorn more deeply than the weak-kneed attempts made by certain modern critics to shield the character of Shakespeare from odious imputations by degrading the Sonnets to the level of literary exercises, and he pointed out with irresistible force that commentators of this type really formulate a graver charge against the poet than that which they endeavour to rebut, for while a healthy-minded man can bring himself to condone such faults of youth and temperament as the Sonnets disclose, he will be hard put to it to find excuses for a poet who could in cold blood conceive the psychological situation embodied in certain sonnets of the series.

It would be going too far to assert that Butler's conclusions with regard to the problems which the Sonnets suggest are all equally valuable, but unquestionably he let in a flood of light upon the controversy. Whether or not Mr. W. H. ended his days as a cook on board the *Dreadnought* is not a matter of vital importance, but Butler's annotations have at any rate the effect of giving a definite personality to that exceedingly elusive young person, and he went some way towards exploding the curious fiction, due probably to the unconscious snobbishness of earlier commentators, that Mr. W. H. was a sprig of Elizabethan aristocracy. He made another admirable point by adapting to the Shakespearean problem the situation of one of Drayton's sonnets:

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A witless gallant a young wench that wooed,
(But his dull spirit her not one jot could move),
Entreated me as e'er I wished his good
To write him but one sonnet to his love—

and by explaining some of the obscure "Will" sonnets by the suggestion that they were written by Shakespeare for Mr. W. H., to give to the dark lady as his own composition.

Before he reached middle life Butler had discovered that he was never to win fame as a painter, but his interest in artistic matters never relaxed. The two books in which he described the mountain shrines of Piedmont are among his most attractive works. "Ex Voto" opened the eyes of many men to the artistic value of the work of Tabachetti and Gaudenzio Ferrari at Varallo, and in "Alps and Sanctuaries" he covered a wider field, recording with inimitable humour and charm the impressions of many visits to delicious out-of-the-world spots on the southern slopes of the Alps. His love of music peeps out of these, as out of most of his writings; and whether his own compositions are destined for immortality or not, he deserves the credit due to a pioneer for the happy audacity of his discovery, often exemplified in his books, that scenery can be described in terms of music. Music, like all other things, he valued as a mirror of man's soul, and he was unfashionable enough to find in the works of Handel the most satisfying expression of a great personality that the history of music can show. I think he cared little for other men's music. He could not but admit the technical mastery which Bach and Beethoven display, but for the men as revealed in their music he had little sympathy. His cantata "Narcissus," written in collaboration with Mr. H. Festing Jones, is the sincerest piece of flattery that has been offered at the shrine of Handel for many a long day, and in "Ulysses," a secular oratorio which engaged his later years, and in fact first led him to a close study of the Odyssey, he followed the methods of Handel, somewhat less closely perhaps, but with no less evident intention. He used to profess himself prouder of a certain chorus

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written upon a Handelian ground-bass than of any of his literary triumphs.

Butler lived little in the world of civil formality, but to the happy few to whom he opened his soul his friendship was a boon beyond price. It would be impertinent for one who knew him only during the last few years of his life to do more than refer to his inexhaustible kindness, his unvarying sympathy, and to the treasures of wit and knowledge which were the delight of his intimates. What his fame will be it is not for me to prophesy; what he wished it to be is best said in the noble sonnet which he published in the *Athenæum* a few months before his death:

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes;
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,
Nor shall we look each other in the face
To love or hate each other being dead,
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.
We shall not argue, saying, "'Twas thus," or "Thus,"
Our argument's whole drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.
Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

R. A. Streatfeild.

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A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP

With Unpublished Letters from Madame D'Arblay and Dr. Burney to Mrs. Waddington

I

IN January 1778, Mrs. Delany, as readers of her "Autobiography and Correspondence" may remember, first made the acquaintance of Fanny Burney, who was brought to her house in St. James' Place by Mrs. Chapone. Miss Burney was then at the height of her fame, having cemented the popularity she gained with "Evelina" in 1778 with the publication of "Cecilia" in 1782. But however much she may have secretly appreciated her success, her natural bashfulness prevented her from presuming upon it, and left her to all outward appearance a modest and retiring young woman. In 1785 we find Mrs. Delany—a fastidious judge of female manners and morals—observing that "Miss Burney's novels, excellent as they are, are her meanest praise. Her admirable understanding, tender affections, and sweetness of manners make her invaluable to those who have the happiness to know her."

At the period in question Mrs. Delany's great niece, Georgiana Mary Ann Port,[1] a girl of fourteen, was installed as a permanent member of her household, and it is probable

[1] Miss Port was the daughter of Mr. Port of Ilam, whose wife was Mary Dewes, daughter of Anne Dewes, *née* Granville, Mrs. Delany's only sister.

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that the aunt, who was then in her eighty-sixth year, thought that the companionship of a sensible and intelligent young woman like Miss Burney would be an advantage to her little niece, despite the twenty years' difference in their ages. In July 1785, the death of the Dowager Duchess of Portland having deprived Mrs. Delany of her summer home at Bulstrode, George III. bestowed upon his aged favourite a house at Windsor, and a pension of £300 a year. In September Mrs. Delany and her niece took possession of their new domain, while Miss Burney, who had been staying in St. James' Place just before the move, was invited to pay them an early visit. From a packet of unpublished letters addressed by Miss Burney and her father to Miss Port, which the present writer has been privileged to read,[1] the earliest in date (September 24, 1785) may be quoted as a curious example of the playful vein of the author of "Evelina." It must be owned that the style of this letter is inferior in ease and spontaneity to that of the comic scenes in Miss Burney's early novels, but it argues much for the writer's good nature that she should have expended so much time and trouble upon the amusement of a girl of fourteen. The epistle deals, as will be seen, with some valueless articles—a pen, a pocket-book, and an old bureau—which had probably been used in the writing of one of Fanny's immortal works, and were coveted on that account by her young friend:

And so, my fair little Tyrant [runs the document] demands a letter all to herself? and she would kneel to me again, would she? O most unmerciful Persecutrix! delighting to conquer and determined to stigmatise with hard-heartedness all opposition to your sway! Three times already have you cast upon me that stigma; once for a miserable old shabby Bureau, another time for a nasty split steel Pen, and another time for a poor, worn, emaciated asses-skin Pocket-book.

Nor even here will you rest; for now my Letters—though they *must* all pass through your hands, all fall under your eyes and all owe their best recommendation to your voice,[2]—you yet claim exclusive possession of, and

[1] By the kindness of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Llanover, grand-daughter of Mrs. Waddington, *née* Port.

[2] Miss Port acted as reader and secretary to her aunt, whose sight was failing.

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with your customary tyranny make that claim so eloquent, so graceful, and so flattering that to refuse it would be odious.

Can Power be more despotic, or Will more arbitrary than this? I tremble for the vicinity of certain Personages to so dangerous an object, and have some thoughts of offering a Petition to Parliament praying for your removal to distant quarters, or close confinement for life, lest your influence and example, in a neighbourhood so important, should gradually lead to a total subversion of our Laws and Liberties.

But while I ruminate a little on this patriotic remonstrance previous to its execution, let me return to the three articles summed up against you in St. James' Place, for I mean to bring them forth in my Petition as charges tending to prove an instinctive propensity to an Absolute Government.

First then, for that miserable old shabby Bureau. Your demand for it was simply expressed by a declaration *that you wished to have it;* no other reason was assigned; and it evidently appeared you thought that sufficient. A plain proof this of a Disposition most illegal. Nor once in the eagerness of the request did you weigh the hazards of the unfortunate owner if she granted it. Yet were they manifold.

In the first place, the shattered condition of the goods must have occasioned so great a fall of fragments in the removal, that she might have been indited the next day by her neighbours for a *rubbish nuisance* before her door.

In the second place, these Fragments in their fall, separating into splinters, might have been blown by the wind into the eyes of sundry Passengers, who, being thenceforth blinded, might bring a charge against her upon the Coventry Act for maiming and defacing.

In the third place, when it arrived at your door, poor Joe would blush and expostulate against his Lady's niece receiving so rude an offering; and Molly Butcher would tell the Porter he had mistaken the Direction, for that no such *tatter de mallion* Furniture should enter her Mistress's house. Between the Porter and the servants a scuffle would then ensue, and the poor hapless Bureau, unable to bear one jolt, would fall piecemeal on the ground. The servants would then be called to order, and dismissed from their places, and come complaining to me the next morning,—who, alas! could never find them such again!

In the fourth place, Miss Port would herself run out to save what she could from the wreck, and when in some future riot of Lord George Gordon,[1] the hoard was discovered, they would be taken for some relics of Popery, the original owner would be betrayed, and a Pile would be raised to consume her in her own litters.

These are a few of the consequences that must have followed that one fatal

[1] The Gordon riots had occurred only five years previously, and were evidently still fresh in the public memory.

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concession. I have no room to speak of the Pen and the Tablets, but doubtless they would not have been productive of less formidable evils. O think, little Tyrant, think how by this single grant I must have been risen against by my neighbours; cast by Lawyers, upbraided by servants, and burnt by the Mob! If you do not repent and shrink—Nero was a little sucking lamb to you.

And now, has this representation sufficiently softened you to permit me to send a *message*, at least, elsewhere? If it has, tell the dear little Tyrant's much-loved Aunt, with my most affectionate respects, that I earnestly beg to see her, and wish much to know what time would be most convenient to her dear self, that I may manage matters as nearly to that point as may be in my power: and tell her dear little neice (*sic*) that, with all her spirit for Dominon, I love her sincerely, and am her most bounden vassal.

F. B.

The visit was delayed a few weeks longer, Fanny's next letter, which is addressed to Mrs. Delany, being dated from St. Martin's Lane, November 28, 1785. From this we learn that it was a difficult and hazardous undertaking at that period to convey an unmarried lady, thirty-three years of age, from London to Windsor, a distance of some three-and-twenty miles.

Dearest Madam [writes Fanny], I am just come to town to have a little peep at my Father, and meant to go to Mrs. Walsingham to-morrow; but some circumstances obliging me to defer my visit to her yet longer, my wishes most earnestly lead me to wait upon you without more delays; for though quitting you afterwards will be truly unpleasant to me, I know not how to be reconciled, as I otherwise must, to staying still another fortnight before I see you.

Can you then, according to your first kind plan, send for me to Hounslow, whither my Father's coach can carry me? I could meet your chaise at the King's Head, where I should stop for it, if not arrived, without getting out of the carriage.

I am ready now, at any time; but if the present should be at all inconvenient to my dearest Mrs. Delany, I beseech her by no means to hesitate in postponing my coming: if, however, it may be directly, I shall be happier, for my patience begins to weary of so much exertion.

Will my dear little Tyrant be so gracious as to write me a line, either if it will be more commodious I should take the happiness of waiting upon you some time hence, or to name the *Day and the Hour* when I may be met at Hounslow, which, on my part, will not require a moment's further delay?

I left my beloved friends quite well at Norbury. Mr. Locke[1] brought me

[1] The wealthy art amateur, whose name so frequently appears in contemporary memoirs, and always in terms of the most enthusiastic commendation.

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to town, but will be most glad to hear of my leaving it again for the regale he knows I have in store.

Adieu, Dearest Madam, for, I *hope*, a *very* short time.

With the truest Respect
I am, most affectionately,
Your obedient
and devoted
F. B.

From Madame D'Arblay's published "Diary" we have the satisfaction of learning that she arrived safely at Hounslow almost at the same moment as Mrs. Delany's carriage containing her confidential maid, Mrs. Astley, who, by the way, had no very exalted opinion of her mistress's guest. This visit led to important events in the life of Miss Burney, who was privately presented by Mrs. Delany to George III. and Queen Charlotte. Their Majesties were interested in Fanny's literary career, and had heard so much in praise of her character and conduct that they were desirous of finding her some place about the Court. It was not until the following spring, however, that the retirement of Madame Haggerdorn left the post of second Keeper of the Robes at the disposal of the Queen, who at once offered it to Miss Burney. The situation, it will be remembered, was most reluctantly accepted by Fanny, under strong pressure from Dr. Burney, who had just been disappointed of the Mastership of the King's Band, promised him by a former Lord Chamberlain.

The first two years of Miss Burney's uncongenial service were lightened by the companionship of Mrs. Delany and her niece, whom she saw nearly every day. Miss Port frequently drank tea at the table presided over by Fanny and her ill-tempered colleague, Madame Schwellenberg, which was also the *rendezvous* of the equerries in attendance upon the King. Miss Burney's favourite among these gentlemen was Colonel Digby (who figures in her "Diary" as "Mr. Fairly") but Miss Port's admirers-in-chief were Colonel Goldsworthy and Colonel Manners. The former was, according to family tradition, a serious lover, but his sister, Miss Goldsworthy, was unfavour-

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able to the match, and there is a suspicion that her friend Miss Burney aided her in nipping the little romance in the bud. Colonel Goldsworthy is described as "a rattle" when at his ease and pleased with his company, but as reserving his sport and humour for particular days and particular favourites. "The moment he sees anybody he fears or dislikes he assumes a look of glum distance and sullenness, and will not utter a word, scarcely even in answer." It would probably not be difficult to make mischief between a man of so sensitive a nature and the girl to whom he was secretly attached.

The other admirer, Colonel Manners, was an ornamental personage, whose high spirits, good humour, and boyish simplicity of character made him an irresistibly diverting companion. He was the only gentleman about the Court who was not afraid of the sour Madame Schwellenberg, whom he alternately teased, bullied, flattered, and contradicted until she threatened to retire to her own room, or to complain of him to the King. Yet we are told that she never could disguise her real liking for her good-looking tormentor. It was Colonel Manners who, after pressing Miss Port to attend the Ascot Races, shocked his colleagues by observing that as he was in waiting he should "consider it his duty to be civil to the King." It was the same gentleman who complained that whenever he was about to speak on any topic in the House of Commons Mr. Pitt invariably got up and went through the whole subject, leaving nothing more to be said; and declared that he had never voted but once against his conscience, and that was for the "bachelor's" tax, which he held to be unconstitutional, since "how can a man help being a bacheldor if nobody will have him? And, besides, it's not any fault to be taxed for, because we did not make ourselves bacheldors, for no one was born married, so we were made bacheldors by God." Miss Burney chronicles one very lively tea-party at the Castle (in Madame Schwellenberg's absence) when Colonel Manners, who declared that the Court Concerts sounded like nothing but "Caw! caw! caw!" insisted on showing off his own musical

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accomplishments. Miss Port begged him to sing "Care, thou bane of love and joy," while Colonel Greville encouraged him to attempt a "shake." As he had no ear and less voice, he produced such extraordinary noises that the other equerries roared for mercy, and the ladies were nearly "demolished with laughter."[1]

The fun and flirtation over the tea-table came to an abrupt conclusion with the death of Mrs. Delany in April 1788. Fanny Burney knelt beside Miss Port at the death-bed of her friend, and writes when all was over:

> Poor sweet unfortunate girl! what deluges of tears did she shed over me! I promised her in that solemn moment my eternal regard, and she accepted this, my first protestation of any kind made to her, as some solace to her sufferings. Sacred shall I hold it, sacred to my last hour.

Mrs. Delany had bequeathed her great-niece to the guardianship of her uncle, Mr. Court Dewes of Wellesbourne, the family place in Warwickshire; and to Wellesbourne the poor girl, stunned and almost heart-broken at the break-up of her home, and the separation from her friends, was obliged to repair after a brief farewell visit to Windsor. Her father had been compelled to let his own place, Ilam, and retire to a house at Derby with his wife and seven younger children. Marianne, as she was now called, who had not lived with her parents since she was seven years old, felt that she was not wanted at home; and it only too soon became apparent that she was not wanted by her uncle Court, who is described as a man of cold, ungenial nature, with no liking for the society of young people.

The next in order of our unpublished papers is the following brief note, dated May 1788, and endorsed by Miss Port. "The first letter from Miss Burney after I had left London on the death of Mrs. Delany, and whilst residing with my uncle Dewes at Wellesbourne":

[1] Gillray engraved a portrait of Colonel Manners, to which was appended the motto, adopted from Pope's lines on Gay:

> "Gentle Manners, with affections mild,
> In wit a man, simplicity a child."

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I had not waited the promised second letter could I have found time to answer sooner the sweet words of the first—my dear Miss Port!—they melted, pleased and pained me throughout. You can have no feelings that will seem too strong for the irreparable loss you have sustained; that *we* have sustained, let me rather say, for who, out of your own family, will have cause to mourn so long, so closely, or so sadly, as myself? . . . I heartily rejoice you continue at Wellesbourne; I am sure it will be for your consolation now, and your happiness by and by. *All* your friends the Equerries were at Windsor the last excursion, and Colonels Goldsworthy and Manners inquired after you much, and desired their compliments when I wrote. I indulged the latter by letting him frank you my letter in return for the kind words he spoke of you. He said the *Ascot Races* made him feel quite melancholy from recollecting how all was broke up since we had them last year. Write to me long letters and often, my dear Marianne, and pardon short and scanty returns, certain of the lasting and faithful affection of

Your truly sympathising

F. B.

In a longer letter, dated June 1788, we find Miss Burney throwing cold water on Miss Port's very natural desire to open a correspondence with one of her old friends at Windsor—possibly with one who was nearer and dearer than a friend:

How angry have I been with myself, my dear Marianne, how angry have you reason to be with me, that I suffered my haste in my last letter to run away with my thanks for so many marks of your kindness as you had left and sent me:—yet let me, at the same time, own myself highly gratified that I can see, by so many fresh tokens, you forgive and understand my omissions, and will not let them do me any mischief in your kind affections. Believe me, my dear Miss Port, your letters are truly interesting to me, and either carry me to you where you are, or remove me back to old-dear and happy times, in almost every line.

Your hope of Cheltenham gives me very great pleasure indeed. If anything should deprive you of it I believe I should be as much mortified and concerned as yourself. Pray tell me when it is you go, and where you are to be; and give my compliments to your uncle Dewes, and tell him I am quite delighted in the prospect for you. It will be very kind in him to give you such an excursion, and I venture to prognosticate it will be very salutary to you.

I cannot tell you how *benighted* seems Windsor; my very greatest satisfaction now is to quit it, and, fortunately for me, we have hitherto been chiefly at Kew, and shall, I hope, for this year, be less at Windsor than for any year since it has been the royal residence. Have you been frightened for His Majesty? Thank God we have had no occasion for fright upon the spot; his indisposition

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having simply been troublesome, but without confinement or alarm; and now there is scarcely a symptom of it remaining.[1]

As you ask my advice about your correspondents—I must give it you honestly,—I cannot wish you to *renew any* yourself. I think those only who seek it can be worthy of it from you. I have always been a little proud for my dear Marianne, and I feel no inclination to be less so.

How beautifully the knotting is done! it was most kind to remember me in such a gratifying partition. How do I value whatever has been in her beloved hands![2]

The apron was too much indeed, yet I will keep and wear it, for all the tender sakes—but one—you enumerate. . . .

I have seen nothing of your friends the Equerries lately, as we have lived but little at Windsor. The last meeting I had with them was upon the road, when I passed them at eight o'clock in the morning, in a post-chaise, with my head and hair full-dressed; and as it was not a Drawing-room day, I saw them lift up their hands and eyes in wonder and amaze. They were Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy. I believe they thought me a little crazy. I was on my way to Westminster Hall, to hear Mr. Sheridan close his oration.[3] And *there* I met your friend Mr. Jerningham,[4] and there *he* met *his* friend Mrs. Anderson, who looked very pretty, and wanted no one to tell her so.

Miss Port's eagerness for a visit to Cheltenham must rather have surprised Miss Burney, since the young lady's deep mourning would not have allowed of her taking part in the festivities of that fashionable watering-place. But Fanny, apparently, had not such early knowledge of the possible movements of the Court as her friend, judging from a little note, dated July 1788, and endorsed by Miss Port:

To confirm the report that the King and Queen and two eldest Princesses would be at Cheltenham, whither I was going with my Uncle and Mrs. Granville and my uncle Dewes.

In this note Miss Burney declares that one of her sincerest pleasures in this excursion will be "the most unexpected gratification of receiving and returning the affectionate

[1] The King's mental disease did not show itself till October of this year.

[2] Mrs. Delany was famous for her "sugar-plum" knotting as well as for all other kinds of needlework.

[3] At the trial of Warren Hastings.

[4] Edward Jerningham, the Della Cruscan poet.

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embraces of my dear Marianne Port." The gentlemen in attendance upon the King during his sojourn at Cheltenham were Colonels Gwynn and Price and Lord Courton. We hear nothing of Colonel Goldsworthy, who, however, had the romance been running smoothly, might easily have found some pretext for a visit to a place that was honoured by the presence of his royal master. From Miss Burney's "Diary" we learn that, having no sitting-room of her own, she could not see so much of Miss Port as she desired, but she records a visit to the theatre in company with Marianne and her Dewes relations, to see Mrs. Jordan in the *Country Girl*.

Miss Port spent the following winter at Bath with another uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Granville, a kind-hearted couple, who were warmly attached to their niece, and whose only desire was for her happiness. The girl's uncommon beauty attracted many admirers, among the number being Mr. Waddington, a middle-aged gentleman of good fortune and estimable character. It is uncertain whether he had ever exchanged a word with Miss Port when he proposed for her hand to Mr. Granville. According to a chronicler of family history,[1] the first hint that she received of Mr. Waddington's intentions was gleaned from some conversation upon the subject, accidentally overheard, between her uncle and aunt. Sensitive and impulsive by nature, she became possessed with the idea that her relations regarded her as a burden, and that they could not have her real interests at heart if they could even recognise the possibility of such a marriage. At the same time, the conviction that this unknown suitor must at least regard her with a disinterested affection, determined her to accept his proposal. Oppressed by grief for the double loss of her aunt and her lover, and stung by the thought that she was not wanted by any member of her family, she believed, with the ready pessimism of eighteen, that she could never be happy again, and that life had nothing more to offer her. Miss Port was married to Mr. Waddington in 1789, and for the two

[1] Mr. Augustus Hare.

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following years the couple lived at Dunston Park, Berkshire, where their daughter, Frances, afterwards the Baroness Bunsen, was born. In 1791, Mr. Waddington bought the White House at Llanover, in the valley of the Usk, and here his wife remained in almost complete seclusion for the next eleven years, occupying herself with her books, her drawing and the education of her little daughters.

Meanwhile, Fanny Burney's failing health had compelled her to resign her place at Court (in 1792), and to retire on a pension of £100 a year. In the spring of 1793 she became engaged to M. D'Arblay, a member of the little colony of French *emigrés* settled at Juniper Hall, near Norbury, and was married to him on July 31. It is evident that she had not the courage to write and inform Mrs. Waddington of the change in her circumstances until the time was past for remonstrances. On August 2 she addresses a long explanatory and apologetic letter[1] to her "dearest M.," in which she gently breaks to that lady, whose strong feeling and sensitive nature she fears her reticence may have wounded, the fact of her marriage, and concludes:

> One of my first pleasures in our little intended home will be finding a place of honour for the legacy of Mrs. Delany.[2] Whatever may be the general wonder, and perhaps blame, of general people at this connexion, equally indiscreet in pecuniary points for us both, I feel sure that the truly liberal and truly intellectual judgment of that most venerated character would have accorded its sanction when the worthiness of the object who would wish it was considered.

Mrs. Waddington, it is to be supposed, also accorded her sanction to the connection, for we are assured that she used her interest with the Queen to obtain a continuance of Madame D'Arblay's pension after her marriage. The correspondence was kept up in the intermittent fashion usual between two persons who seldom meet, and Fanny is obliged to defend

[1] This letter is one of those published in the Diary as addressed to "Mrs. ——," otherwise Mrs. Waddington.

[2] A portrait of Saccharissa.

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herself more than once against charges of what Miss Seward would have called "epistolary negligence." In April 1795, we find from her published letters that she wrote to protest against a "dry reproof" from her friend for not having informed her of the production of her unsuccessful tragedy; while in June of the same year she begs Mrs. Waddington

> not to suffer this, our only communication, to dwindle away for me; though the least punctual of correspondents, I am perhaps the most faithful of all friends; for my regard, once excited, keeps equal energy in absence as in presence, and an equally fond and minute interest in those for whom I cherish it, whether I see them but at the distance of years, or with every day's sun.

This letter contains an announcement of the approaching publication of *Camilla* by subscription, the proceeds of which were to be spent on the building of Camilla Cottage.

From Fanny's next communication, which is dated June 1797, it appears that the relations between the two ladies were somewhat strained. Mrs. Waddington had written to reproach Madame D'Arblay for writing short letters, and giving no information save on the subject of her health and affection. Fanny replies with some heat, and more than her customary frankness:

> It appears to me, perhaps wrongly, you have wrought yourself into a fit of fancied resentment against a succession of short letters, which could only have been merited by letters that were unfriendly. You forget, meanwhile, the numerous letters I have received from yourself, not merely of half-pages, but of literally three lines, and you forget them because they were never received with reproach nor answered with coldness.

After pointing out that her friend would be the first to deride an elaborate composition, written for admiration, she concludes:

> From all this, which reluctantly, though openly, I have written, you will deduce that while you think me unkind (as I apprehend), I think you unjust.[1]

To the same year, 1797, belongs the following unpublished letter, from the opening sentences of which it will be gathered

[1] "Diary and Letters."

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that there was still some little friction existing between the two friends:

My dear Marianne,—You will accept me then, according to my offered condition, *for better for worse*; I, too, must *accept the acceptance*, though not without some unpleasant feelings in finding how strongly the worser part seems to you the larger.

I thank you for your bathing advice and anecdotes, and rejoice with my whole heart in the flourishing state of your lovely little ones. I know how much yours is wrapt up in them, nor can I wonder that your invariable excessive tenderness to them should have produced the effect you mention, in the terrible test to which you put my heroic little namesake. Gratitude is not a taught, but an instinctive feeling, and its operations are commonly among the earliest promises from which we may flatter ourselves with future good. Much of this delightful anticipation is already accorded me,[1] and I cherish all its offerings and its augurs as my (almost) first happiness.

M. D'Arblay is much gratified that you are an enthusiast for Count Rumford,[2] whom he studies night and day. Our few chimneys in our little cottage are all of his construction, and the tiny laundry is so also, with alterations which we flatter ourselves will be improvements by M. D'Arblay himself: for in studying both the Count's works and his own convenience *con amore* he thinks he has still ameliorated the new economy. Passionately fond of every species of architecture, however humble, he has given his whole mind to the business, in the progress of our lilliputian home, and I own I think most prosperously. The only drawback to the (apparently *minor*, but, from their daily use, *major*) comforts of his ingenuity is, that it has made it impossible to settle any previous estimate for the undertaking. In being his own and sole surveyor, so many contrivances and alterations have occurred to him in the course of the building, and so many mistakes to rectify from inexperience, that I own I look forward with some tribulation to the sum total of the affair.

A very short time ago my Architect had reason to expect some justice from his own country that might have rendered his extravagance a mere bagatelle, for he was much pressed by a friend, to endeavour to recover something from the shipwreck of his family's fortunes during the late seemingly

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[1] Madame D'Arblay's only child, Alexander, was born in 1794.

[2] Count Rumford, better known as Benjamin Thompson, the American scientific philanthropist. He was born in Massachusetts in 1753, and leaving his own country at the time of the War of Secession entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria. He distinguished himself by introducing reforms into the army and the poor-laws, and inventing an economical cooking-range and a new system of ventilation. For his political services he was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

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favourable turn for moderate and just characters. But what a reverse from all such prospect is now produced by the banishment unheard of almost all in public life who had manifested virtue of principle, or courage against tyranny.[1] M. D'Arblay has had the grief to learn, within these few months, the death of his only brother, who was extremely dear to him, though adverse fate and circumstances had separated their interests like their persons.

I have not met with the poem "Leonora."[2] We have lately read Watkin's "Tour to Constantinople," and find in it much entertainment. We are preparing a place for the chimney-piece so kindly sent me by your Uncle Bernard (Dewes), and which I shall so love to look at! I am obliged most reluctantly to have it shortened from the impossibility of having a chimney to fit its size in so small a habitation. But I shall touch nothing of *Her* work—it would be sacrilege. . . .[3]

Did I mention to you that when I was at Windsor General Manners inquired most *tenderly* after *Miss Port*? assuring me *he should never call her by any other name*. Your late admirer, whom you yclept Taffy, was *not* there, nor any of that set you remember, but Mr. Digby and Lord Walsingham. But the Rutland swain spoke your virgin name, which he has determined shall live with you for ever, with his very softest smile.

Mrs. Locke and all her charming family always inquire about you with unceasing interest. You will say, with a little uneasy smile, I am sure you cannot *unceasingly* answer them! But they know me too well to be hurt by my want of writing punctually, and too ill, woe is me! to expect from me in that respect anything better. You amuse yourself very much with playing upon me what you call my approbation of brevity; but you mistake widely; I do not recommend to you to *practise*, but to *excuse* it. Mark that, dear Marianne!

In 1802, after the treaty of Amiens, M. D'Arblay went to Paris, believing that there was a chance of his being reinstated in his military rank, or at least of obtaining his arrears of half-pay. In placing his services at the disposal of his country, he made it a condition that he should never be required to serve

[1] The Royalists having gained power at the recent elections, formed a coalition in opposition to the Directoire. Liberty of the Press was demanded, some of the decrees against *emigrés* were revoked, and peace—even with England—was recommended. Barras appealed to Buonaparte, with the result that the elections of fifty departments were annulled, while Pichegru and forty other members of the Council suspected of Royalist sympathies were banished to Cayenne.

[2] Scott's translation of Burger's "Leonore" had just been published.

[3] The chimney-piece was evidently a specimen of Mrs. Delany's handicraft, either embroidery or her favourite shell-work.

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against England. Buonaparte refused to accede to this condition, and ordered the General's commission to be revoked. M. D'Arblay was advised by his friend, General Lauriston, to remain a year in France, at the end of which time there might be a likelihood of obtaining his half-pay. This advice was followed, Madame D'Arblay joined her husband, and a house was taken at Passy. Scarcely had the family settled down in their new abode than war broke out again between England and France, and for the next ten years the D'Arblays were obliged to remain abroad, cut off for months at a time from any communication with their friends on the other side of the Channel.[1] During this anxious period Dr. Burney took upon himself the task of keeping Mrs. Waddington informed of the family news in general, and of the fate of her friend Madame D'Arblay in particular.

GEORGE PASTON.

[1] Dr. Burney is said to have received only ten letters from his daughter in as many years.

(*To be continued.*)

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DANNY

PART II

LI

THE KIRK-BREAKER

SIMON was gone four years; then he came back, himself little changed, to find all things at Hepburn changed save only the canons of the Kirk immutable as ever.

Six centuries ago they were soul-drivers, these Stark Heriots, above all men in history; and so they have remained. And from the day that on his death-bed his father had bequeathed to him in trust the task of dragging the parish to salvation at his chariot-wheels, the Laird had done his part faithfully; and the part had come natural to him. Nor with waxing years had he abated of his duties a whit. Stern as a young man, age found him inexorable. In the days of Missie, indeed, the grip of the Heriot Hand relaxed as never before. Teasing, tugging, coaxing, as a child at play, she loosed a little the clutch of his iron fingers. Herself, indeed, she broke her kirks on fine Sabbath afternoons lightly and with laughter, nor ever suffered so much as the Public Exhortation to the Impenitent. When Missie died, the grip of the Hand closed as in death. The last of his race, with no hope ever of successor, the Laird set himself resolutely to leaving his people as they had been left to him—the trust of centuries—with head straight for salvation.

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On Sabbaths he marched to Kirk, he and Danny, as a martinet to parade. His short cloak swept about him, he stalked up the aisle, numbered his flock with grim discerning eye, nodded to the clerk, and the Liturgy began; while Danny stayed in the porch without, inexorable in courtesy as in resolution, and kept the door against the laggards.

Now age had laid white hands upon the Laird. He rarely stirred abroad except of Sabbaths, when he stalked forth thus to garner his people into God's Granary remorselessly as of old. Much he sat with closed eyes and face uplifted in the hall, his cloak about him, girded as it were for the Passing Over; and ever wandered in his sleep with old-man-murmurings and sudden callings out upon a name that kept the ears of the Watcher at his feet a-twitching.

Simon found that the bearing of the people towards his Honour was altogether changed. A new spirit was abroad, the spirit of revolt. The old lion lay dying; his roar still carried a phantom terror of its own, but was now no longer the compelling power of past time.

All were looking to the death of the Laird for release from the weight of the Heriot Hand. Some there were indeed who were for throwing off the mailed hand before the hand within the mail was dead; and of these, Simon found, his minnie was the leader.

Now Simon fell in with the new mood of Hepburn gladly. In his four years absence the lad had grown in experience if not in wisdom. He knew now that there were higher authorities in the land than the Laird; that there was another world outside Hepburn, and that in that world (which was still this) there was no compulsory kirk-keeping, and therefore no kirk-breaking and penalties. Religion, he had found in that fat South land, was the luxury of the rich. A poor man had no religion; unless, indeed, it was made worth his while with blankets. In Hepburn there was much religion and no blankets; and this, so Simon argued in the ale-house, when Robin was not there, was demonstrably blethers.

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The people agreed heartily, and congratulated the mother of Simon on the lad's return, and the improvement wrought in him by his sojourn abroad.

"Among the mad folk," replied that dark woman bitterly —"a pack of slavering softies."

"A pack of slavering softies maybe," retorted Andra' Gilray; "but they've been the making of the lad."

"And maybe the unmaking of the Laird," replied the dark widow.

Andra' turned to look at Simon.

"Will he murder his Honour then?" he cried; "his Honour that paid for the lad all the while he was away?"

"He will do just what his minnie gars him," said the dark woman. "I'm his minnie yet for all his foreign travels!" and fiercely eyed her son slouching in the corner.

"And what'll you gar him?" asked old Andra'.

"Ye'll see the Sabbath," said the dark woman, and nodded.

They did see the Sabbath; for on that day, which was the first Sabbath after his home-coming, Simon, coerced of his minnie, broke his kirk.

Now hardly in the recollection of the oldest in Hepburn had such a thing been—never certainly since Missie's time, who, arch-kirk-breaker herself, would come between other kirk-breakers and the anger of the Laird.

The village waited in awe. So in his heart did Simon.

As the kirk-bell tolled its last, and at the street-end he heard the great gates clang familiarly, and knew the Laird was stalking down the road, the Keeper of the Door at his heels, a horror seized him.

He thrust his head over the garden-wall, and it was like a sunflower among the honeysuckle.

There, marching down the centre of the road, grey-muzzled, and with lover's eyes, came the Keeper of the Door; but no grim Laird.

Simon, drunk with relief, rose to his feet, shouting like one possessed.

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At the noise Danny looked up and saw him.

"I'll gar you murder a man's fathers!" cried Simon, thumb to his nose,—"you and your dadderin' old Honours."

The bell ceased; and Danny turned into the porch.

Later the village trooped out to tell Simon that he need not be fear'd, for his Honour had not kept his kirk.

Simon feigned indignation. Fear'd? Did they think he was fear'd of his Honour? What was his Honour to one who knew the world?

"Ay," said an old voice at his ear, "the world—world of Imbesillies."

Simon turned to find Robin at his heels.

LII

THE HERETIC

Robin announced amid a hush that the Laird would speak with Simon on the morrow.

Then the village, who had been gathered round Simon as round a hero, fell away from him as from a leper; and Simon knew the black fear just as in times past.

All that night and the next morning his minnie primed him with liquor and with lies; rehearsing him his part; and herself escorted him to the great gates.

"There's little need to fear him now," was the dark woman's last word whispered in his ear. "He's far other than the man that killed your daddie."

"God send he may be," said Simon, and went quaking on his way.

As he came to the door of the naked house beneath the brae, Robin met him with weeping eye, and asked in much-moved voice to be allowed to shake him by the hand.

"After many years we have met," he said not untenderly, one old hand on Simon's shoulder—"met just to part. But we part friends—is it not so?" he asked, looked into the other's eyes and turned tremulously away.

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Simon was left at the door alone and horribly afraid.

Deborah Awe opened to him gaunt, fierce-eyed, lank.

"So ye're back?" she said, grimly regarding him.

"Ay," said poor Simon, "and wussin' I werena."

"I'm with ye there," said the grim Woman, yet thrust forth a hand like a shank-bone to greet him; then she escorted him to the door of the hall.

"You will find his Honour changed," she cried, and flung it wide, "and for the worse!" and snarled round the door at him who sat within.

Simon entered full of liquor and a great fear.

It was four years since he had stood before his Honour in that same hall of shadows; yet, save that he who sat before him in hoary silence, his head sunk between huge shoulders, was white who had been grey, Simon could have believed that he had but dozed a minute, and in that minute had dreamed four years of life, and now had waked to find all things as they had been.

The Laird sat in his cloak in the centre of the hall, lonely, dumb, twining grey fingers. The light from the high hall window fell on the bleak face, uplifted, seamed, the wide eyes that looked not nor appeared aware of Simon leaning against the panelled door.

The silence fell on Simon to appal him. He snorted like a frightened horse.

"Hillo—o—oh, old billie!" he bellowed at last.

A minute passed, and the shout ceased rolling in the roof.

"You spoke?" said the Laird.

"I just bledder't,"[1] said Simon.

"And why?" asked the Laird.

"To keep me company," said honest Simon.

"Have ye anything further to say?" asked the Laird.

Simon shifted his feet.

"I was there," he said at last sullenly.

"Where?" asked the Laird.

[1] Bledder't = bellowed.

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"Where you was not," said Simon boldly, "keepin' my kirk."

"Indeed," said the Laird, and looked at him with gathering brows. "Consider again a bit," he said, sat back, and composed himself as though for sleep.

Simon considered.

"A—well," said the cautious lad at length, "whisper!—who tell't Mr. Heriot I was none there."

At that there crept forth from beneath the Laird's chair a witness in grey, with hoary muzzle and truth-compelling eyes.

Simon sucked his thumb and began to titter foolishly.

"And now," said the grim Laird, "let us have a little chat. How long have you been back?"

"Just since Tuesday," said Simon.

"And so," said the Laird, "you thought the fittest way of commemorating your return was to break your first kirk."

"I have been four years away," said Simon. "I was forgettin' the customs."

"There was your minnie to mind ye," said the Laird.

"It was minnie minded me to forget!" Simon retorted.

"Ah," said the Laird. "So she minded ye to forget, did she?" and sat back with closed eyes, lost in thought.

"Have you anything to say for yourself?" he asked at length.

Simon, according to his mother's instructions, fell back upon the first of the old-time lies: that the Laird had killed his father.

"What!" said the Laird irritably. "Ye've not forgotten that yet?"

"Na," cried the dutiful son, "nor will while minnie's there to mind me."

"Well, I'll tell ye this," said the Laird, "as it's time you should know. Your father in his life spent much and earned little. Since his death he has spent nothing and been earning a crown a week and a free cottage."

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"The crown never comes my way," said honest Simon. "And as to the cottage," he continued, mindful of the mother's instructions, "it's none so good but it might be better."

"How's that?" asked the Laird.

"A—well," said Simon, "if there was a bit byre to it."

"Ay," said the Laird, "and a bit coo to put in the byre."

"Ay," said Simon, "and maybe a new roof and a——"

"What's come to the roof?" asked the Laird.

"There's a hole in it," said Simon, "where the smoke goes out and the wind comes in. And it is because of that hole that I broke my kirk. I had the trouble on me sore because of it."

"There are no chimneys in the Kirk," said the Laird. "It would have been healthfuller for you there."

"It's agin my conscience to keep your kirks," said Simon doggedly.

"I am Keeper of your Conscience," said the Laird, enunciating a leading article of the faith.

"If I follow your persuasion," said Simon doggedly, "it is like I will not be saved. The chaplain in the Home did show me that."

"This is my parish," said the Laird, "and you are of my people, and I am responsible. Therefore, you will be saved my way or no way."

"Then," snapped Simon spitefully, "I would liefer not be saved at all. And you are responsible!" and he pointed his finger at the Laird.

"I am so," said the Laird, "while you bide in my parish."

He turned and wrote at a table; and turning again, handed the youth a paper.

"What's this?" asked Simon.

"Notice," said the Laird.

"To quit?" squealed Simon.

"Ay," said the Laird. "You *and your minnie* this day week."

As Simon trailed away in a maze, Danny courteous at his heels to show him out, the grim voice pursued him.

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"I sent for ye, hearing ye was back, to put ye in the way of work, and see if I could keep ye away from mischief and your mother. But as ye cease to be of my people this day week, I shall fash no more about you."

At the door Simon stayed and looked down at Danny with pale eyes; and Danny smiled up at him.

"You are my Devil," said Simon, biting thoughtfully upon his thumb, and then went out.

LIII

THE TRADE-MARK OF DEBORAH AWE

NEXT morning Widow Ogg, in all her weeds, crept to the house-door.

The Woman opened to her.

"What's your wull?" she asked, regarding the other hostilely.

"What's that to you?" snarled the dark widow with the evil eye.

"It's just this to me," replied the Woman, standing gaunt-elbowed in the way: "if ye dinna tell me, I winna let ye by."

"I come to plead for my fatherless laddie," said the dark woman sullenly.

"Plead for your fatherless laddie!" scoffed the other. "I'd fain hear ye!" yet for Simon's sake showed her into the hall and left her there.

Standing before his Honour, a dark and drooping figure of woe, the widow made her whine: *She* had not broke her kirk. Was it fair *she* should suffer for her son's offence? *She* had reded him keep his kirk, but since he was home from foreign parts, whither his Honour had sent him, he would not heed his old minnie. It was little fault of *hers*.

"*And is this your pleading for your fatherless laddie?*" cried a fierce voice through the door.

"Begone, Woman!" cried the Laird, and she went; and the widow continued her whine.

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Would his Honour be sore on *her?* Would he make *her* homeless who had been husbandless—husbandless (she paused to sniffle up the tears that were not there)—husbandless these twenty years?

The Laird hearkened like one dead.

"Husbandless I made you," he said when she had finished, "sonless I would not make you. Therefore, as Simon is to go, you shall go too. I know your mother's heart," said the Laird, not unfeelingly, "and that you could not bear separation from your son."

The widow did not go.

"Is that Mr. Heriot's last word?" she asked.

"Ay," said the Laird, "ye'll both go."

"Why me?" asked the widow sullenly.

"I know your mother's heart," said the Laird, "and that you could not bear separation from your son."

"I might make shift to bear it if it was your Honour's wull," said the dark widow.

"It's not," said the Laird, curt as a blow.

The woman began to go out.

"What if Simon should conform?" she asked, hovering darkly by the door.

"I'll consider that when he has conformed," said the Laird.

The widow blazed into sudden flame.

"First ye kill the lad's father!" she shrilled. "Then ye pack him off to the mad-house! And now you're for taking the home from over our heads! May the Lord requite it you!"

"Shut the door," said the Laird, "and shut yourself the other side of it."

She trailed out, brooding, dark; and Danny, courteous as ever, accompanied her.

The Laird composed himself to sleep. He was roused by a rush as of a flat-footed whirlwind storming down the passage without; followed a shrill sudden squalling as of warring cats; then the outer door slammed.

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A moment later the Woman flung into the hall, blood on her face, her eyes on fire, and Danny tucked beneath her arm.

The Laird had risen.

"Did she dare claw Danny?" he asked harshly.

"She did not," panted the bristling Woman. "She clawed me, and I clawed her, but she laid ne'er a nail to my man;" and setting down Danny mopped her face. "By God's Grace I'd left the kitchen-door ajar," she continued, mopping, "and I catch'd a blink of her bending above my man to ban him. 'What ye at?' I cries and cam' skirling down the passage. 'Just nothing at all,' says she, and smiles in her ill way. 'Then take that for thanks!' I cried, 'and pack!' and she packed—and my mark along with her."

Bristling still, the Woman departed to tell all to Robin.

"I'll ne'er know peace for our man's sake till she is away, the ill-faur'd warlock-woman!" she made end.

"Aweel then," said Robin comfortably, "ye'll know peace this day week. She'll be away by then."

"Ay," said the Woman, "if Simon has none conformed."

"Simon shallna conform," said Robin, wagging wise ringlets. "I will see to that."

LIV

THE CONFORMIST

That night Robin trotted down to the ale-house, and found the backslider surrounded by a herd of folk, who dropped into sullen silence as he entered.

Then and there, in the smoking tap-room before the people, he scoffed at Simon, throwing it up at him that at the last he would conform; but Simon swore by his murdered father, smashing his pewter down on the bench to punctuate the oath, that he was a confirmed atheist for ever.

"Ye'll no hold to it," sneered Robin.

Next night the old man trotted forth again to see, as he told the Woman, if he could any ways make siccar.

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He found the backslider steadfast in his unbelief, and fortified with drams.

"Recant!" cried the youth hotly in answer to an inquiry. "Never!"

"There's the thrawn laddie!" chuckled Robin, patted him on his unbelieving back, and too gleeful to stay and get drunk, trotted home to report.

So four days passed, and the village watched, expecting a catastrophe. It was known that the mother of Simon had been urging the lad to up and act, and that Simon had sworn that he would indeed do something, though what he darkly refused to say.

He did indeed do something, but not much. As on a day Danny passed beneath the garden-wall, Simon leaned over and spat upon his back.

"*That's* for murdering my daddie!" he said with concentrated bitterness.

Danny stopped and looked up into the pale face above him; whereat, after a pause——

"It wasna me," said Simon palely, biting on his thumb. "It was minnie."

That night Robin came from the village full of uneasy fear. He had not seen Simon. Simon's minnie was keeping the lad close; and Simon was reported to be wavering.

"The Lord send it's not so," said the old man earnestly, but it was so. For next day, a day of autumn and dead leaves, as the Laird swept down the street, as not often in these later days, like a grey wind, lost in dreams, and Danny at his heels, the mother of Simon came out of the garden on him in the full face of the village, to tell him Simon would conform—on conditions.

"On conditions?" husked the Laird, eyeing him.

"That Mr. Heriot will repair the cottage," said the mother.

"I buy no man's soul," said the Laird, and swept on his way.

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"Ye're set on driving the lad to Hell!" screamed the mother passionately. "Death without a priest to you!"

It was in quite other mood that next evening, as he passed, she came forth—in tears now, her hair a-loose, and bodice disarrayed, to tell him that Simon had warstled all night and prevailed, and would be received back into the fold.

The Laird stood like a tower, glum and dumb, hearkening.

"Will Mr. Heriot receive him back!" whined the dark woman—"and him the only son of his mother, and she a widow?"

"It's not the only son of his mother you're thinking of," said the Laird; "it's the crown a week and the cottage."

"And what worth's a crown a week and a cottage to me?" cried the mother, flaring, "who lost my man, and Mr. Heriot should know how."

"Ye needn't have taken it," said the Laird curtly.

"Oh!" cried the other. "It's the hard mouth your Honour has!" and falling back into her whine—"Will ye no receive him back—just for his father's sake?"

"Call him here," said the Laird.

The mother turned with alacrity.

"Simon!" she called sharply.

Simon came down the stone-flagged path between the roses, slouching, sullen.

"D'you conform?" asked the Laird.

Simon stood sullen, downward-eyed, digging with his toe.

"He conforms," said the mother, eyeing him wolfishly.

"He conforms," sneered Robin, who had drawn close. "His like aye does."

"Ne'er heed old Brandy-hall!" cried the mother. "He conforms!" she went on, blasting Simon with a look.

"I don't see much sign of it," said the Laird.

"He'd best," said the fierce-eyed mother.

"Let's hear him," said the Laird.

Robin drew closer.

"He does not conform," he cried with reviving hope.

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"Stick to it, Simie!" he cried, cheering him. "There's the lad of metal! Ne'er heed her! Be a man in spite of your minnie."

"Hold your blethers!" screamed the mother. "Simon!" she snarled. "D'ye hear his Honour?"

Simon scraped the road with his foot.

"I conform," he said sulkily.

"Is it of your own free-will and wish you conform?" asked the Laird. "I'll have no forced conversion."

"Oo aye," said Simon, one eye on his mother.

"He will do the Longer Penance on the Sabbath," he said shortly, and stalked away.

Robin stayed and Danny.

"But what of the cottage?" cried Simon, when the Laird was out of earshot. "Will we keep it?"

"Will ye not?" said Robin.

"And will he repair it?" asked Simon.

"He will so," said Robin.

Simon drew a deep breath.

"I conform," said he fervently. "I would have conformed before if I had known."

"Ay," said his mother, winking, "it's worth it and a'," and in a sudden access of affection kissed her son.

"It's always worth while to be saved," said Robin unctuously, and followed the Laird.

. . . . .

Next day Simon Ogg suffered the Longer Penance; and all Hepburn and the countryside came to see his shame; while throughout the service Danny lay with grey chin on the threshold and pitied Simon with his eyes.

When it was over and the congregation trooped forth, the Laird, herding his people before him, came on Simon waiting in the door.

"May this be a lesson to you," he said grimly, and stalked on.

"Ay," shrilled Simon, resolute to right himself in the eyes

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of the gathered folk, "and when will Mr. Heriot begin the repairs?"

"The day you quit," said the Laird, "and that's to-morrow," and stalked on.

"What!" gasped Simon. "Are we to quit and all?"

"So I said," the Laird replied, "so I intend," and stalked away.

Simon was dumb; but his mother was not.

"And who is to have it over us?" she screamed.

"I am," said meek Robin, "if I live."

As the Laird and his Squire passed through the rowan-tree gate, the dark widow woke as from a trance, shuffled across the Kirk-garth, stumbling over the mounds of the dead, and falling on her knees upon the wall, spat down her curse upon the two marching in the road beneath.

The Laird swept on, unheeding; but Danny, courteous gentleman, halted in the road with lifted face to hear the lady out.

LV

THE DARK WOMAN

THE morrow came, sunless and without song; and with it, towards evening, Widow Ogg dark and drooping as the day.

The Woman at her wheel in the kitchen looked up and saw her in the door.

"What do you here?" she asked, beginning to bristle, and eyeing the other's thin and sinister face. "I see you bear my mark yet," she said not without grim glee.

"Ay," said the dark widow, "and will so to my grave; and beyond belike into the presence of my Maker to tell Him who put it there."

"I'd fain think so," said the Woman, entirely unmoved. "And is it to plead for your fatherless laddie you have come?" she asked.

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"I have come," said the dark widow, shivering, "because his Honour gar'd me come."

"What would his Honour want with ye?" asked the Woman suspiciously. "It's to-day you should pack."

"I kenna," said the widow, shivering.

The Woman eyed her closely.

"I think you do ken," she said; "else why for are you fear'd?"

"Fear'd!" cried the widow, flaming. "And would you not be fear'd? He has killed my man! he has locked my laddie in the mad-house! he has taken the home from over my head! There's but one thing left of me to take—and that's the soul from out of my body. Would he take that too?"

"I kenna," said the Woman. "We will soon see," and led the way into the hall.

"I have here at my heels Widow Ogg saying Mr. Heriot would see her," she cried to him who sat and seemed to sleep within. "Is that truth or is that a lie?"

"It's truth for once," said the Laird.

The widow entered, and the Woman with her.

"I'll bide here along with you, if it's your Honour's wull," she said, and planted herself grim-backed against the door.

"It's not my wull," said the Laird.

"It is mine, though," said the grim Woman, nor stirred.

"D'you hear me?" said the Laird, opening his eyes. "Go!"

"I'd liefer bide," said the Woman, unmoved.

The Laird made to rise, and the Woman went across to him.

"Your Honour 'd not be that far left to bide your lone with her," she whispered. "It was to me Missie willed ye to mend ye and mind ye, and is that minding ye if I left you your lone with yon dark warlock-woman, that is black and bitter against your Honour? What if she put out to ban ye, and me not here?"

"I'll take my chance," said the grim Laird. "Go!"

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The Woman bent and snatched Danny from his feet.

"If it's your Honour's wull to be banned, *be* banned," she snarled. "But I'll have no ill-faur'd warlock-woman lay a curse on my man," and she marched out, Danny tucked beneath her arm.

She marched off to the kitchen, took thence a chair, and planted it in the passage.

"Here I bide," she said, "and here you bide, my man, in my lap until I've seen the last of yon dark warlock-woman," and she sat down then in a place where four draughts met, and watched like a grim dragoon; and Danny lay in her lap, curled and asleep.

LVI

THE LAIRD RECOUNTS HISTORY

In the hall the dark woman in widow's weeds stood beside the door, and was afraid.

Before her sat the Laird, wrapt in his short cloak. The light from the high window fell on the bleak face, greatly seamed, the blind eyes, and grey fingers twining as of one who prays.

"Twenty-two years ago to-day, Widow Ogg, I shot your husband," he began, "as ye may remember."

"Remember!" cried the widow; "my dear man that loved me!"

"That loved ye," said the Laird, "and branded ye the night before the accident to show that same love."

"It's a lie!" snarled the Widow.

"All I know is," continued the Laird, blind-eyed, "that on that night, twenty-two years ago, you stood just where you stand now, screamin' mad; and you half stripped and showed me your left shoulder with the brand-mark S.O. on it—new burnt in. And next day in the dawn," said the Laird, "I needn't tell you what happened. It's sufficient to say that when I came off Gaunt Scaur in the rise of the morning, I was carrying your man, dead, across my shoulder."

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The Laird paused, still with blind eyes and uplifted face.

"Across the moors I carried him," he went on, "till I came to your cottage, and the sun yet barely up. I laid him down under the peat-stack and I went in to break to you, as best I could, that you was a widow through me. You was asleep—the tears still wet on your cheek. I wak'd ye, and told ye. You wouldn't believe it until you saw him lyin' in the first sun under the lea of the peat-stack. Then ye just came to me and kissed my hand, and never a word," said the Laird, "even of thanks."

"I was too overcome," said the widow.

"But two days, after when ye waked him," said the Laird, "and you wasn't so overcome, you drank my health. You knew by that time that the accident meant a crown a week and a free cottage to you."

"And a lad born without a father!" cried the widow.

"I am coming to that," said the Laird. "When Simon was born I was for taking the lad and handing him over to some decent woman on one of the hill farms, to give him a chance, and get him out of his mother's clutches."

"And your Honour will remember," cried the widow tremulously, "that I cam' to you, and kneeled to you in this room, and begged you—you that once had a mother of your own, that well I remember her, dear lady, and your Honour's fondness for her!—to leave my bairn to me,—him that was only son to his mother, and her a widow."

"And I did," said the Laird, and dropped his chin. "And I believe," he said, and stared at the widowed form by the door, "that I lost that lad to GOD by so doing."

He paused; and the mother made no reply.

"God knows," he went on, not unfeelingly, "I did it for the best. A bad woman may make a good mother, and herself become a good woman through her child. Many's the time I've seen it," said the Laird. "And I thought—I hoped—I prayed, that maybe that child might be the turning-point in your life."

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Again he paused, and still she was dumb before him.

"In addition to the crown a week," he went on, "I allowed you a something extra——"

"For milk for Simie," interrupted the mother.

"So I thought," said the Laird. "For whisky for his mother, as I soon found out."

"Simon shared it!" cried the mother.

"And I was credibly informed," said the Laird, "that whisky neat is over-stimulating for a babe at the breast; so I stopped that."

"And Simon starved," snarled the wolfish mother.

"And the only son of his mother starved," said the Laird, "till I told you that if he died, you'd hang. And that," said the Laird, "stopped that."

"First my man!" cried the mother, bitter laughing woman, "then me!"

"After that," continued the Laird, "ye didn't let the lad quite die, because you daren't. But I've seen the only-son-of-his-mother picking over a refuse-heap for a crust."

He sat back now with blind eyes, twined fingers, and bleak uplifted face.

"Then," said he, "my wife came," and paused. "She thought I was hard on you, not knowing you. She was sorry for you," said the Laird, "and sorrier for Simon because he was born afflicted——"

"Through no fault of mine," cried the mother.

"Afflicted," continued the Laird, "with you for mother. Well," said the Laird, "after she came, for a while you did show some mother's guts. You thought you'd play the only-son-of-his-mother trick on her—she being a child, and pitiful, and believing all your lies. I found you was wheedling out of her her few poor pennies of pocket-money I gave the child for sweets and the like. I stopped that," said the Laird. "'Give her,' I said, 'slops and sympathy, slops and sympathy, till you're out of both,' I said. 'But if she asks for money, send her to me.'"

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"Your Honour was aye a hard man!" cried the widow.

"When you saw there was no money in that trick," continued the Laird unheeding, "you became yourself again; and sold the only-son-of-his-mother to the skipper of an Ambermuth whalin' brig; poor daft lad," said the Laird, "about as fitted for ship-life as his mother for heaven."

"It was Simon ran away to sea!" cried the mother.

"It was his mother poured scalding water over him to make him," said he. "Luckily I found out, and bought him back; and the lad came back on your hands, and you beat him for it; and when I heard of it," said the Laird, "and the whole story, I was for ejecting you neck-and-crop. And I would have, but my wife came and begged me—begged me," said the blind Laird, "to give you one more chance—'for my sake, Master,' said she; and said she'd take the lad into the house, and see what she could make of him herself."

"God bless Missie!" cried the widow, and began to sniffle.

"Within a week of that," said the Laird, "your best friend in this world passed over."

"God bless Missie!" cried the widow, and drew her hand across her eyes.

"I'd ruled this parish forty years by fear," said the Laird. "She ruled it for one year by love. I hadn't a friend in the parish when she came. She hadn't an enemy when she left."

"That she had not!" cried the widow, whimpering. "God bless Missie!"

"I didn't think this people could love," said the Laird. "I believe they loved her."

"We did so," cried the widow. "God bless our Missie."

"On the day I bore her home," continued the Laird, "every living soul in this parish and for miles round—man, woman, and unweaned child—followed her."

"We did," sobbed the widow, "we did."

"Except yourself," said the Laird.

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"It was my washing-day," said the widow surlily.

"And you," said the Laird, "stood in the door of your cottage, as we bore her past, and cursed her coffin. I heard ye, I heard ye."

He paused with blind eyes, and throat of iron; and the dark woman in the door stood cowed before him.

"What sort of a dog's life you led the-only-son-of-his-mother after that," said the Laird, "I don't rightly know. I was a bit lost like myself for a while just then. When I came to I endured him and you for some years, for the sake of her whose dead body you cursed. Then I found he was plotting at Danny," said the Laird, "set on by you; and I packed him off. And I'd have packed you off too, but I knew you was drinking yourself to death, and I hoped each day would be your last.

"Well," he continued, "you disappointed me. You didn't die. You lived, and for four years you've been the bane of my life. You thought I was withering away, and you could do as you liked; and you set the people against me. I did nothing. As I tell you," said he, "I was living in hope. But," said the Laird, "'hope deferred maketh the heart sick'; and I was just about sick of hoping, when ten days since Simon came home."

He paused.

"I wasn't sorry to see the lad home. No one was," he continued, "except his mother; and you was just *wae*," said the Laird, "just *wae*."

"Wae!" cried the mother. "To have him home, and him only son to me. Oh!" she cried. "Little your Honour knows of a mother's heart."

"I know what was the matter with your mother's heart," said the Laird. "Ay," he went on, "ye could blether away about your murdered husband, and Simon and the softies in the village 'd likely believe you; but I know better. You thought, by setting Simon to break his kirk, whoever came out undermost you was safe to come out top: if I bore with

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the kirk-breaking, you'd know I was no better than of no account, and you'd be cock of this midden; and if I turned on Simon and ejected him, you'd be left alone with your cottage and your whisky-money. I stopped that," said the Laird. "I ejected you both. And that," said the blind Laird, "is the history in short of the past. I now turn to the future."

The gaunt chin dropped. He opened his eyes and stared bleakly across the hall.

"I've borne with you for ten years for my wife's sake," said the Laird; "I'm now going to bear with you no longer for my own. In the past I've done everything man could do to oblige you——"

"Ay!" screamed the widow, flaming suddenly, "shot my man! locked my laddie in a mad-house! and——"

"And yet," said the Laird, continuing, like the tide, "you're not satisfied. You've abused my kindness in every way you know how; you've set the people against me; you've set Simon to defy me; you've plotted on Danny; and now I am weary of you."

"Sir!" whined the widow, beginning to be afraid, "consider Simon."

"I have," said the Laird, "for twenty years," he continued earnestly; "I've tried all in my power to make amends to that lad for any harm I did him. I've felt for him, as I've felt for few in my life—as I'd feel for any man that had you for mother; and I've not done with him yet. When you leave this parish," said the Laird, "as leave it you will, if you like to let him bide, I will become responsible."

"Him bide that broke his kirk! and me go that did not?" cried the mother. "And is that your Honour's justice?"

"Or," continued the Laird, "if you don't like that, I will pay the lad's passage to America and give him five pounds."

"Money down?" asked the widow, pricking her ears.

"To be given him by the captain the day before he lands," said the Laird, and waited a reply.

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"I will take none of Mr. Heriot's favours," said the dark woman proudly, and gathered herself to go.

"Except when they affect yourself," said the Laird.

"We will go forth," cried the widow, "Simon and me, like Hagar and Ishmael, into the wilderness, together there to die. And if ill comes to Simon through it, his blood be on your Honour's head," she cried, her hand upon the door, "as his father's was."

"And the insurance-money in your pocket," said the Laird, "as his father's was."

She turned and curtseyed to him with trembling knees.

"May the Lord show mercy to your Honour as you have to me and mine," she said.

. . . . . .

The widow crept forth.

Outside she leaned against the wall, one hand to her heart. Long she leaned so with shut eyes, until at length a creaking noise stirred her back to life.

She looked up. At the far end of the dim passage she beheld a gaunt-boned sentinel asleep; and on her knees one who stretched himself and yawned.

The widow took a step forward and peered. Danny saw her, jumped softly down, and came to her smiling, his soft eyes clouded still with sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

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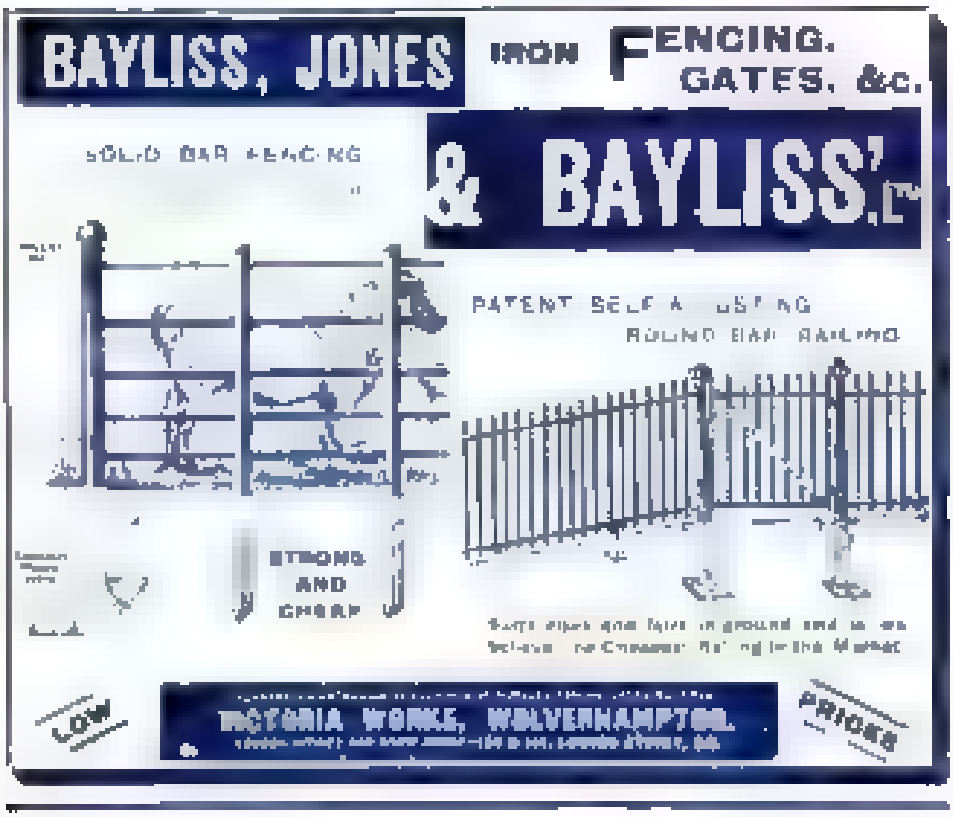

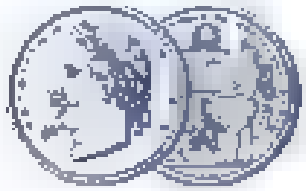

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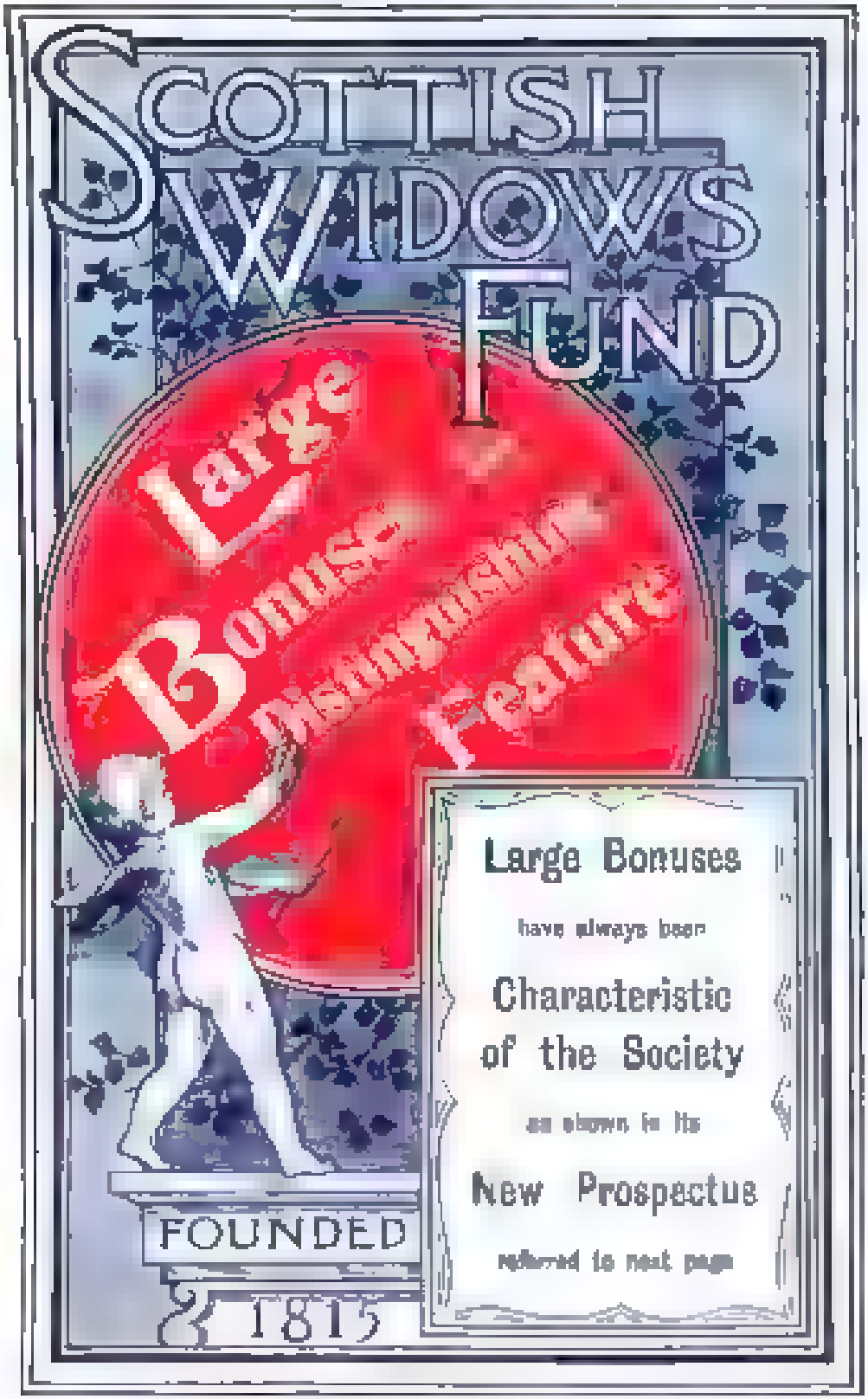

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